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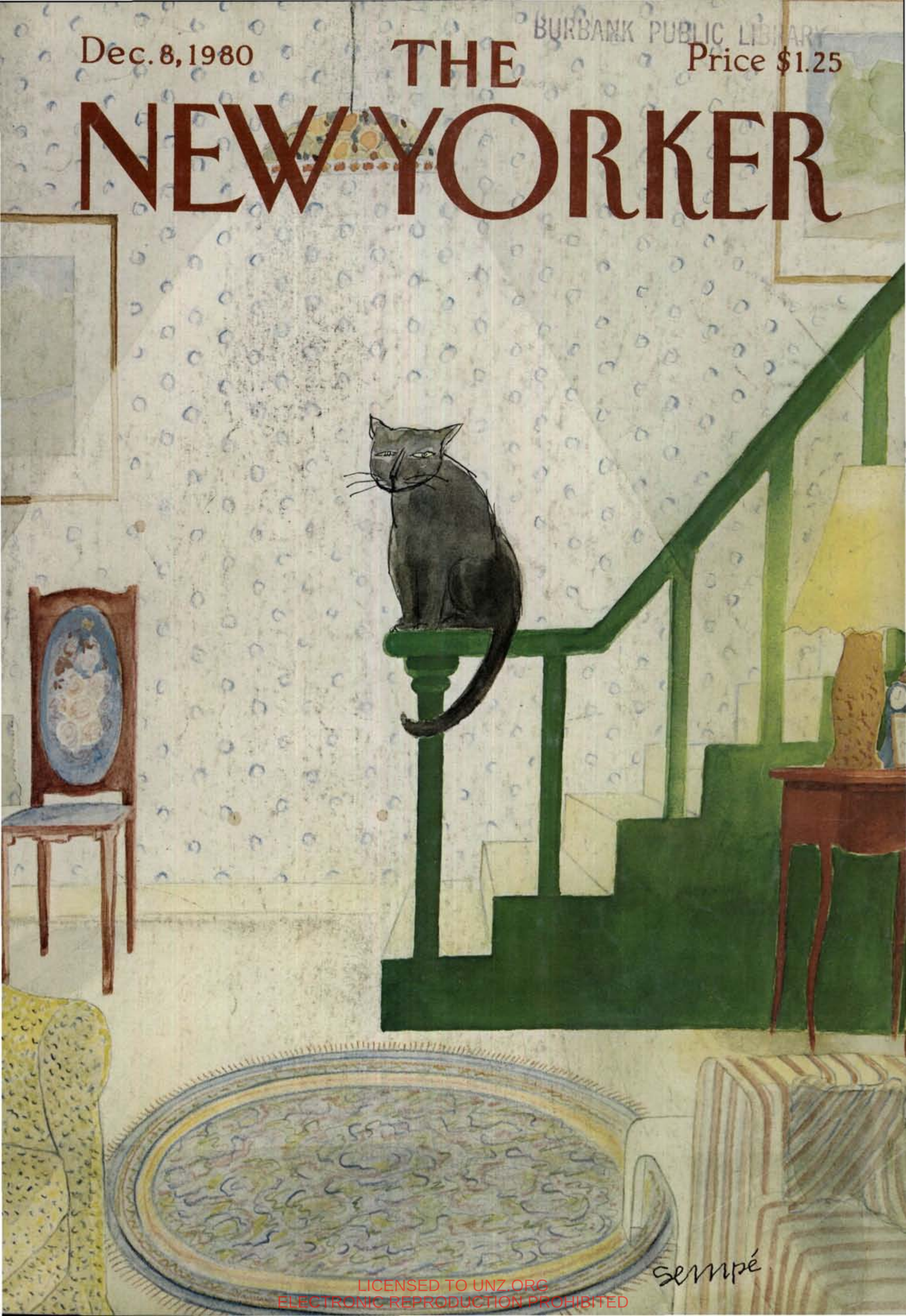

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Album—David Rimmer's wistful, funny play about four teen-agers in the sixties and the rock music that drenched their lives. They are delightfully acted by Keith Gordon, Jenny Wright, Kevin Bacon, and Jan Leslie Harding, under the direction of Joan Micklin Silver. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/13/80.) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Barnum—Jim Dale is a superb clown, and David Mitchell's circus set is a knockout, but this little musical has nothing to do with Barnum. Some other time, perhaps, the great man will be allowed his due. (5/12/80) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Brigadoon—The songs in this 1947 Lerner-Loewe musical are immortal, but the book is not. The cast is headed by Martin Vidnovic and Meg Bussert. (10/27/80) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Chekhov Sketchbook—An adaptation by Joseph Buloff and Luba Kadison of three Chekhov short stories, "The Vagabond," "The Witch," and "In a Music Shop." With Penelope Allen, Frank Bara, John Heard, Stephen D. Newman, Jack O'Connell, and Mr. Buloff. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Satudays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Children of a Lesser God—Phyllis Frelich and Robert Steinberg in an excellent play about a totally deaf young woman and a hearing young man who attempts to teach her the art of speech. The author is Mark Medoff. John Rubinstein will return to his original role Monday, Dec. 8, through Tuesday, Dec. 16. (4/14/80) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Coupla White Chicks Sitting Around Talking—Louise Lasser and Jobeth Williams in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Day in Hollywood / A Night in the Ukraine—A musical that is half some not very funny reminiscences of old Hollywood, and half a hilarious takeoff on Chekhov as acted by Groucho, Chico, and Harpo Marx. (5/12/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Elizabeth Dead—A monologue by George Trow. It is, more precisely, an interior monologue, spoken by Queen Elizabeth I on her deathbed and compounded of fantasies and memories running through a mind that is obsessed by the beheading of Anne Boleyn (by order of Elizabeth's father, Henry VIII) and the beheading of Mary, Queen of Scots (by her own order). The speaker is Linda Hunt (who presided over Mr. Trow's "The Tennis Game"), using a mannered, emphatic delivery that is quite effective. The writing is of high quality and distinction; whether it is theatrical or not is another matter. (Cubiculo, 414 W. 51st St. 582-1978. Final performances Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 3-6, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 7, at 7:30.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Edward Chodorov's 1935 thriller **kind lady** (based on a short story by Hugh Walpole) will be the third in this season's series of eight productions.

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Preview Wednesday, Dec. 3. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 4, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 21. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fifth of July—Lanford Wilson manages to combine some of the best features of George S. Kaufman and Tennessee Williams. A merry comedy with grim undertones, admirably acted. (11/17/80) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

42nd Street—Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert. (9/8/80) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Home—The voice of the author, Samm-Art Williams, is Southern but not gothic; it has the ring of Twain and not of Capote. One of the best plays of the year, if not the best. (5/19/80) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Ought to Be in Pictures—If even blind Homer nods, why shouldn't Neil Simon be found catnapping on occasion? Dick Latessa, Dinah Manoff, and Bernice Massi work very hard and well, in vain. (4/14/80) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Lesson from Aloes—Athol Fugard is a man of conscience and a playwright of high moral purpose, but his play is at once thin and ver-

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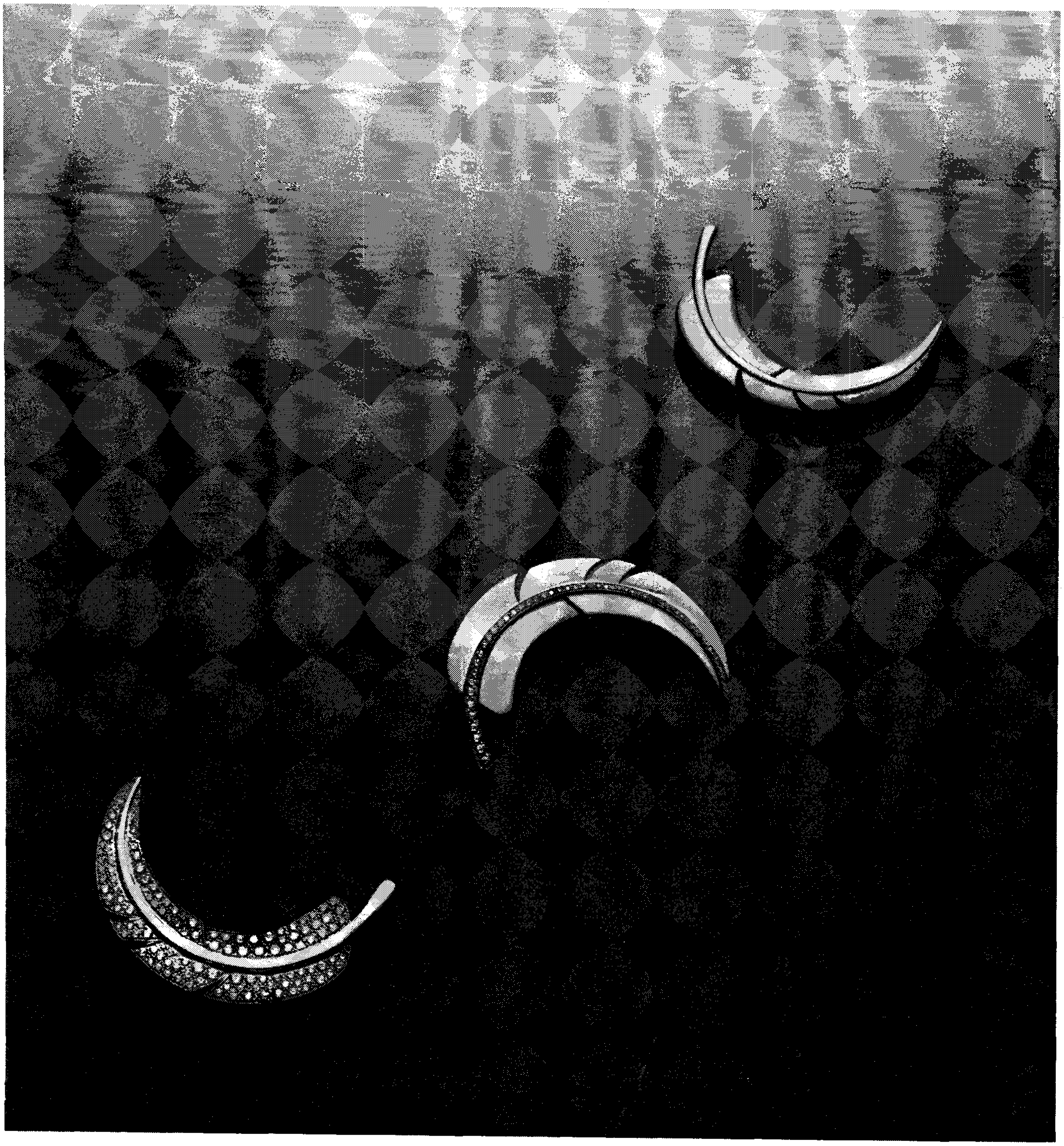
THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; William P. Buxton, Milton Greenstein, and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 523 West Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. LVI, No. 42, December 8, 1980. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1980 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $28.00; two years, $46.00. In Canada and Mexico, one year, $32.00. Other foreign, $36.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bose. With Harris Yulin, Maria Tucci, and James Earl Jones. (12/1/80) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 489-9237. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A LIFE—Like any true Irishman, Hugh Leonard is able to write with humor about aspects of domestic life on the Ould Sod which make the inhabitants of the House of Atreus seem downright jolly. A fine play, flawlessly acted. (11/10/80) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Presenting Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4. Through Sunday, Jan. 4.)

LUNCH HOUR—The inner workings of the social life of the South Shore of Long Island are as intricate as those of a Tibetan monastery, and Jean Kerr has left them largely unexplored. Her mild little comedy stars Sam Waterston, Gilda Radner, Susan Kellermann, Max Wright, and David Rasche. (11/24/80) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MORNING'S AT SEVEN—A comedy by Paul Osborn that is sure to delight playgoers of every sort. With Maureen O'Sullivan, Elizabeth Wilson, and Teresa Wright, among others, and directed by Vivian Matalon. (4/21/80) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

NAOMI COURT—*A revised version of the comedy*-thriller by Michael Sawyer, originally produced at the Manhattan Theatre Club in 1974. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

PERFECTLY FRANK—Dozens of tried-and-true songs by Frank Loesser, but somebody has neglected to erect a structure capable of supporting them. Jo Sullivan sings a number of her late husband's works with admirable feeling, but why on Broadway instead of in a small theatre downtown? (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. *Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at* 2.)

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY—Blythe Danner as Tracy Lord, a "virgin goddess" of the Main Line. Philip Barry's comedy has easily survived the many social changes that have taken place since it was written, forty years ago. (11/24/80) (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-6868. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

REALLY ROSIE—A dud. Scenery and words by Maurice Sendak, music by Carole King. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 246-3226. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. *Matinées Wednesdays* and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

THE SEAGULL—Even Rosemary Harris's fine Mme. Arkadina cannot save this shallow, scattered production, under Andrei Serban's direction. (11/24/80) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 14.)

THE SLAB BOYS—John Byrne's very funny (very sad) comedy about young workers in a carpet factory in Glasgow. The performance, under Peter Maloney's direction, is impeccable. With Daniel Gerroll in the leading role. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 21.)

SOMETHING LOST—A play by Anthony Wisdom. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Final performances Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 4-7, at 7:30.)

THE SUICIDE—A Russian comedy, written by one Nikolai Erdman *in 1932. It pokes fun at the* Soviet bureaucracy and has never been performed inside Russia. With Derek Jacobi as its miserable hero. (10/20/80) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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TINTYPES—A five-person cast, full of talent and high spirits, singing with verve the songs of our turn-of-the-century ancestors, who had something to sing about. (11/3/80) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TRIXIE TRUE, TEEN DETECTIVE—A musical comedy by Kelly Hamilton (book, music, and lyrics), with Marilyn Sokol, Kathy Adrini and Gene Lindsey at the head of the cast. Preview Wednesday, Dec. 3. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 4, at 6:30. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE WINSLOW BOY—A respectable, summer-stock kind of production of Terence Rattigan's play based on the actual case of a thirteen-year-old boy who is falsely accused of stealing a five-shilling note. With Remak Ramsay as the barrister who defends him. (11/10/80) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

WISH ME MAZEL-TOV—Mary Soreanu in a Yiddish musical, with an English narration. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Wednesdays at 8 and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

LONG RUNS—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Alice Ghostley as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group o young dancers audition for a handful of chorus *jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal*, and b the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays a *2.) . . .* **DANCIN':** *Superb young dancers (wh* can also sing) carry out the witty and sex notions of the great showbiz choreographe Bob Fosse. Reopens Thursday, Dec. 4. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinée Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A thriller almost a clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin and the star is Robert Reed. (Music Box, 23 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays throug Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays an Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TH ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernar Pomerance is based on an actual episode. freak too repulsive even for display at stree fairs finds refuge in a London hospital i Whitechapel from 1886 until his death i 1890. David Bowie is the Elephant Man Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sentimental musical about the life and death o Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylis production, but Eva remains a very peculia choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatr Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at *2.) . . .* **THE FANTASTICKS:** *8,56* performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674 3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:3 *Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . .* **GEMINI:** In Alber Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvar undergraduate, son of an Italian-Americ laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister *from Cambridge—and is thrown into* panic that at first appears to be social but i actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44t St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays a 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY AC TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A nightclub singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manage This somewhat disappointing musical b Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Crye (book and lyrics) was directed by Wor Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 15 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays throug Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; an Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **O CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches tha purport to give us a refreshing view of se and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757 7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, an Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; an Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ON MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old day of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orlean Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of th oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 16 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays throug Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; an Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . **PETER PAN:** High in the sky with a guy—bu the author is Barrie, not Porter. A pleasin revival of a twenty-six-year-old musical ve sion of an indestructible play. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesday *through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wedne* days and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3 . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about li in the theatre sporadically compensate for i lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 16 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays throug Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; an Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . **SUGAR BABIES:** The heroic Mickey Rooney an his co-star, Ann Miller, pay tribute to wha they pretend were the great days of bu lesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashione

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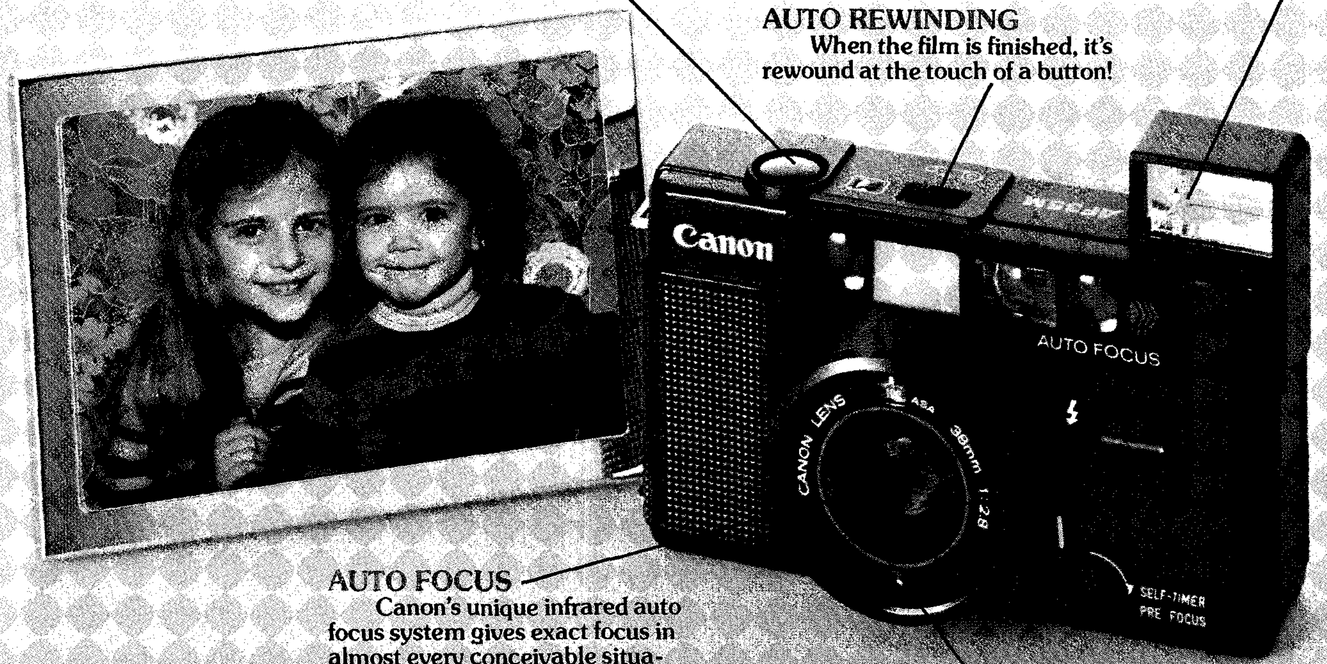

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chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A two-speed musical with Tony Roberts and Anita Gillette, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—This year's Christmas show incorporates a hundred performers, a spectacle called the "Living Nativity," the singing of Chanukkah songs—and, of course, the Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, Dec. 4, at 2:30; Friday, Dec. 5, at 2:30 and 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 6, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30; Sunday, Dec. 7, at 2 and 6:30; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 8-9, at 11 and 2:30; Thursday, Dec. 11, 2:30; Friday, Dec. 12, at 2:30 and 7:30; and Saturday, Dec. 13, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30.)

CIRCUS—The Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey annual rooty-toot of people and animals doing things that nature never intended them to do. An eleven-day engagement. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 4-5, at 3:30 and 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 6, at 11, 3, and 8; Sunday, Dec. 7, at 1 and 5:30; Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 3:30 and 7:30; Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 10-11, at 10:30 and 7:30; Friday, Dec. 12, at 3:30 and 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 13, at 11, 3, and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 14, at 1 and 5:30.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 4. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Thursday, Dec. 4, at 6; Friday, Dec. 5, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 6, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 7, at 1 and 5; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 9-11, at 6; Friday, Dec. 12, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 13, at 2 and 8. Through Sunday, Feb. 15.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—A three-week engagement—Wednesday evening, Dec. 3: "Night Creature," "Inside," "The Still Point" (company première), and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 4: "Memoria," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 5: "Later That Day," an unnamed ballet (première), and "Suite Otis." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 6: "Night Creature," "Inside," "The Still Point," and "District Storyville." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 6: "Memoria," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 7: "Later That Day," the new ballet, and "Suite Otis." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 7: "Butterfly," "The Time Before the Time After," "Flowers," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 9: The new ballet, "Fire Sermon," and "District Storyville." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 10: "Butterfly," "Love Songs," "Les Noces," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 11: "Later That Day," "The Still Point," "Inside," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 12: "Night Creature," "The Time Before the Time After," "Masekela Langage," and "Suite Otis." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 13: The new ballet, "Tilt," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 13: "Flowers," "Fire Sermon," and "Memoria." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Dec. 21.)

SPLITS—A two-week series of jazz and dance collaborations. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 4-5: Ahmed Abdullah and Mickey Davidson. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 6-7: Henry Threadgill and Rrata-Christine Jones. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Dec. 11-12: George Lewis and Blondell Cummings. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 13-14: Julius Hemphill and Joanne Robinson. (Black Theatre

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Alliance, 410 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Evenings at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A convivial Chelsea bar and restaurant gussied up as a nautical pub. The weekend jazz comprises pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND,** bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM,** and drummer **CURTIS BOYD** on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 5-6, and pianist **RICHARD WYANDS,** bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY,** and drummer **JACKIE WILLIAMS** on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 12-13. Shows at ten, eleven, and one. Dinner.

BECHET'S, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—A bar and restaurant with photographs of its namesake, the great soprano saxophonist, on the wall. **SCOTT HAMILTON,** a young tenor saxophonist who plays with a full-bodied, swing-era sinuosity, leads a quartet through Saturday, Dec. 6; on Monday, Dec. 8, saxophonist **EDDIE DANIELS** will come in with a trio. On Sundays, Anne Marie Moss sings with a trio. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Unchallenged in its sensible, efficient seating (there are tables and chairs for four hundred), in its liberal musical tastes (the management has brought in over the past few years Elvis Costello, Peter Serkin, Philip Glass, and the late Bill Evans), and in the promptness of its show times. The varied schedule: Friday and Saturday, Dec. 5-6, black-belt drummer **BUDDY RICH** and his big band; Sunday, Dec. 7, Dr. Demento, a DJ who plays campy, silly, funny, and scary records on a nationally distributed prerecorded radio program, and who will presumably be doing that onstage here; Tuesday, Dec. 9, Blotto and the Bus Boys, two rock groups; and Wednesday, Dec. 10, T. Roth & Another Pretty Face. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Cheerfully and comfortably unchanged for years, this bar and restaurant remains panelled with dark-stained pine, highlighted with Photo-Realist portraits, and inhabited by professional conversationalists, who often take a break and listen to the worthwhile live music. Pianist **LARRY WILLIS** and his bassist perform through Saturday, Dec. 6; Monday through Saturday, Dec. 8-13, will be given over to pianist **ALBERT BAILEY** and bassist **RED MITCHELL.** On Sundays, Mr. Mitchell works with pianist **MIKE ABENE.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CACHACA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Thousands of miles from Corcovado, Sugarloaf Mountain, Guanabara Bay, Ipanema and Copacabana beaches, and more than four million resident Cariocas is this second-floor Rio-inspired club. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—A place—the Café Carlyle—to which one can wear a tuxedo even if one is not a headwaiter or a member of Bobby Short's trio. **MR. SHORT** and his two stalwart sidemen—bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBERT SCOTT**—hold Porter, Gershwin, and Coward soirées Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sets begin at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL**

is singing and playing piano in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A restaurant located in back of Carnegie Hall, with dark-brown walls and carpeting and a glassed-in sidewalk section. Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS,** a graceful, retiring accompanist—he's performed and recorded with Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Sylvia Syms, and other singers—is just as graceful and retiring when he's the star. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. The current schedule of visiting performers: Wednesday, Dec. 3, Spoolies, Symbals, and Gizmos; Thursday, Dec. 4, Susan Springfield Band, Blue Movies, and John Shirley's Obsession; Friday, Dec. 5, Revelons and Reverse; and Saturday, Dec. 6, Lounge Lizards. Music nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

CITY LIMITS, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—A large, homey shrine that extols Texas and country-and-Western music. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

THE CONSERVATORY, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—Debonair, straight-arrow baritone **RONNY WHYTE,** *who is also a very good pianist, sings from an* exceedingly large repertoire of American pop music, with assistance from bassist **JACK SIX** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER,** a funny, rocking octogenarian blues singer, performs with assistance from pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE** sings here on Sundays at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Mondays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The traditional-jazz house band works out Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. Sunday, Dec. 7, has been reserved for pianist **WALTER BISHOP, JR.,** and his quintet, which will begin performing at about nine-fifteen. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A fancy, carpeted, very crowded, low-ceilinged belowstairs mostly mainstream-jazz room. **ZOOT SIMS** plays dancing tenor-sax solos with a quartet that features pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** through Sunday, Dec. 7. On Tuesday, Dec. 9, **CLARK TERRY,** who plays trumpet and flugelhorn and sings and mumbles, will arrive with his group. Music nightly, except Mondays, with the first set beginning about nine. Dining.

GRAND FINALE, 210 W. 70th St. (362-6155)—A large, square room with mirrored columns and two levels of tables and chairs. Charles Pierce, a female-impersonator, works through Sunday, Dec. 7; Tuesday through Saturday, Dec. 9-13, will be devoted to jazz-rock played by keyboardist **LONNIE LISTON SMITH.** Shows at nine Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A forest of potted plants lining the entranceway, an overhanging second-story balcony from which one can survey the club, and wicker furniture—these are among the attributes of this SoHo club. Tania Maria, a lively Brazilian singer and pianist, performs through Sunday, Dec. 7. Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 9-11, **JOE LEE WILSON,** a loose, gutbucket, scorching improviser of a jazz singer, will be on hand with saxophonist **BILL SAXTON,** pianist **HILTON RUIZ,** and bassist **ART DAVIS.** On Mondays, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** performs with pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND.** Music every night after eleven. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays, guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER,** pianist **BEN ARONOV,** and a bassist collaborate; Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio is present;

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and Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. These groups play from ten. And on Saturdays from seven to ten, and Sundays from five to ten, stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** has the floor.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. This one's got pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD** playing stride specialties in the dining room Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. On Sundays and Mondays, **JILL MC MANUS,** a Wynton Kelly-influenced—bluesy and swinging, that is—player, claims the keyboard from seven to eleven.

HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Pianist **MARTY NAPOLEON** directs a trio some thirteen hundred feet above sea level for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Judd Woldin is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine.

HURRAH, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—A big second-floor loft space with strobe lights, blue flashing lights, white flashing lights, video monitors, live and recorded rock and roll, and dancing to all of it. Live music after eleven; recorded music from nine. Video shows on Mondays.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—A fine jazz spot to visit before or after surveying the nearby Flatiron Building. The guest musicians are the **JUNIOR COOK-BILL HARDMAN** hard-bop quintet on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 5-6, and trumpeter **CHET BAKER'S** neo-cool-school quartet on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 12-13. On Sundays, percussionist, guitarist, singer, and composer **THIAGO DE MELLO** guides a ten-piece loose and limber rehearsal-style band that specializes in Brazilian jazz and crackling trumpet solos by **CLAUDIO RODITI.** Music from nine; and if you hang around really late on Fridays and Saturdays, you might catch a set by Mr. Roditi and saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN,** who begin co-piloting a quintet at about two in the morning.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—The house quintet, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that somehow feels as though it were part of an old-fashioned hotel. Pianist, composer, and City College prof **JOHN LEWIS** performs with bassist **MARC JOHNSON** through Saturday, Dec. 6; on Tuesday, Dec. 9, another fine team—**JIMMY ROWLES** on piano and **MICHAEL MOORE** on bass—will move in. Sundays and Mondays are the property of **DON FRIEDMAN** and **BOB BODLEY.** Music nightly from ten.

BOWLING
OPEN 24 HOURS
24 HOURS
BOWLING
50 LANES

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An extraterritorial Texas hangout. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, or country, and it starts at eight-thirty. The lineup includes bassist **TERUO NAKAMURA** and his hard-bop band on Wednesday, Dec. 3; soul singer **ETTA JAMES,** who recorded "Dance With Me, Henry" in 1954, on Sunday and Monday, Dec. 7-8; Nashville fiddler **VASSAR CLEMENTS** on Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 9-10; and Texas stand-up folkie Kinky Friedman on Thursday, Dec. 11. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A music back room with a view of a garden. **BILLY DANIELS** does his latest version of "That Old Black Magic" and other tunes through Saturday, Dec. 6; on Monday, Dec. 8, **JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL**—Jackie & Roy to their admirers—will begin doing soaring, swooping vocals. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll and video. The rock and roll: Wednesday, Dec. 3, Donny Fury & Splits, Hi-Fi, and Ex-Husbands; Thursday, Dec. 4, Mad, Copernicus, and Nurses; Friday, Dec. 5, Helen Wheels Band and Flirt; Saturday, Dec. 6, **BUZZ & THE FLYERS** and Cheap Perfume; Sunday, Dec. 7, Violators, Reactors, and False Prophets; Monday, Dec. 8, Balloons for the Dog, Delphobics, and Lynne Messenger & Unknown Gender; and Tuesday, Dec. 9, Slickaphonics, Cheaters, and Pencils. Music after eleven.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Jonathan Schwartz, disc jockey, novelist, singer, and son (of composer Arthur Schwartz), sings here through Saturday, Dec. 6. On Tuesday, Dec. 9, pianist **DICK HYMAN'S** Perfect Jazz Repertory Quintet—trumpeter **PEE WEE ERWIN,** soprano saxophonist **BOB WILBER,** bassist **MILT HINTON,** and drummer **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN**—will move in. The repertory: Irving Berlin songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Ragtime and Funeral Band and a guest clarinettist occupy the bandstand—although from the looks of people waiting outside, one might think that a Woody Allen film was being shown. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue is, contrary to popular belief, not in the seventies but in the nineties: it is this club. R. & B. and jazz players form much of the music. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 4-6, drummer and bandleader **ART BLAKEY** will be present with the latest edition of his **JAZZ MESSENGERS.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-oyster bar. **AL HAIG,** one of the earliest and still one of the best and freshest-sounding bop pianists, works with a bassist every night except Monday and Friday from nine-fifteen to two. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional-jazz sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE.** Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. All sorts of music are currently slotted: Chicago-blues composer, bassist, and singer **WILLIE DIXON** on Wednesday, Dec. 3; soul singer **CISSY HOUSTON** on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 5-6; and Vermont folkie **MICHAEL HURLEY** on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 12-13. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining.

PALSSON'S, 158 W. 72nd St. (362-2590)—Downstairs is a very lively restaurant and bar; upstairs is a jazz room and bar. Pianist **HAL GALPER'S** trio performs on Wednesday, Dec. 3; Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 4-6, will

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

be claimed by the driving, hard-edged alto saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE**; Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 8-10, **SHEILA JORDAN** will sing with the **STEVE KUHN** trio; and on Thursday, Dec. 11, tenor saxophonist and singer **BIG NICK NICHOLAS** will begin a three-night visit with his quartet. The first set begins about ten. Dining.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who often accompanied Mabel Mercer during the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Art Deco-land high atop the R.C.A. Building. **SY OLIVER** and his bouncy septet play dance music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has recently been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties: Wednesday, Dec. 3, Martha & the Muffins; Thursday, Dec. 4, **JOE COCKER** and the Dee Archer band; Friday, Dec. 5, Thin Lizzy and Code Blue; Saturday, Dec. 6, 3-D and U-2; Sunday, Dec. 7, **IGGY POP**; and Monday, Dec. 8, the Cramps. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—One of the prettiest hotel lobbies in the city leads to one of the most stunning hotel night spots in the city, the King Cole Room. One will find there a revue, "Rhapsody in Gershwin," which is as uninspired and graceless as its title. The performers are Annie Jo Edwards, Christine Andreas, Ed Evanko, and Chip Garnett. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

SALT PEANUTS, 399 Greenwich St., at Beach St. (431-6044)—This far-western Tribeca club, with its picture windows that face west, is, if you get there early enough, a good place to watch the sun set. It's a good place for jazz, too, but much later in the evening. Pianist **RED GARLAND**, who cut some historic sides with Miles Davis in the fifties, sounds as buoyant and uplifting as ever today. He's leading a trio at this worthy establishment nightly, except Sundays, from ten to four. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly uncluttered. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from ten to two. The schedule: Wednesday, Dec. 3, Bob Mintzer's group; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 4-5, electric jazz-rock violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK** and his combo. Music nightly, except Mondays, from ten to two.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—An attractive but not pretentious bar and restaurant—yet another Village spot that lures in good pianists and bassists. The current catch: **DANNY MIXON** and his trio through Saturday, Dec. 6, and **BARRY HARRIS** and **SAM JONES** beginning Tuesday, Dec. 9. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling, knotty-pine room.

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MORGANA KING is singing here through Saturday, Dec. 6; Tuesday through Saturday, Dec. 9-13, trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON** will direct *his* quartet. On Sundays, **CHRIS CONNOR** sings with her backing crew, and Mondays are session nights for four-string tenor guitarist **TINY GRIMES** and his trio. Sets from about ten. Dining.

SYNCOPATION, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—This agreeable room is a ground-floor loft space fitted out with exposed brick walls and a bar that has carpeted sides. Thursdays through Saturdays are the property of tenor and baritone saxophonist **CHARLES DAVIS'S** quartet. On Sundays, the **LOUIS HAYES-HAROLD MABERN-CLINT HOUSTON** trio—that's drums, piano, and bass—works out. Music from about nine, give or take a half hour.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—**SOLOMON BURKE**, who is now in his late thirties, was known as the Wonder Boy Preacher in Philadelphia when he was twelve. In the sixties, he forsook the gospel for a successful career as a soul singer. At this club, where he'll be Friday through Sunday, Dec. 5-7, Mr. Burke doesn't utilize all the flash that his stage shows of the past had. He's dressed in what looks like a black-and-gold lamé dressing gown and a sand-colored Western hat (the kind a rancher rather than a cowboy would wear), which eventually gets thrown into the audience, and he's backed by the **REALTONES**, a local young sextet that has apparently been learning a lot from all the soul performers they've been accompanying here in recent months. What does carry over from the past is Mr. Burke's wonderfully expressive voice; whether he's singing loud and strafing or soft and low, he is always subtle and convincing, like a good preacher. His audiences get much more worked up than most, and, if asked to testify at the end of his set, they'd gladly say, "I believe. I believe. I believe in the rhythm and blues." Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 10-13, will be given over to another sixties soul singer, **RUFUS THOMAS** (his biggest hit was "Walking the Dog"), and, again, the Realtones. Shows usually begin at nine and midnight. Dining and dancing.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated—i.e., unmarked—entrance is easy to miss. Some of the musicians: Wednesday, Dec. 3, Walter Steding; Thursday, Dec. 4, Neighbors & Allies and Our Daughter's Wedding; Friday, Dec. 5, Norman Nardini and Reds; and Saturday, Dec. 6, the Proof and Michael Desbarres. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—A lot of clubs bill themselves nowadays as rock discos—which indicates that there is dancing to rock music. This may or may not be the first jazz disco; it's a good place, at any rate, to practice the lindy, one of the resuscitated pleasures of the past. On Fridays, **THE WIDESPREAD DEPRESSION ORCHESTRA** provides the music for all this, from about ten. On Mondays, there is big-band salsa from nine. And on Tuesdays, one will find jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio playing in the sidewalk lounge after ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club that is presenting guitarist **KENNY BURRELL'S** trio through Sunday, Dec. 7; and violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK'S** quartet—pianist **KENNY BARRON**, bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**, and drummer **ROY HAYNES**—beginning Tuesday, Dec. 9. Mondays remain the domain of drummer **MEL LEWIS** and sixteen other players. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A quiet, out-of-the-way soul-food restaurant that features good pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays are claimed by Ester Blue; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Harris Simon. Music from eight to two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A haunt of Columbia students—they do their homework between sets—and swing-music admirers. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 3-5, bebopping pianist **JOE ALBANY** leads his New Yorkers, and on Saturday, Dec. 6, the **COUNTSMEN**, the Basie alumni band—two biggies from the band, **DICKY WELLS** and **EARLE WARREN**, are in charge—will take over. Music nightly from about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

THE CARS—With XTC. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 3-4, at 8.)

JUDY COLLINS—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8.

CAB CALLOWAY AND COUNT BASIE—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8.

BLUEGRASS FESTIVAL—Bill Monroe & the Bluegrass Boys; the Lewis Family; Byron Berline, John Hickman & Dan Crary; and Del McCoury & the Dixie Pals. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

JAMES MOODY—With an ensemble. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8.

DIZZY GILLESPIE—Concert Hall, Lehman College the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8.

JAMES BROWN—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Saturday, Dec. 6 at 8 and 11.

DAVID EYGES AND BYARD LANCASTER—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday Dec. 6, at 8.

HEAVENLY JAZZ CONCERT SERIES—The last in a series of concerts will be performed by Al Cohn and Zoot Sims. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Dec. 7 at 5. For tickets, call 369-8040.)

PETER NERO—With the Long Island Philharmonic *in a program of popular music.* (Concert Hall, Lehman College. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 7.)

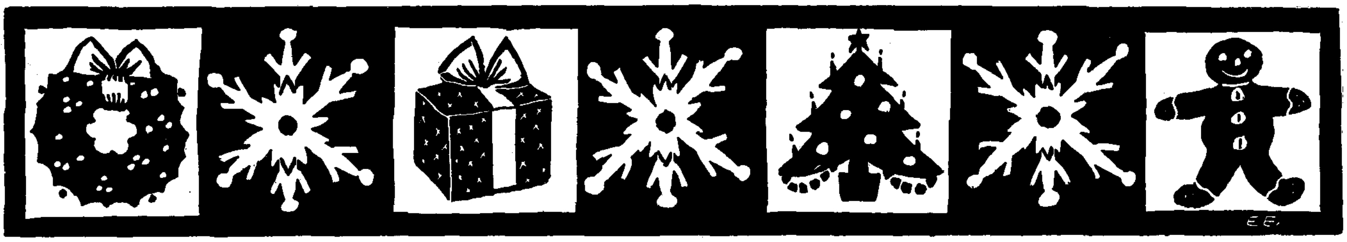
GENE BERTONCINI—With Richard Sarpola. (St Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St Sunday, Dec. 7, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

KEITH JARRETT—Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Dec 7, at 8.

RETURN OF THE JAM SESSION—Zoot Sims, Al Cohn Richie Cole, Benny Bailey, Junior Mance Major Holley, Walter Perkins, and Bob Dorough. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

WILLIE NELSON—With Carlene Carter. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 11-12, at 8. For information about tickets call 977-9020.)

JACK BRUCE—With Clem Clempson, Billy Cob



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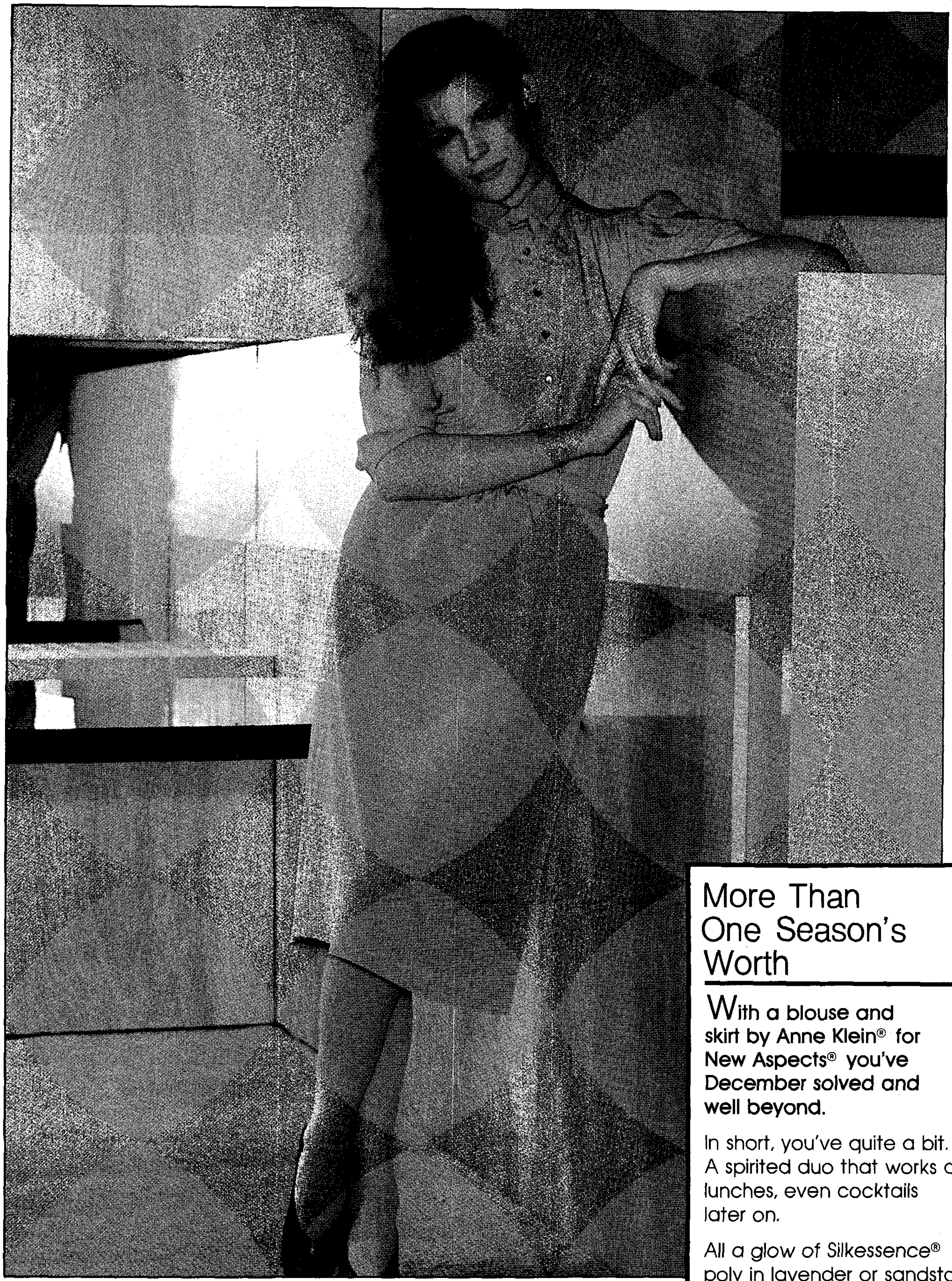

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ham, and David Sancious. (Palladium. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

OUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Thursday, Dec. 4, at 9: Sun Ra. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 5, at 8:30: Archie Shepp. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8:30: David Murray and Steve McCall, with poet Amiri Baraka (LeRoi Jones). . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 7, at 7:30: Krishna Bhatt. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8:30: Fred Frith. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8:30: Youseff Yancy and others. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 12, at 8:30: Ronald Shannon Jackson's Decoding Society and Divine Monochord. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8:30: Vortex. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

ART

Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open uesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 1 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

INCENZO AGNETTI—An installation (four sculptures, four photographs) by an Italian Conceptualist. Through Dec. 31. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

ENNY ANDREWS—Paper collages that are studies for his mural at the Atlanta airport. Through Dec. 24. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

ARUJAN BOGHOSIAN—Collages. Through Dec. 20. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

RANÇOIS BOUCHER (1703-70)—A benefit loan show of more than sixty paintings, drawings, and tapestries by an artist said to have set the fashion in interior decoration in eighteenth-century France. Through Dec. 19. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

LEXANDER BROOK (1898-1980)—A retrospective of paintings by an artist best known for his portraiture—of Raphael Soyer, Peggy Bacon, and others in this show. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

NTHONY CARO—Bronzes. Through Dec. 31. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

RNARD CATHELIN—An artist who reduces his subjects—French landscapes, Nepalese women, Ceylonese women in their pastel saris—to simplified forms. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

UNO CIVITICO—Recent paintings. Through Dec. 23. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

SEPH CORNELL (1903-73)—Twenty-three box constructions and nine collages. Through Jan. 31. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. A Cornell retrospective is currently at the Museum of Modern Art.)

SÉ DE RIVERA—Hand-hammered steel sculptures in his familiar style—endless whirls of metal that seem to spin in the air, and, in this case, actually do revolve slowly on their pedestals. Through Dec. 18. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

HN DOBBS—Paintings and drawings by a protégé of Ben Shahn and Jack Levine. Through Dec. 20. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

BERT DONLEY—Large paintings that combine surrealism and naïveté in depicting imaginary battles that involve thousands of tiny figures under a sky crowded with warplanes, parachutists, and what seem to be death rays. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

ON HARTL (1889-1973)—Landscapes and still-lifes. Through Dec. 24. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

BERT NATKIN—Large paintings by an artist who saturates various fabrics with acrylics and presses them against a canvas, so that they leave a pattern when they are removed. A different pressing for each color, of course, and a final touching up with a brush. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ICE NEEL / JOHN WHITE ALEXANDER (1856-1915)—Recent paintings by this artist who, at the age of eighty, shows no signs of mellowing in her honest appraisals of her fellow-citizens. / Portraits of Mark Twain, Booth Tarkington, and the actor Joseph Jefferson are among the selected works by this painter, whose specialty was idealized, Whistlerian figures. Through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

JULES PASCIN (1885-1930)—Forty-eight works ranging from bordello vignettes to a large pastoral landscape of Hamman Lif, a Tunisian spa, painted on black paper in 1924. Through Dec. 20. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

GEORGE RICKEY—Twenty-one pieces dating from the fifties to the present by an innovator of kinetic sculpture. Through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

WILLIAM TUCKER—Abstract metal sculptures; also drawings. Through Dec. 17. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

ABRAHAM WALKOWITZ (1878-1965)—Oils and works on paper. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

TOD WIZON—Abstractions: acrylics applied to small wood panels. Through Dec. 24. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **DIDIER AARON**, 32 E. 67th St.: Nineteenth-century equestrian paintings ("A Lady Riding Side-Saddle on a White Hunter," "The Racehorse and His Lad," "Racing at Chantilly," and others) by British and French artists. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. . . . **CASTELLI**, 4 E. 77th St.: Prints and photographs, for the most part, by contemporary artists Ralph Gibson, Frank Stella, Sandy Skoglund, and others. Through Dec. 20. . . . **FOURCADE**, 36 E. 75th St.: Eleven artists showing a single new work each; an oil on canvas by de Kooning and a Formica sculpture by Heizer are two. Through Dec. 31. . . . **NARDIN**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Several generations of social-protest works of art make up this exhibition, called "Apokalypsis." Among the protesters are Jack Levine, Leonard Baskin, Robert Gwathmey, Rosemarie Castoro, and Anthony Toney. Through Jan. 4. (Open daily; the Sunday hours are 1 to 6.) . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Works on paper and a few oils (by Balthus, Masson, Tanguy, and others); some Matisse drawings that came directly from his family, and one oil and two works on paper by Picasso are on exhibit in this country for the first time. Through Dec. 20. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.) . . . **TUNICK**, 12 E. 81st St.: More than three hundred eighteenth-century Italian prints, including views of Rome by Piranesi and Panini, and views of Venice by Carlevaris and Canaletto. Also: Tiepolo, Bellotto, and others. Through Dec. 31.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ERNEST BRIGGS—Recent Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through Dec. 20. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

PATRICK HENRY BRUCE (1881-1936)—Still-lifes and landscapes done between 1910-12 which reflect the tutelage of his friend Matisse but gave little hint of the lyrical Synchromist abstractions that he was to be doing a few years later. Through Dec. 31. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

JAMES COIGNARD—Semi-abstract works (scarred and slashed canvases) by a French artist. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St.)

WALTER DUSENBERY—Impressive eight-foot columns carved of travertine or Arabascato marble and shown in pairs, sometimes supporting a short section of entablature. Through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

KATHLEEN FERGUSON—Sculptural wall pieces in which domes of painted papier-mâché and plaster of Paris are studded with chenille vegetation. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Oosterom, 50 W. 57th St.)

JANET FISH—New paintings. Through Dec. 31. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

JANE FREILICHER—Sunlit interiors, bright with flowers, and landscapes of downtown Manhattan and the Hamptons by this well-known realist. Through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

SIDNEY GOODMAN—Watercolors, drawings, and a diptych, in oil, entitled "Matriarchs," by a figurative artist. Through Friday, Dec. 12. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

NANCY GROSSMAN—Hand-carved wooden heads nearly covered with a skin of leather; also clay reliefs. Through Jan. 3. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St.)

JAN GROTH—Big tapestries woven of a rich mixture of black and brown wool, each with a streak of white coursing across it. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

JESS—Collages. Through Jan. 16. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

GUSTAV KLIMT (1862-1918) **AND EGON SCHIELE** (1890-1918)—Paintings and drawings by the Austrian Expressionists, including Schiele's famous portrait of his father-in-law and Klimt's two portraits of Mäda Primavesi. Nearly all the works were handled by the dealer Otto Kallir, in whose memory the loan exhibit was organized. Through Dec. 27. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

ROSEMARY MAYER—Sculptures from the seventies. Through Dec. 23. (Women's Interart Center, 549 W. 52nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

JAN MÜLLER (1922-58)—A group of his mosaic-like paintings, many of which have simplified figures worked into the pattern. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

JUDITH MURRAY—Hard-edge, geometric paintings and works on paper. Through Jan. 2. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

ARCHIE RAND—Small works, among them a still-life called "Metaxa." Through Dec. 31. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

WILLIAM THON—Oil paintings of fishing boats and winter scenes around Port Clyde, Maine. Through Jan. 3. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

ALLEN TUCKER (1866-1939)—Forty-one paintings by an artist who had seven works in the 1913 Armory show. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Art Students League, 215 W. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

TOM WESSELMANN—A first show of sculptures; the major pieces, one of which is fifteen feet long, are called "Belt Still Life" (enamel on wood), "Dropped Bra" (painted aluminum), and "Smoking Cigarette" (oil and wood on Masonite). Also paintings, drawings, and maquettes. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: A rousing exhibition of American painting which ranges from 1750 to the present but concentrates on recent realists—Burchfield, Levine, O'Keeffe, Marsh, Marin, Demuth, and so on. Through Jan. 9. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **PEARL**, 29 W. 57th St.: A gathering of works all agleam—i.e., bedizened with jewels, mirrored surfaces, gold paper, and anything else that sparkles. Howardena Pindell, Leo Rabkin, and Miriam Schapiro are among the exhibitors. Through Dec.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

31. . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.: "17 Abstract Artists of East Hampton: The Pollock Years, 1946-56," a show of fifty works on paper and seven sculptures by companions of Jackson Pollock—Perle Fine, Ibram Lassaw, Franz Kline, Willem de Kooning, and, naturally, Lee Krasner. Augmented with photographs by Hans Namuth and Maurice Berezov. Through Jan. 3. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

DANIEL BUREN—By way of announcing the Weber Gallery's move to Greene Street next month, the artist has blocked off (with striped linen fabric) everything in the present location except for a corridor leading from the elevator entrance to the stairway exit. Through Dec. 23. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

AGNES DENES—Greatly magnified color photographs dramatizing the germination of rice seeds. Through Dec. 20. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

JANNIS KOUNELLIS—Sixteen large paintings with all-over black-and-white patterns of skull-like forms, plus a sculptural piece consisting of a pile of slate slabs and a smoke-stained wall with a palette hanging on it. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

FRANC PALAIA—Trompe-l'oeil sculptures of decaying billboards, city walls (a couple of them with a window left intact), and the like, plus color photographs of the same themes. Through Dec. 17. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

RAY PARKER—Abstract paintings. Through Dec. 24. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

ED PASCHKE—Figure paintings that border on surrealism. Through Jan. 7. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

JOSEPH RAFFAEL—Large paintings of water lilies and attendant aquatic creatures. Through Thursday, Dec. 11. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

JOEL SHAPIRO—Minimalist sculptures—figures, houses—in cast bronze, wood, and iron. Through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

FRANK STOUT / HERMAN SOMBERG—Large figure sculptures and wall reliefs. / Portraits. Through Dec. 18. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

JOHN WALKER—Abstract paintings. Through Dec. 20. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

TOM WUDL / PAOLO COLOMBO—Drawings, ceramics, paintings, and photographs. / Collages and drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CASTELLI**, 420 West Broadway: A single drawing apiece by about two hundred contemporary artists. Through Dec. 20. . . . **SOHO 20**, 99 Spring St.: A new work each by twelve of the gallery members, among them Kate Resek (pastels on unprimed canvas), Rosalind Shaffer (a portrait construction), and Diane Kaiser (a wall sculpture). Through Dec. 24. (Opens at noon.) . . . **WASHBURN**, 113 Greene St.: An all-star show demonstrating the effect of Matisse on American abstract painting. Among the eight artists represented are Diebenkorn, Stella, and Motherwell. Through Dec. 31.

OTHER GALLERIES

SONIA DELAUNAY (1885-1979)—A retrospective of more than two hundred works (paintings, graphics, books, textiles, and costumes) by the School of Paris painter, who also collaborated on commercial endeavors with, among others, Tristan Tzara, Jacques Heim, Blaise Cendrars, and Diaghilev. Through Dec. 27. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl.; just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

ANATOL KOVARSKY—Oil paintings—circus scenes, parades, crowded beaches, stripteasers, prizefighters—by an artist who has contributed many drawings to this magazine. Through Dec. 14. (Zoma, 327 Columbus Ave., at 75th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6:30; Sundays, noon to 6.)

LOUISE KRUGER—Roughly carved pine and cedar sculptures of figures and animals; nearly all of the pieces have moving parts. Through Dec. 20. (Condeso-Lawler, 119 W. 25th St.)

JOE NEILL—Sculptures and drawings. Through Dec. 20. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., nea Grand St.)

MICHAEL VESSA—A large-scale architectural environment. Through Jan. 9. (City Universit Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W 42nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

ROBERT ADAMS—Photographs in the "From th Missouri West" series. Through Dec. 15 (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St Weekdays, 10 to 7; Sundays, 11:30 to 6.)

***EVE ARNOLD**—A show of color photographs o China taken in 1979 has been mounted b the Brooklyn Museum. See below, unde "Museums," for dates and times.*

LYLE BONGÉ / RICHARD J. LINKE—Prints of landscape abstractions, Mardi Gras parades nudes. / Landscapes. Through Saturday, Dec 6. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesday through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

T. LUX FEININGER—The photographer was a Dessau Bauhaus student in his teens when h began doing these prints recording the mor lighthearted moments there—for one, th Bauhaus swing band. Through Saturday Dec. 13. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Ope Tuesday evenings until 8.)

WILLIAM GARNETT—A series of aerial views by photographer-pilot. Through Dec. 31. (Wol 30 W. 57th St.)

GJON MILI / ROBERT BOURDEAU—A retrospective the works of a *Life* photojournalist responsibl for introducing high-speed electronic flas units into the craft. / Contact prints of Uta mountains, the British Isles, and Canad Through Jan. 18. (International Center Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th S Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings unt 8.)

JULIE THAYER—Photographs of European shep herds and their sheep. Through Dec. 2 (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

PHILIP TRAGER / CHARLES PRATT (1926-76)—Phot graphs of New York architecture, from te studies of Harlem houses (and their details) the Guggenheim Museum and the Metropol tan Life Insurance Company tower. / Phot graphs of landscapes in Maine, Connecticu and European cities. Through Saturday, De 6. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

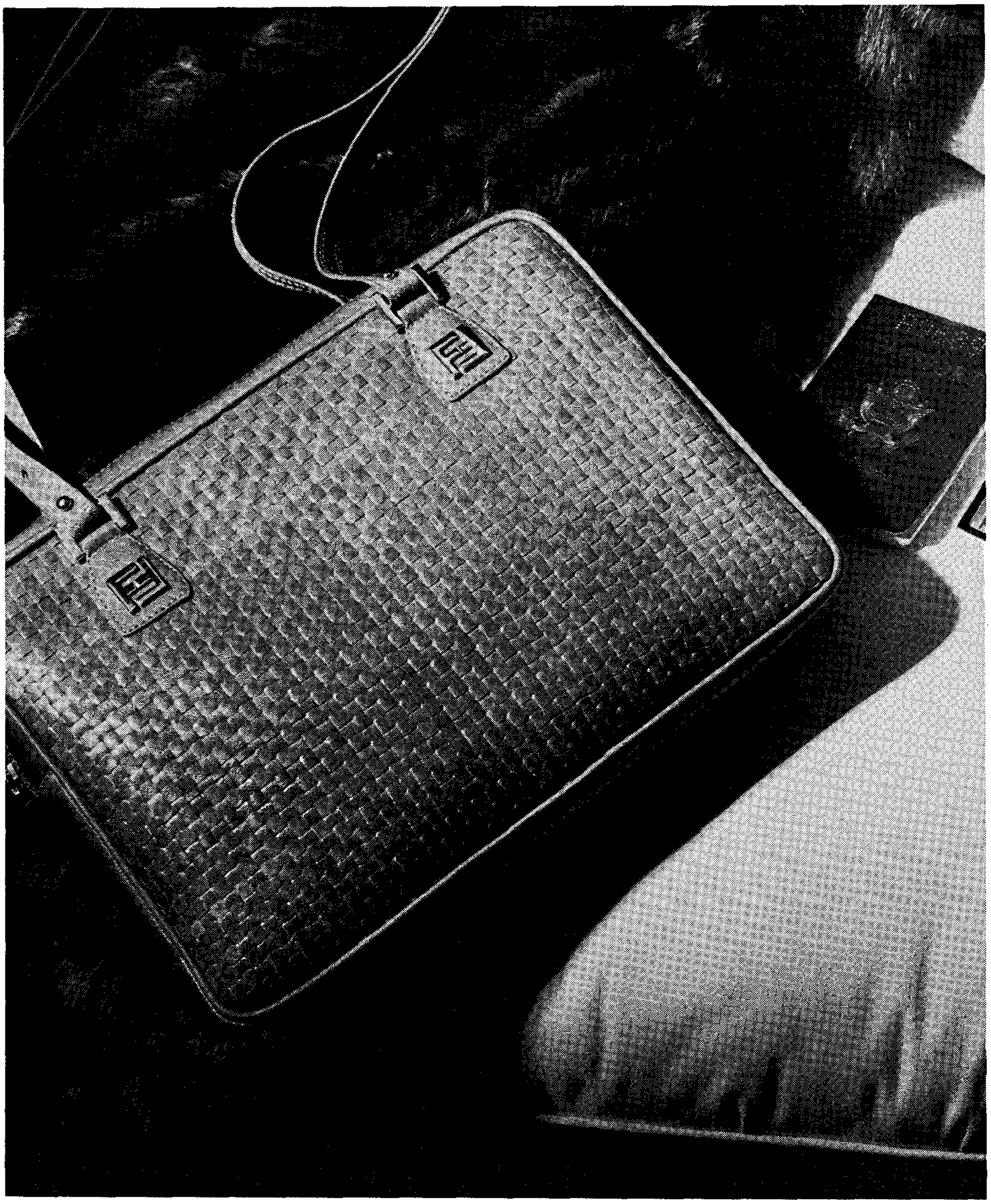
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.— An exhibition of gold and silver jewelry, gil bronze objects, stone, wood, and ivory car ings, and other *cartes de visite* the Vikin left behind in Denmark, England, and els where. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A historical su vey of monotypes; the hundred or so prin are by Degas, Prendergast, Milton Aver Jim Dine, and others. Through Sunday, De 7. . . . ¶ Among the eighty nineteenth-ce tury French drawings from the Lehman Co lection are those by Seurat, Redon, Renoi and Daumier. Through March 15. (Open da ly except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A J seph Cornell retrospective consisting of tv hundred assemblages in boxes and seventy five collages. Through Jan. 20. A compleme tary show is at Castelli Feigen Corcora 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . ¶ An e hibit of nearly a hundred photographs William Klein. Shown primarily by sli projection, the works are street scenes New York, Rome, Moscow, and Toky Through Jan. 1. . . . ¶ A show of Robe Motherwell's graphics. Through Dec. 1 (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.— show of German Expressionist painting drawings, and prints, centering on th *movement's leading exponents*—Nold Kirchner, Heckel, Marc, Kandinsky, K koschka, and Beckmann. Through Jan. 1 (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tue days, 11 to 8, with no admission charge fro 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Av



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of Edward Hopper, beginning with schoolboy drawings of locomotives and horse-drawn wagons; going on to his earnest art-student studies; and culminating in such masterpieces as "Early Sunday Morning," "Coast Guard Station," and "Lighthouse at Two Lights." The painstaking preliminary sketches for many of the renowned paintings are also shown. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ Six installations by James Turrell, a California artist who uses natural and artificial light as both his medium and his subject. Through Jan. 1. . . . ¶ An exhibit of twenty paintings, drawings, and photographs by Charles Sheeler, from the permanent collection. Through Sunday, Dec. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Dinner Party," Judy Chicago's sculptural tour de force of a table with place settings for thirty-nine celebrated women, real and fictional. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ "American Drawing in Black and White: 1970-80," works by such artists as Johns, Dine, and Motherwell. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ A show of furniture, ceramics, and other objects of twentieth-century American design. Stickley, Noguchi, Eames, and others are represented. Through Feb. 8. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Eve Arnold showing prints of China taken in 1979. Through Jan. 11. (A note of caution: some galleries are open on only a rotating basis. Hours in general: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Gardner D. Stout Hall of Asian Peoples, a permanent exhibition of the museum's vast collection of Asian ethnographic materials, as well as rare art objects. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial exhibition of paintings by Alexander Brook, Philip Guston, and Clyfford Still. . . . ¶ The annual Childe Hassam Purchase Fund show: about forty paintings by contemporary artists, some of which will be bought by the Academy/Institute as gifts to museums. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.) Both shows through Dec. 21.

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—More than two hundred Chinese jades from the Han dynasty to the Ch'ing (animal sculptures, small vessels, and decorative ornaments in stones that range in color from white to green to dark brown). All but a fraction are from Hong Kong collections. Through Sunday, Dec. 7. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—The origins and various guises of the "wild man"—the mythical figure so popular in medieval art—are explored in this show of some sixty objects: a woodcut of a werewolf by Lucas Cranach the Elder, a pair of gilded-and-enamelled ewers (once belonging to the Order of Teutonic Knights), a Swiss tapestry entitled "Wild Folk Working the Land." Through Jan. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 1 to 4:45.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A treatise on functional domestic wares, both historical (a fifteenth-century alcove bed, a prototype of Buckminster Fuller's 1937 "Dymaxion" bathroom) and ecumenical (chopsticks, a fifty-piece Tiffany place setting). Through Feb. 22. . . . ¶ A display of more than fifty plans for Central Park drawn up by the architectural firm headed by Frederick Law Olmstead and Calvert Vaux. Through Jan. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibit of paintings on scrolls, screens, and fans from the Rimpa school, which was originated in seventeenth-century Japan by a calligrapher

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and potter, Kōetsu, and a fan-shop owner, Sōtatsu, who themselves were greatly influenced by twelfth-century Heian-style painting, wherein a story, calligraphy, and decoration are unified in a single work. Through Jan. 4. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Travel photographs of the Near East taken nearly a hundred years ago by La Maison Bonfils, a firm operated in Beirut by a French family (Felix and Lydie Bonfils and their son, Adrien). . . . ¶ Andy Warhol has done a set of portraits of twentieth-century Jews: Bernhardt, Brandeis, Buber, Einstein, Freud, Gershwin, Kafka, the Marx Brothers, Meir, and Gertrude Stein. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.) Both shows through Jan. 4.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than a hundred medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts and fifty single leaves. Through Feb. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An exhibit of American landscape paintings, selected from the permanent collection. The majority are from the second half of the nineteenth century, but three (by Anne Poor, Paul Resika, and Wolf Kahn) were painted as recently as the seventies. Kensett, Church, Cole, and Durand are among those represented. Through Feb. 22. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A comprehensive look (afforded by the Berg Collection) at W. H. Auden's work and, to a degree, his life. On view are a copy of his first printed work (published privately by Stephen Spender in a limited edition of twenty-five), a number of other compositions, both in typescript and manuscript, and selections from fourteen notebooks, from 1945 to 1970. A portion of the exhibit centers on his involvement with the theatre: his collaboration with Isherwood while in London in the thirties on "The Dog Beneath the Skin," and work done with Chester Kallman in New York during the war, including the libretto for Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress" and their translation of "The Magic Flute." Many photographs. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of architectural sculptures by George Smith. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the abstract paintings of Edward Clark. Through Jan. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—A show of works in several mediums by seven French artists. Through Saturday, Dec. 13.

Judith Shahn

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Two exhibitions: one by eight artists from the Dutch experimental outpost De Appel (through Dec. 17), the other of copies of *View* magazine and other publications (1930-49) from the collection of Charles Henri Ford (through Jan. 31).

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Madelon Hooykaas & Elsa Stansfield (performance and video), Friday, Dec. 5, at 8:30; Moniek Toebosch (film and performance), Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8:30; Ilona Granet (performance), Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Opening performances of the season—Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8: James Levine conducting the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra and Chorus in a performance of Mahler's Second Symphony, with Judith Blegen, soprano, and Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 12, at 8: "Lulu," with Teresa Stratas, Evelyn Lear, Franz Mazura, Kenneth Riegel, Frank Little, Lenus Carlson, and Andrew Foldi; conducted by James Levine.

Bel Canto Opera—John McCauley conducting Verdi's "Stiffelio," staged by Nelson Sheeley. (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Saturdays, Dec. 6 and 13, at 7:30, and Sundays, Dec. 7 and 14, at 3. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of Gian Carlo Menotti's "The Hero." Staged by Mr. Menotti, with the Juilliard Symphony conducted by Christian Badea. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Wednesday, Dec. 10, and Friday, Dec. 12, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 14, at 3. For information about tickets, call 874-7515.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8; Friday, Dec. 5, at 2; and Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 7:30: A Mozart-Bartók program, with Ivry Gitlis, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 11-13, at 8, and Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 7:30: A Debussy-Boulez-Dvořák program, with Yo-yo Ma, cello.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Dylana Jenson, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Mozart-Webern-Brahms program. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 10-11, at 8.)

Boston Pops Orchestra—John Williams conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra—Raffael Adler conducting. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting, with Jessye Norman, soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 5-6, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 7, at 3.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8, with James Buswell, violin, and Walter Trampler, viola. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8, a Haydn-Mozart program, with Nina Beilina, violin. All seats have been sold for the

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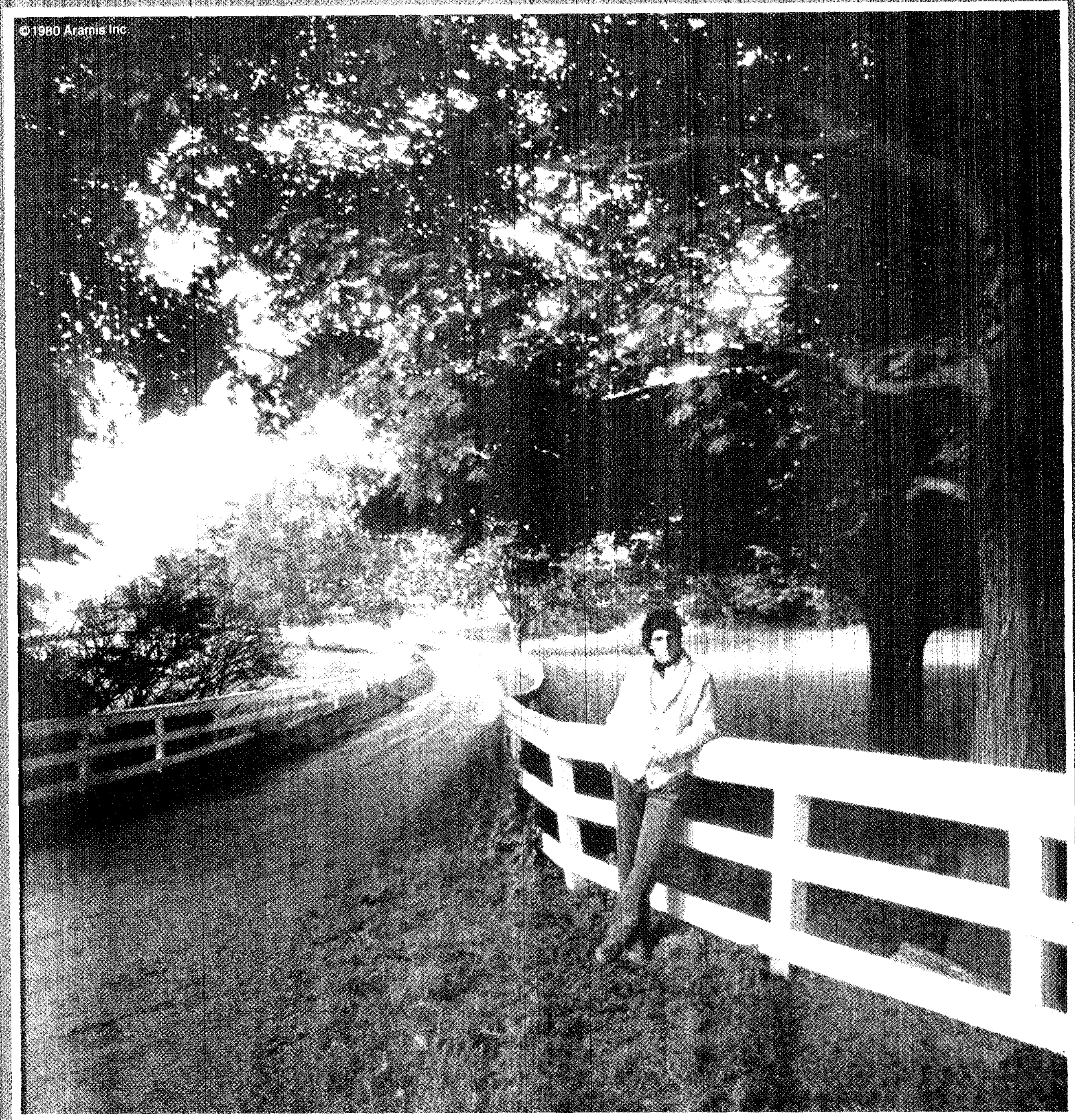

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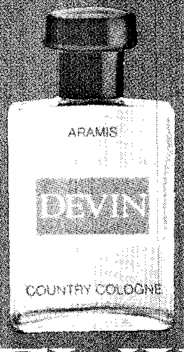
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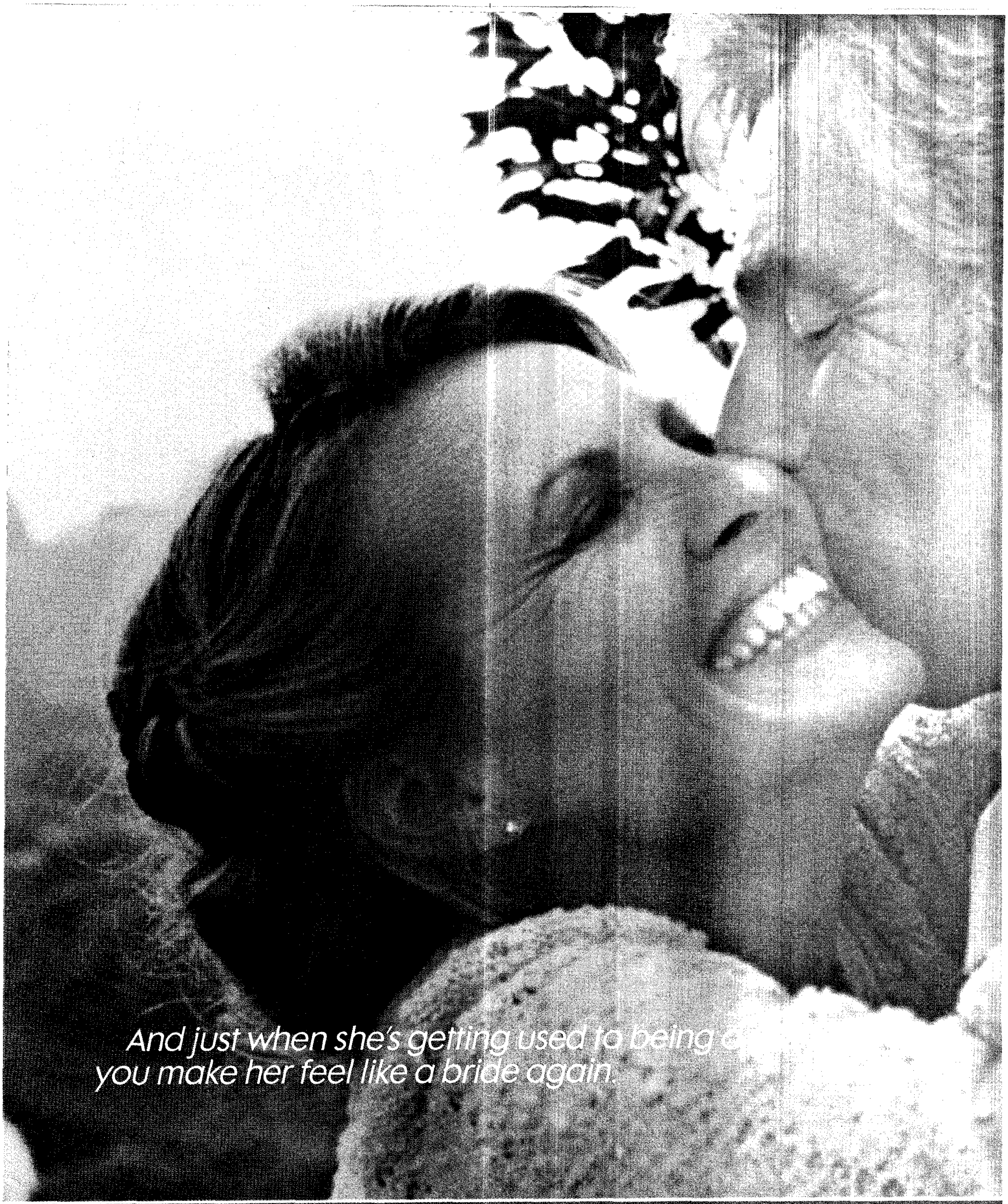
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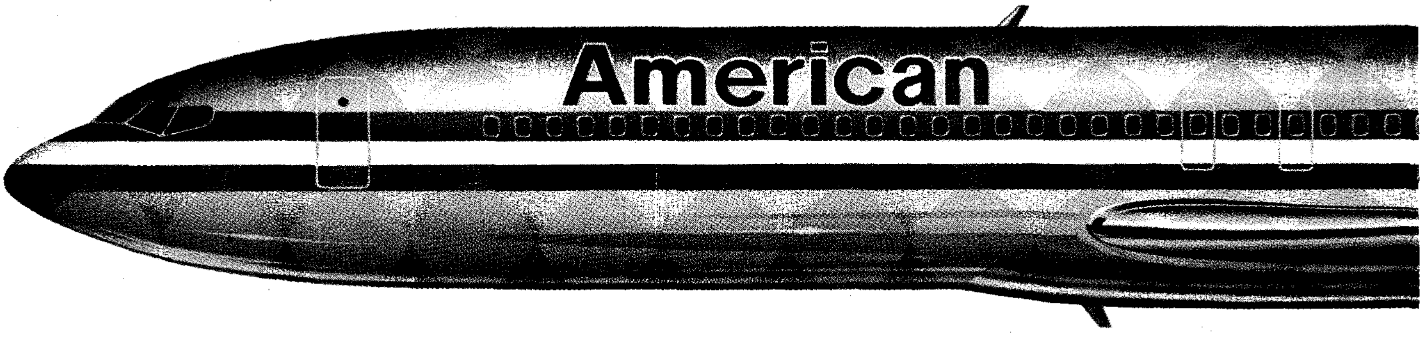

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last concert, and only standing room is left.)

"Missa Solemnis"—Charlotte Bergen directing a symphony orchestra and the Orpheon Chorale in a performance of Beethoven's Mass, with Brionna McMahon, soprano; Patricia Miller, mezzo-soprano; John Gilmore, tenor; and Theodore Lambrinos, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona conducting an all-Richard Strauss program, with Marta Deyanova, piano, and Sharon Moe, horn. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 3.)

Clarion Concert—Newell Jenkins conducting a program that includes Corelli's "Christmas Concerto." With Frederick Hammond, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

New York String Ensemble—Fritz Maraffi conducting, with Jeannette Ferrell, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Orpheus—Twenty-six wind and string players who perform without a conductor, with Richard Goode, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Henryk Szeryng conducting fifteen members of the Symphony in a Bach-Vivaldi program. With Ronald Roseman, oboe, and Mr. Szeryng, violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 14, at 3.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Mount Holyoke Choruses—Catharine Melhorn and Richard Sparks directing a Christmas concert. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8. For information about tickets, call 371-2139.)

Dessoff Choirs—Michael Hammond directing a program entitled "Glories of the English Renaissance." (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Spelman-Morehouse Singers—Roland L. Allison and Wendell P. Whalum directing a Christmas program. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 2.)

Barnard-Columbia Chorus—Peter Schubert directing a Christmas program that includes Handel's "Messiah." (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Canticum Novum Singers—Harold Rosenbaum directing. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing, with the New York Vocal Arts Ensemble. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 12-13, at 8. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts.)

New Calliope Singers—Peter Schubert directing a Christmas concert. (Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. at 10th St. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 864-6765.)

Orpheon Chorale—Dino Anagnost directing a performance of Berlioz' Christmas oratorio "L'Enfance du Christ." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Brooklyn College Chorus and Orchestra—Harry Saltzman directing a performance of Haydn's oratorio "The Creation." (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 431-1900. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 14, at 2.)

RECITALS

Rudolf Serkin—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Alfredo Kraus—Tenor. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—An all-Bartók program. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8.). . . ¶ A Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Peter Serkin and David Soyer—In a program of Beethoven sonatas for piano and cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

Harvey Pittel—Saxophone. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

Arminda Canteros—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

Victoria de los Angeles—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Pierre d'Archambeau and Marilyn Mason—Violin and harpsichord, in two Bach-Handel programs. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Fridays, Dec. 5 and 12, at 8.)

Beethoven Society—An all-Beethoven program, performed by Lilian Kallir, piano; Arnold Steinhardt, violin; and Leslie Parnas, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 3.)

Composers String Quartet—The third in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle, this one featuring the three Rasumovsky quartets. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 3. The Quartet will provide a one-hour commentary and musical illustrations of the cycle at 2. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Richard Goode—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8. For tickets, call 581-5197.)

Leopold Teraspulsky—Cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 2:30.)

Andrew Rangell—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 3.)

Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—A program of music for one or two harpsichords and clavichords, performed by Lynn Edwards and Edward Pepe. The fifth in a series of seven concerts. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Music Project—An eleven-member ensemble of winds, strings, and piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 3.)

Simon Estes—Bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Eastman School of Music Series—The second in a series of four programs, this one performed by Thomas Paul, bass, and Robert Spillman, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Alard Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

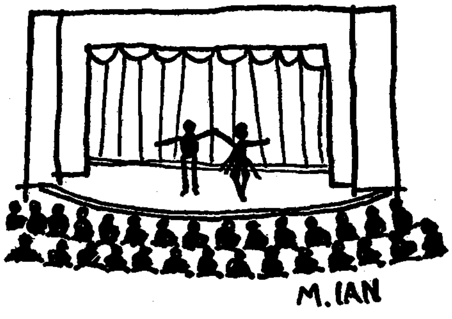
Amici Cantanti—A vocal and instrumental ensemble in a program of medieval and Renaissance Christmas music. (St. Ignatius Loyola Church, Park Ave. at 84th St. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Cleveland Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Rie Schmidt and Benjamin Verdery—Flutist and classical guitarist. (Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

New York Philomusica—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

New England Conservatory Contemporary Ensemble—Larry J. Livingston conducting, with John Heiss, guest conductor, and Leslie Guinn, baritone. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Dec. 8, at 8.)



Diane Curry—Mezzo-soprano. (Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

Young Concert Artists—Beverly Hoch, soprano; Daniel Phillips, violin; Marya Martin, flute; and Sergei Edelmann, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

New Repertory Ensemble of New York—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble—Harvey Sollberger conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Herbert Levine—Classical guitarist. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Louis Bagger—Harpsichord. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Apple Brass Quintet—Chamber music. (All Saints Church, 230 E. 60th St. Thursday, Dec. 11, at 6. No tickets necessary.)

Dora Short—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Ruth Glasser and Mara Waldman—Cello and piano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The second in a series of three concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano trios. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

New Music Consort—The first in a series of three concerts of twentieth-century American music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Renée Siebert and Emily Mitchell—Flute and harp. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 666-7416.)

Itzhak Perlman—Violin. (Concert Hall, Lehman College, the Bronx. 960-8833. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—James Buswell and Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; and André-Michel Schub and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 14, at 5. . . . ¶ Same program at the Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St., on Saturday, Dec. 13, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Quintet of the Americas—A program of contemporary chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

MISCELLANY

Mini-Minimal Music Festival—Phillip Glass, Paul Alexander, Jon Gibson, Richard Munson, and others performing works written by themselves and others. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8. For tickets, call 777-3240.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Washington, Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Detroit, Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8:05. . . . **rutgers university athletic center:** Nets vs. Knicks, Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8:05. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 201 935-8888.)

Professional Football—**sunday, dec. 7:** Giants vs. Seattle Seahawks, at Seattle. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Cleveland Browns, at Cleveland. . . . **saturday, dec. 13:** Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at Washington.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Sunday, Dec. 7, at

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7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 7:35.

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Wednesday, Dec. 31. The Firenze Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 6, and the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 13. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Tuesday, Dec. 30. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Wednesday, Dec. 31.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 17.

ET ALIA

POETRY AND DRAMA READINGS—At DONNELL LIBRARY AUDITORIUM: James Laughlin reading from the poetry of Ezra Pound. (20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Dec. 4, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . 92ND STREET Y: John Ashbery and Howard Moss reading from their own poetry, Monday, Dec. 8, at 8. . . . ¶ Edward Albee reading from his own plays, Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410.) . . . EARL AUDITORIUM, Columbia University: A benefit reading by Ai, Ray Carver, Harold Brodkey, Richard Howard, and Gerald Stern. (Earl Hall, second floor, Broadway at 116th St. Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

EXHIBITION OF THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA—Samples of modern and ancient arts and crafts, industrial exhibits, and demonstrations of paper cutting, brush painting, stone engraving, glassblowing, and jade carving. The continuous entertainment will include the martial arts, folk dancing, and cooking, the last provided by three chefs from Peking skilled in *haut-relief* cuisine. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturday, Dec. 6, through Sunday, Dec. 21. Three-hour viewing periods begin at noon, 3, and 6.)

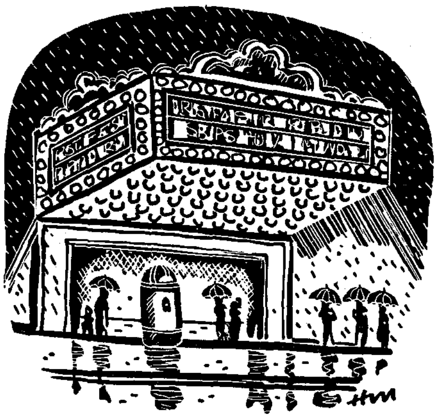
FLOWER SHOW—The Christmas Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. Friday through Sunday, Dec. 5-7, noon to 6.

AUCTIONS—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, Dec. 4, at 10:15 and 2: American Impressionist and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Marsden Hartley, Charles Burchfield, and Paul Manship. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 5, at 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings, from the estate of Helen Janssen Wetzel and from other sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 6, at 2: Old Master paintings. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 9-10, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 11, at 10:15 and 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures, including works by Calder, Jean Dufy, Matisse, and Rodin. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 6. . . . SOTHEBY'S YORK AVENUE GALLERIES, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, Dec. 4, at 2, and Friday, Dec. 5, at 10:15 and 2: Russian works of art, among them pieces by Carl Fabergé. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 2: Paperweights, including St. Louis, Baccarat, and Clichy examples. Exhibition starts Thursday, Dec. 4. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, Dec. 4, at 10 and 2: Jewelry, from the estate of Marjorie Wiggin Prescott and from other sources. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 5, at 10 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings, drawings, and sculptures by O'Keeffe, Sargent, Adolph Weinman, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 6, at 2: Lalique and other glass, as well as sculptures. . . . PHILLIPS, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 2: Old Master and modern prints. Exhibition starts Sunday, Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 11, at 6: Photographs. Exhibition starts Tuesday, Dec. 9.

CHRISTMAS AND HEALTHFUL OUTDOOR LIVING—If everything runs on schedule, the Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center will be all dressed up in its red, green, blue, crystal, and amber lights, and ready to be turned on at about 7:30 on Monday, Dec. 8. . . . ¶ A twenty-block-long festival of Christmas carols will be held on Park Avenue on Wednesday, Dec. 10, from 8 to 9, with a dozen different singing groups, each on a corner of the avenue, from 67th Street to 86th Street. In case of rain, the festival will be held at the Einhorn Auditorium, 131 E. 76th St.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 27. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

ittle Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
An Italian comedy festival (free):
Dec. 3: "Scent of a Woman."
Dec. 4: "We All Loved Each Other So Much."
Dec. 5: "The Big Deal on Madonna Street."
Dec. 6, starting at 2: Five films directed by Mario Monicelli, titles to be announced. Mr. Monicelli will be present at 8 P.M.
Dec. 7: "The Easy Life."
Dec. 8: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 9: "L'Amour Fou."

rt, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
A two-a-day festival of British films (only titles are listed):
Dec. 3: "The Hidden Room" and "Valley of the Eagles."
Dec. 4: "The Duke Wore Jeans" and "Inquest."
Dec. 5: "The Secret" and "Child in the House."
Dec. 6: "Thunder in the City" and "Green Grow the Rushes."
Dec. 7: "Corridor of Mirrors" and "Final Appointment."
Dec. 8: "Showtime" and "You Will Remember"
Dec. 9: "At Dawn We Die" and "Candlelight in Algeria."
Dec. 10: "Quartet" and "Encore."
Dec. 11: "Genevieve" and "Simon and Laura."
Dec. 12: "Brief Encounter" and "Trio."
Dec. 13: "Hamlet."

t. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Dec. 4: "Bread and Chocolate" and "Bad Timing / A Sensual Obsession."
Dec. 5-11: "The Idolmaker" and another feature, to be announced.
From Dec. 12: To be announced.

ramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Dec. 11: "Falling in Love Again."
From Dec. 12: "Stir Crazy."

ay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Dec. 11: "It's My Turn."
From Dec. 12: "Popeye."

urray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Idolmaker."

th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Elephant Man."

astside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Dec. 4: "Hopscotch."
From Dec. 5: "Flash Gordon."

utton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Raging Bull."

enthouse East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

laza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Kagemusha the Shadow Warrior."

anhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Private Benjamin."

anhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"The Elephant Man."

aronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Dec. 11: "Stardust Memories."
From Dec. 12: "Tess."

oronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"From the Life of the Marionettes."

. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Gloria."

inema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Apocalypse Now."

inema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
Through Dec. 11: "Falling in Love Again."
From Dec. 12: "Stir Crazy."

emini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Dec. 4: "Fame."
From Dec. 5: "Flash Gordon."

emini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Resurrection."

eekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Melvin and Howard."

ews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"It's My Turn."

ews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"The Stunt Man."

th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Competition."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Dec. 4: "Willie & Phil."
Dec. 5-11: "Hopscotch."
From Dec. 12: "The Tin Drum."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Hopscotch."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Dec. 4: "The Boogey Man."
From Dec. 5: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Dec. 11: "The Elephant Man."
From Dec. 12: "Popeye."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Dec. 11: "Ordinary People."
From Dec. 12: "Stir Crazy."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Dec. 4: "The Idolmaker."
From Dec. 5: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 4: "Shogun Assassin." From Dec. 5: "Flash Gordon."
Theatre 2: "Private Benjamin."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Hopscotch."

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Dec. 11: "Gloria."
From Dec. 12: To be announced.

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Private Benjamin."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Melvin and Howard."
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 4: "Sir Henry at Rawlinson End." From Dec. 5: "Flash Gordon."
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 4: "Shogun Assassin." From Dec. 5: "Flash Gordon."
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 4: "The Jerk" and "The Blues Brothers." Dec. 5-11: "Cry Uncle." From Dec. 12: "La Cage aux Folles."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Space Movie."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Rockshow."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The Elephant Man."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Dec. 8: "The Stunt Man."
From Dec. 9: Theatre temporarily closed.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Stardust Memories."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Bye Bye Brazil."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Great Santini."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Dec. 4: "Falling in Love Again."
From Dec. 5: "American Gigolo" and "The Warriors."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Every Man for Himself."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Loulou."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Gloria."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "The Jerk" and "The Blues Brothers."
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 4: "The Black Hole" and "Sleeping Beauty." From Dec. 5: "Wifemistress" and "How Funny Can Sex Be?"
Theatre 3: "Private Benjamin."
Theatre 4: "One-Trick Pony."

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Hopscotch."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through Dec. 4: "Mary Poppins."
From Dec. 5: "Cry Uncle."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Dec. 4: Theatre closed.
Dec. 5-11: "Gloria" and "Lost and Found."
From Dec. 12: To be announced.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Theatre closed.
Theatre 2: "The Jerk" (†) and "The Blues Brothers." (†)
Theatre 3: "Fame." (†)
Theatre 4: "The Awakening."
Theatre 5: "Divine Madness." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Dec. 11: "Gloria." (†)
From Dec. 12: "Ordinary People." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 11: "Star Trek—The Motion Picture." From Dec. 12: "Gloria." (†)
Theatre 3: "Airplane!"
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 4: "Fade to Black." From Dec. 5: "Being There."

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through Dec. 4: "The Black Hole" (†) and "Sleeping Beauty." (†)
From Dec. 5: "The Warriors" (†) and "American Gigolo." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Ordinary People." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through Dec. 11: "It's My Turn." (†)
From Dec. 12: "Popeye." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through Dec. 4: "Unbeatable Dragon."
From Dec. 5: "Cry Uncle." (†) and "The Best."

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Private Benjamin." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through Dec. 4: "The Idolmaker." (†)
Dec. 5-11: "Dragon vs. Needles of Death."
From Dec. 12: "Stir Crazy." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Dec. 4: "The Boogey Man." (†)
From Dec. 5: "Flash Gordon." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Raging Bull." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"Shogun Assassin." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Dec. 3: "Germany in Autumn" (1977), in German, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, Volker Schlöndorff, and others; and "Despair" (1979), directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, with Dirk Bogarde.
Dec. 4: "Le Gai Savoir" (1968), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Pierre Léaud; and "Band of Outsiders" (1964), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina and Sami Frey.

Dec. 5: "New York, New York" (1977), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Liza Minnelli and Robert De Niro; and "Taxi Driver" (1976), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster.

Dec. 6: "Variety Lights" (1949), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini and Alberto Lattuada, with Giulietta Masina, Peppino de Filippo, and Carla del Poggio; and "Fellini's Roma" (1972), in English and Italian, directed by Federico Fellini.

Dec. 7: "Woodstock." (†)

Dec. 8: "The Conformist" (†); and "The Wedding March" (1967), in Italian, directed by Marco Ferreri, with Ugo Tognazzi.

Dec. 9: "Sanjuro" (1963), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Incident at Blood Pass" (1970; "The Ambush"), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune.

Dec. 10: "The Age of the Medici, Part 1: Cosimo de Medici and Part II: The Power of Cosimo" (1973), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini.

Dec. 11: "The Age of the Medici, Part III: Leon Battista Alberti" (1973), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini; and "Blaise Pascal" (1972), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Pierre Arditi.

Dec. 12: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), directed by John Huston, with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre; and "The Caine Mutiny" (1954), directed by Edward Dmytryk, with Humphrey Bogart, José Ferrer, Van Johnson, Fred MacMurray, and Robert Francis.

Dec. 13: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Dec. 3: "A Delicate Balance" (1973), directed by Tony Richardson, with Katharine Hepburn, Paul Scofield, Lee Remick, Kate Reid, Joseph Cotten, and Betsy Blair; and "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (1966), directed by Mike Nichols, with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, George Segal, and Sandy Dennis.

Dec. 4: "Butley" (1974), directed by Harold Pinter, with Alan Bates, Jessica Tandy, and Richard O'Callaghan; and "The Homecoming" (1973), directed by Peter Hall, with Cyril Cusack, Ian Holm, Michael Jayston, Vivien Merchant, Terence Rigby, and Paul Rogers.

Dec. 5: "Nijinsky" (1980), directed by Herbert Ross, with Alan Bates, Leslie Browne, and George de la Peña; and "The Loves of Isadora" (1969), directed by Karel Reisz, with Vanessa Redgrave, James Fox, and Jason Robards.

Dec. 6: "Harold and Maude" (1971), directed by Hal Ashby, with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad" (1967), directed by Richard Quine, with Rosalind Russell and Robert Morse.

Dec. 7: "Oliver!" (†)

Dec. 8: "Last Year at Marienbad" (†); and "Les Anges du Pêché" (1943), in French, directed by Robert Bresson, with Renée Faure.

Dec. 9: "The Tin Drum." (†)

Dec. 10: "Persona" (†) and "The Magician." (†)

Dec. 11: "Dersu Uzala" (1978), a Soviet-Japanese co-production, in Russian, directed by Akira Kurosawa; and "Taira Clan Saga #3: The Dancer and the Warrior" (1956), directed by Koji Shima.

Dec. 12: "American Gigolo" (†) and "The Day of the Locust." (†)

Dec. 13: "1900" (1977), directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Dec. 4: "Urban Cowboy" (1980), directed by James Bridges, with John Travolta, Scott Glenn, Debra Winger, and Madolyn Smith; and "Hud" (1963), directed by Martin Ritt, with Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde.

Dec. 5-6: "Richard Pryor in Concert" (1979); and "The Lenny Bruce Performance Film" (1974), recorded in Aug. 1965, at Basin Street West, San Francisco.

Dec. 7-8: "Best Boy" (†); and "Midnigh Cowboy" (1969), directed by John Schlesinger, with Dustin Hoffman and Jor Voight.

Dec. 9: "Wanda Nevada" (1979), directe by Peter Fonda, with Fonda and Brook Shields; and "Happy Birthday, Gemini." (†

Dec. 10-11: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971), directed by John Schlesinger, wit Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murra Head; and "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed.

Dec. 12-13: "The 39 Steps" (†) and "Th Lady Vanishes." (†)

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in th late afternoon.)

Through Dec. 4: "Divine Madness" (†); an "Gilda Live" (1980), directed by Mik Nichols, filmed at Gilda Radner's stag performances on Broadway, Aug., 1979.

From Dec. 5: "Reggae Sunsplash" (1980).

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813)

Dec. 3: "The Gunfighter" (1950), directed b Henry King, with Gregory Peck, Millar Mitchell, and Helen Westcott; and "Pa Garrett and Billy the Kid" (1973), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with James Cobur and Kris Kristofferson.

Dec. 4-5: "The Loved One" (1965), directe by Tony Richardson, with Robert Mors and Jonathan Winters; and "Decline an Fall . . . of a Bird Watcher!" (1969), directed by John Krish, with Robin Phillip Geneviève Page, Donald Wolfit, and Coli Blakeley.

Dec. 6-7: "Far from the Madding Crowd" (1967), directed by John Schlesinger, wit Julie Christie, Terence Stamp, Peter Finch and Alan Bates.

Dec. 8-9: "City for Conquest" (1940), directed by Anatole Litvak, with James Cagne and Ann Sheridan; and "Blues in th Night." (†)

Dec. 10-11: "Doctor X" (†); and "The Walking Dead" (1936), directed by Michae Curtiz, with Boris Karloff and Ricard Cortez.

Dec. 12-13: "Jane Eyre" (1944), directed b Robert Stevenson, with Joan Fontaine an Orson Welles; and "Cry Wolf" (1947), directed by Peter Godfrey, with Errol Flyn and Barbara Stanwyck.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Dec. 3: "The Best Years of Our Lives (1946), directed by William Wyler, wit Myrna Loy, Fredric March, Teresa Wright Dana Andrews, and Harold Russell.

Dec. 4-6: "The Last Picture Show" (1971 directed by Peter Bogdanovich, with Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Cybill Shepherd, Ben Johnson, and Cloris Leachma and "Picnic" (1956), directed by Joshu Logan, with William Holden, Rosalin Russell, Kim Novak, and Susan Strasberg.

Dec. 7-8: "September 30, 1955" (1978), directed by James Bridges, with Richar Thomas; and "American Graffiti" (1973 directed by George Lucas, with Richar Dreyfuss and Ronny Howard.

Dec. 9-10: "Easy Rider" (1969), directed b Dennis Hopper, with Hopper, Peter Fond and Jack Nicholson; and "Coming Home (1978), directed by Hal Ashby, with Jan Fonda, Jon Voight, and Bruce Dern.

Dec. 11-13: "Alice's Restaurant" (†); an "Hair" (1979), directed by Miloš Forma with John Savage, Treat Williams, an Beverly D'Angelo.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Dec. 3: "Two Cents Worth of Hope" (1952 in Italian, directed by Renato Castellan and "The Fiancés" (1963), in Italian, directed by Ermanno Olmi.

Dec. 4: "Salt of the Earth" (1954), directe by Herbert Biberman, with Will Geer; an "Harlan County, U.S.A." (1977), a documentary about the coal miners' strike i Kentucky in the early seventies, directe by Barbara Kopple.

Dec. 5-6: "Massacre at Central High" (1976 directed by Renee Daalder, with Derr

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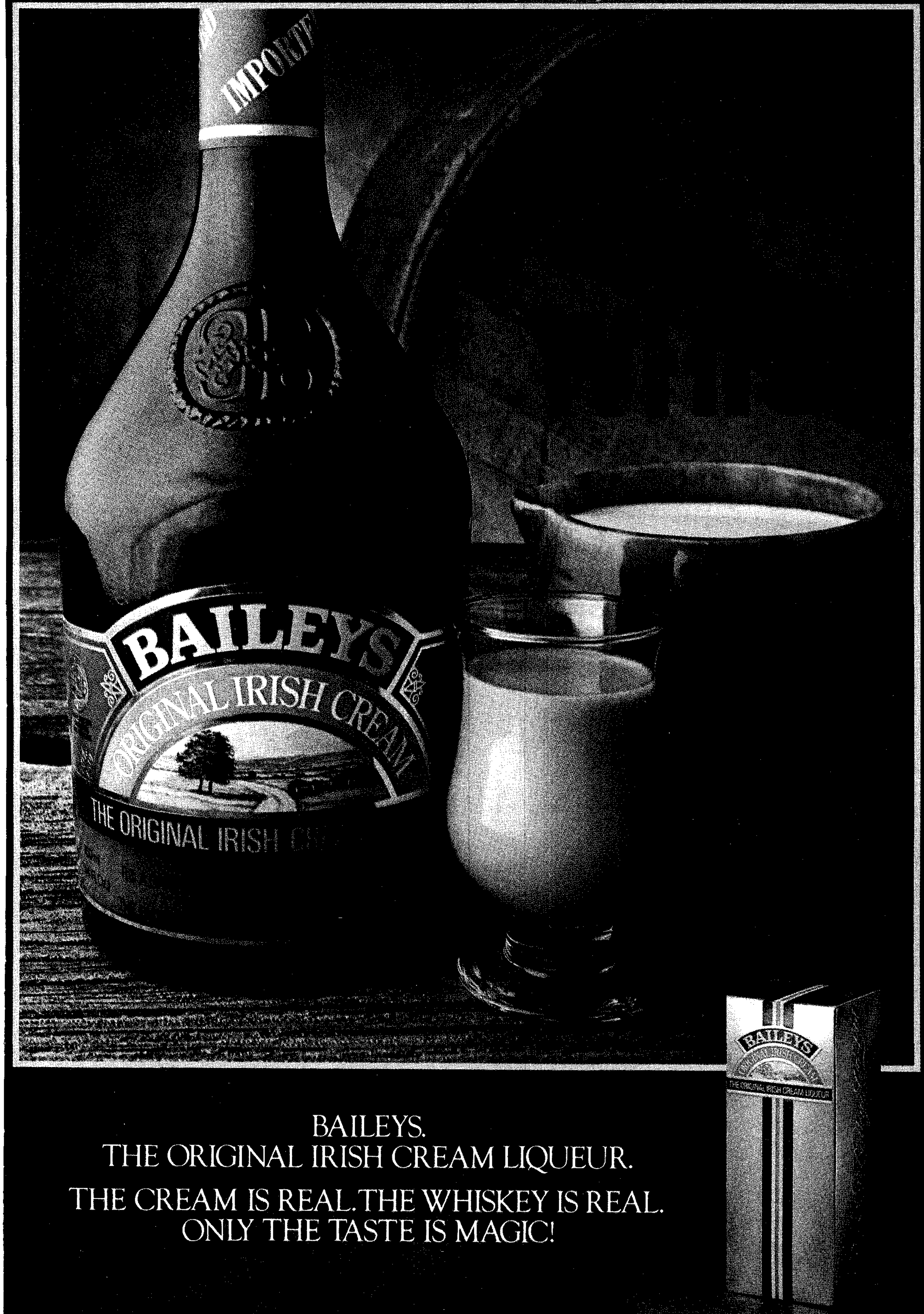
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Maury, Andrew Stevens, Bob Carradine, and Kimberly Beck; and "Schlock" (1973), directed by John Landis.

Dec. 7: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider.

Dec. 8: "The Greatest" (1977), directed by Tom Gries, with Muhammad Ali playing himself; and "Spirit of Youth" (1938), directed by Harry Fraser, with Joe Louis.

Dec. 9: "Smart Woman" (1948), directed by Edward A. Blatt, with Constance Bennett and Brian Aherne; and "The Half-Naked Truth" (1933), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Lupe Velez, Lee Tracy, and Frank Morgan.

Dec. 10: "The Working Class Goes to Heaven" (1975), in Italian, directed by Elio Petri, with Gian-Maria Volonte; and "Red Desert" (1965), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris.

Dec. 11: "Hester Street" (†) and "Between the Lines." (†)

Dec. 12-13: "Sam's Song" (1969), directed by Jordan Leondopoulos, with Robert De Niro, Viva, and Jennifer Warren; and "Hungry Wives" (1973), directed by George Romero, with Jan White.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Dec. 3: "Another Part of the Forest" (1948), directed by Michael Gordon, with Fredric March, Dan Duryea, and Florence Eldridge; and "The Searching Wind" (1946), directed by William Dieterle, with Sylvia Sidney, Robert Young, Ann Richards, and Dudley Digges.

Dec. 4: "Since You Went Away" (1944), directed by John Cromwell, with Claudette Colbert, Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten, Shirley Temple, Monty Woolley, and Lionel Barrymore.

Dec. 5-6: "The Thin Man" (1934) and "After the Thin Man" (1936), both films directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

Dec. 7: "Now, Voyager" (†); and "Dark Victory" (1939), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Bette Davis, George Brent, Humphrey Bogart, Ronald Reagan, and Geraldine Fitzgerald.

Dec. 8: "Knight Without Armor" (†) and "Conquest." (†)

Dec. 9: "Lifeboat" (1944), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Tallulah Bankhead, John Hodiak, William Bendix, and Walter Slezak; and "A Royal Scandal." (†)

Dec. 10: "Diabolique" (†) and "Panique." (†)

Dec. 11: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1946), directed by Tay Garnett, with Lana Turner, John Garfield, Cecil Kellaway, Hume Cronyn, and Leon Ames; and "Honky Tonk." (†)

Dec. 12-13: "Mr. Moto's Last Warning" (1939), directed by Norman Foster, with Peter Lorre, Ricardo Cortez, Virginia Field, and John Carradine; and "The Shanghai Cobra" (1945), directed by Phil Karlson, with Sidney Toler as the detective Charlie Chan.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—A series of films directed by Michael Powell: Dec. 4 at 2:30: "Something Always Happens" (1934), with Ian Hunter and Nancy O'Neil. . . . Dec. 4 at 6: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1940), co-directed by Ludwig Berger, Tim Whelan, and others, with Conrad Veidt and Sabu. . . . Dec. 4 at 8:30: "One of Our Aircraft Is Missing" (1942), co-directed by Emeric Pressburger, with Godfrey Tearle, Eric Portman, Hugh Williams, Bernard Miles, Googie Withers, Pamela Browne, Joyce Redman, and Peter Ustinov. . . . Dec. 5 at 2:30: "The Phantom Light" (1935), with Binnie Hale, Ian Hunter, and Gordon Harker. . . . Dec. 6 at 2:30: "The Thief of Bagdad." . . . Dec. 6 at 5: "49th Parallel (The Invaders)" (1941), with Eric Portman, Laurence Olivier, Anton Walbrook, and Glynis Johns. . . . Dec. 7 at 2:30: "A Matter of Life and Death (Stairway to Heaven)" (1946), co-directed by Emeric Pressburger, with David Niven, Kim Hunter, Richard Attenborough, and Raymond Massey. . . . Dec. 8 at 2:30: "49th Parallel (The Invaders)." . . . Dec. 11 at 2: "Contraband" (1940), with Conrad Veidt and Valerie Hobson. . . . Dec. 11 at 6: "Gone to Earth" (1950), co-directed by Emeric Pressberger, with Jennifer Jones, David Farrar, Cyril Cusack, and Sybil Thorndike. . . . Dec. 12 at 2:30: "A Matter of Life and Death (Stairway to Heaven)." . . . Dec. 13 at 2:30: "The Tales of Hoffman" (1951), co-directed by Emeric Pressberger, with Moira Shearer, Robert Helpmann, Leonid Massine, and Ludmilla Tcherina. . . . Dec. 13 at 5: "Gone to Earth." . . . ¶ Other, non-Powell, films scheduled during this period are: Dec. 4-5 at noon: Two different programs of films by Joseph Cornell. . . . Dec. 5 at 6: "King: A Filmed Record . . . Montgomery to Memphis" (1970), a documentary about Martin Luther King, Jr. . . . Dec. 6 at noon and 1: A program of films by Joseph Cornell. . . . Dec. 7 at noon: "Miracle on 34th Street" (1947), directed by George Seaton, with Maureen O'Hara, Natalie Wood, John Payne, and Edmund Gwenn. . . . Dec. 7 at 5: "Blazing the Trail" (1912) and "The Coward" (1915), both silent films, directed by Thomas H. Ince. . . . Dec. 8-9 at noon: "Capoeira of Brazil" (1980), directed by Warrington Hudlin; and "To Love, Honor & Obey" (1980), directed by Christine Choy. . . . Dec. 8 at 6: "The Boss' Son" (1978), directed by Bobby Roth, with Asher Brauner, Rita Moreno, James Darren, Richie Havens, and Piper Laurie. . . . Dec. 9 at 2:30: "The Olive Trees of Justice" (1961), in French, directed by James Blue, a semi-documentary film about Algeria; English subtitles. . . . Dec. 9 at 6: "Women in Arms" (1980), a documentary about women in Nicaragua, directed by Victoria Schultz. . . . Dec. 10, four films starring Clint Eastwood—at 2, "A Fistful of Dollars" (1966), directed by Sergio Leone; at 4, "Escape from Alcatraz" (1979), directed by Don Siegel; at 6, "Play Misty for Me" (1971), directed by Eastwood; at 8:30, "Bronco Billy" (1980), directed by Eastwood. Eastwood himself will be present at the 6 and 8:30 showings. . . . Dec. 11-12 at noon: Two different programs of films directed by Joseph Cornell. . . . Dec. 11 at 8:30: "The Challenge" (1938), directed by Milton Rosmer and Luis Trenker, with Trenker and Robert Douglas. . . . Dec. 12 at 6 and Dec. 13 at noon: A program of animated films by John Halas and Joy Batchelor. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Through Dec. 7: "Text and Commentary" (1977), a video installation, directed by Beryl Korot, who will be present on Dec. 4 at 3:30. Showings hourly from noon until five. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 9: Four short films dealing with psychoanalysis and Sigmund Freud. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6 on Tuesday evening). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Dec. 3 at 8: A program of films by Ian Hugo, Christopher Maclaine, and Ken Jacobs. . . . ¶ Dec. 4-6 at 8: A program of films made by Alexander Hammid in Prague, 1930-37. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 2: A program of video films by Wolf Kahlen. . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 8: A program of films directed by Larry Jordan. . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 3: A program of video films by Stephen Beck, Don Hallock, William Roatry, and Willard Rosenquist. . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 8: "The General" (1926), a silent film, directed by, and with, Buster Keaton. . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 8: A program of video films by Frank Gillette. . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 8: A program of films by Fernand Léger, Dimitri Kirsanoff, Humphrey Jennings, and others. . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 11 A.M.: A program of video films by Frank Gillette. . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 2: A video program by Dan Graham. . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 5:30: A program by Amy Greenfield and Carolee Schneemann. . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 8:30: A program of films directed by Warren Sonbert.

Entermedia, 2nd Ave. at 12th St. (475-4191)—A series of samurai films, shown as double features, with a new combination every three days. Through Jan. 2, starting at 2. Showing this week are: "Hidden Fortress," "Samurai Assassin," "Onibaba," "Zatoichi Fire Festival," "Hara Kiri," "Bandits on the Wind," "Kwaidan," "Samurai Rebellion," "Samurai, Part I," and "Wolves." For film schedules, call the theatre.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Alice's Restaurant (1969)—Arthur Penn's extension of Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record "The Alice's Restaurant Massacree." Made with attractive simplicity and with great affection for the hippies' humor. (Regency; Dec. 11-13.)

American Gigolo—Richard Gere as a suave, beautifully dressed, and deeply uninteresting male prostitute, who earns a nice dollar, plus perks (he drives a black Mercedes convertible and buys his fancy vines at Juschi's boutique, in Beverly Hills), from his ability to bring sexual pleasure to some rich, spoiled older women who frequent the Polo Lounge, Perino's, and the pools and patios of Malibu, Bel Air, and Palm Springs. Writer-director Paul Schrader probably had something serious in mind here, but he seems to lose interest in his glum hero along the way, and the story trails off into vacuity and violence. With Lauren Hutton, Nina Van Pallandt, Hector Elizondo, and K. Callan. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/4/80.) (Paramount, and Embassy 5; starting Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 12.)

L'Amour Fou (1968)—During the first half hour, there's a strong temptation to flee from this legendary Jacques Rivette film, which moves back and forth between the rehearsals for an experimental production of Racine's "Andromaque" and the disintegrating marriage of the actor-director (Jean-Pierre Kalfon) and his actress-wife (Bulle Ogier). But those who stick with the film may find that Rivette's measured, unemphatic style begins to take hold. Tight little Bulle Ogier is ominously compelling; she gives a superlative performance. And there has never been anything like the *folie-à-deux* sex-and-destruction orgy that climaxes the marriage. The purpose of the juxtapositions remains damned elusive, but a highly intellectualized horror story develops inside the smooth, elegantly patterned, abstract camera movement. Rivette has a hypnotic style, partly because of his unusual spatial sense and his "normal" use of time. Four hours and twelve minutes. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting Dec. 9.)

Apocalypse Now (1979)—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches," which sees the heart of the Vietnam War's darkness as "that joke at the deepest part of the blackest kernel of fear." Francis Coppola, the director, does not just balance comedy and horror—he breeds a mutation, and displays it with the physical brilliance and amplitude of "2001." (The cinematographer is Vittorio Storaro, who has done four movies for Bertolucci.) The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses, like "2001," in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper.

Narration written by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (Cinema I.)

Bad Timing / A Sensual Obsession—With Art Garfunkel, Theresa Russell, Harvey Keitel, and Denholm Elliott; directed by Nicolas Roeg. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 4.)

Best Boy—A thrilling documentary in which we watch Philly Wohl, a severely retarded fifty-two-year-old Brooklyn man, undertake the painful first steps in education and self-reliance that will at last permit him to live apart from his loving, aged parents. The picture, which is often very funny, was made by Philly's cousin Ira Wohl, whose thoughtful presence on both sides of the camera imposes a sense of assurance about the movie's honesty and the validity of our feelings for its unusual hero. (3/10/80) (Cinema Village; Dec. 7-8.)

Between the Lines (1977)—Directed by Joan Micklin Silver, from a screenplay by Fred Barron, about a spirited underground Boston weekly called the *Back Bay Mainline*. Mrs. Silver's film is anecdotal and illustrative, crammed with good characters. The plot is engagingly unaggressive and unsystematic, leading to a climax in which the newspaper is bought by a ruthless smoothie in a tie and a suit who is ready to sack and replace the whole raffish staff. The rebel, nicely, is the receptionist, whose habit is to be courteous to everybody, but who knows a rank herring when she sees one. (Thalia; Dec. 11.)

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1958)—The Italian title is "I Soliti Ignoti," the police term for "the usual unidentified persons." Mario Monicelli's gentle, casually underplayed comedy is about a group of petty thieves eager to move up in status—to rob a safe in a loan office. The thieves are ambitious, good-natured, and hopeful, but they are easily distracted; when they should be concentrating on plans, they become hungry or fall in love or quarrel or fuss over a sleepless baby. This is a shaggy "Rififi." With Marcello Mastroianni (as a simpleton), Vittorio Gassman, Renato Salvatori, Claudia Cardinale, Carla Gravina, and, as the leading safecracker in Italy (now almost senile), whom the small-time thieves hire to show them how to pull off their big job, the superb clown Totò—a stylized image of fatigue, sadness, decadence. In Italian. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Dec. 5.)

The Black Hole—The Walt Disney Productions' entry in the anybody-can-make-another-"Star Wars" sweepstakes is notable for some of the special effects, but also for its unsurprising space characters, feeble plot, and brain-numbing dialogue. The film is rated PG, but the only danger to children is that it may make them begin to think that outer space isn't much fun anymore. With Maximilian Schell, Anthony Perkins, and Yvette Mimieux. (1/14/80) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 5; through Dec. 4.)

The Blues Brothers—A musical slapstick farce, set in Chicago and starring Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi as deadpan hipster musicians—characters they first used in skits on the television show "Saturday Night Live." But their taciturn style doesn't allow them to reveal enough personality for this full-length movie. The director, John Landis, has a lot of comic invention and isn't afraid of silliness, but in terms of slapstick craft he's still an amateur. The film, however, brings Aretha Franklin to the screen, and she transcends the film's incompetence. With Carrie Fisher, Henry Gibson, Ray Charles, Cab Calloway, James Brown, and many other celebrated musicians. Written by Aykroyd and Landis. (7/7/80) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Dec. 4.)

Blues in the Night (1941)—Jazz and melodrama, in a fermented mixture. Directed by Anatole Litvak and written by Robert Rossen, this self-serious, overheated Warner Brothers picture about the life of travelling musicians was released just before Pearl Harbor. Richard Whorf is the tormented pianist who cracks up, and Betty Field is the bad, bad girl who not only leads him astray but kills Lloyd Nolan, and is herself killed in a car crash with Wallace Ford. Whorf's band includes Elia Kazan; the vocalist is Priscilla Lane. The songs are by Johnny Mercer and Harold Arlen. (Mini Cinema; Dec. 8-9.)

The Boogey Man—With Suzanna Love, Ron James, and John Carradine; directed by Ulli Lommel. (U. A. East, and Rivoli; through Dec. 4.)

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Bread and Chocolate (1974)—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 4.)

Bye Bye Brazil—A Brazilian film with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker, directed by Carlos Diegues. In Portuguese. (Paris.)

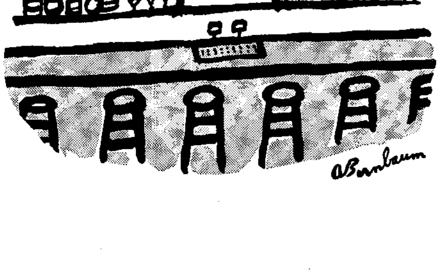
La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 12.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

The Competition—With Richard Dreyfuss, Amy Irving, and Lee Remick; directed by Joel Oliansky. (Loews Tower East.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci wrote and directed this extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Alberto Moravia novel about an upper-class follower of Mussolini. It's set principally in 1938. Bertolucci's view isn't so much a reconstruction of the past as an infusion from it. He brought together the décor and architecture surviving from that modernistic period and gave it all unity. Jean-Louis Trintignant, who conveys the mechanisms of thought through tension, the way Bogart did, is the aristocratic Fascist—an intelligent coward who sacrifices everything he cares about because he wants the safety of normality. Stefania Sandrelli is his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda, with her swollen lips and tiger eyes, is the lesbian he would like to run away with. The film succeeds least with its psychosexual approach to the Fascist protagonist, but if the ideas don't touch the imagination, the film's sensuous texture does. It's a triumph of feeling and of style—lyrical, flowing, velvety style, so operatic that you come away with sequences in your head like arias. With Pierre Clémenti as the chauffeur, Gastone Moschin as Manganiello, and Enzo Tarascio as the anti-Fascist professor (who resembles Godard). In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 8.)

Conquest (1937)—Greta Garbo as Napoleon's mistress Countess Marie Walewska, who bore him a son, and Charles Boyer as Napoleon, who, it appears, loved Marie intensely, but briefly. The M-G-M picture cost three million and was the fourth most expensive movie made up to that date; it's ornate, unexpectedly tasteful, carefully detailed—and lifeless. There is some literate writing in it, but the various scenarists—Samuel Hoffenstein, Salka Viertel, and S. N. Behrman—working from Helen Jerome's version of a Polish play, don't seem too sure of what the movie is about, or where its center should be. They don't allow Marie Walewska enough shadings or enough strength; her tenderness—which is about all she *is* allowed—becomes tedious. Garbo is stunningly costumed (by Adrian), but her interpretation is muffled. This is one of the rare occasions when her melancholy beauty didn't dominate a film; there's skill but no poetry in her performance. Boyer takes over, by the force of his talent, and because Napoleon (treated less sympathetically by the writers) has more sides to him. Padded to look pudgy, and with his romantic handsomeness de-emphasized (he's even slightly bald), Boyer gives the picture traces of irony and tension. Directed by Clarence Brown who, failing inspiration, could perhaps have used a little vulgarity, or some speed; the pacing is measured. With Maria Ouspenskaya, Dame May Whitty, Reginald Owen, Alan Marshal, Henry Stephenson, Leif Erickson, C. Henry Gordon, Vladimir Sokoloff, George Zucco, and Scotty Beckett. Cinematography by Karl Freund; art direction by Cedric Gibbons. (The retreat from Moscow in the snow was staged in the studio, with painted backdrops.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 8.)



Cry Uncle (1971)—Sex satire. Cry off. With Allen Garfield, directed by John Avildsen. (Quad Cinema; Dec. 5-11. . . . ¶ New Yorker 2, and Loews State 2; starting Dec. 5.)

The Day of the Locust (1975)—John Schlesinger's overblown version of Nathanael West's novel is a mosaic that never comes together. Waldo Salt attempted the next-to-impossible job of adapting the novel—an aesthete's view of society, set in Los Angeles in the thirties, in which the culturally debased people bring on the apocalypse. There wouldn't be much to remember from the movie if it weren't for a few of the performers—Burgess Meredith as an old vaudevillian, Billy Barty as a macho dwarf, and William Atherton in the thankless role of the artist Tod. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 12.)

Diabolique (1955)—The setting is a French provincial school for boys; the headmaster's wife (Vera Clouzot) and mistress (Simone Signoret) conspire to murder him. It sounds simple, but the characters seem fearfully knowing, and there are undertones of strange, tainted pleasures and punishments. According to the director, Henri-Georges Clouzot, "I sought only to amuse myself and the little child who sleeps in all our hearts—the child who hides her head under the bedcovers and begs, 'Daddy, Daddy, frighten me.' " Clouzot does it, all right; his Grand Guignol techniques are so calculatedly grisly that they seem silly, yet they succeed in making one feel queasy and sordid and scared. (Some people may feel too queasy to find the film really pleasurable.) With Paul Meurisse as the malignant headmaster, and Charles Vanel, Noel Roquevert, and Michel Serrault. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 10.)

Divine Madness—Essentially a one-woman show: Bette Midler is alone on the stage with her backup trio, the Harlettes, in this film shot on three successive nights at the Pasadena Civic Auditorium. She's an emotional whirligig, and the film is hugely entertaining, though the best numbers come at the beginning; the last quarter—when Midler comes on as a boozing bag lady who is trying to capture the bird of happiness—has a sodden inspirational quality. Directed by Michael Ritchie; cinematography by William A. Fraker. (11/10/80) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 4.)

Doctor X (1932)—A famous chiller about a series of murders committed during the full moon in the vicinity of a medical college. It's the source of many of the most delirious clichés of the mad-scientist genre, and the first of Fay Wray's horror films (she gets to scream in her very first scene). But the pacing is very deliberate, and it's a little tedious, especially in the wisecracking comedy-relief scenes with Lee Tracy as the reporter-hero; Tracy's vocal tricks and stylized gestures fall flat here. (One wouldn't guess how funny he would be that same year in "Blessed Event," or the year after in "Bombshell.") The title role, Dr. Xavier, is played by Lionel Atwill, an expert at polished menace; he can be wonderful in the way he examines a corpse while commenting, "Strangely enough, only the left deltoid has been severed." His suavity is heavy, though, and he weighs this picture down a bit. The director, Michael Curtiz, plays things too straight; he doesn't have the perverse comic sense of a James Whale. (There are bits—such as talk of cannibalism,

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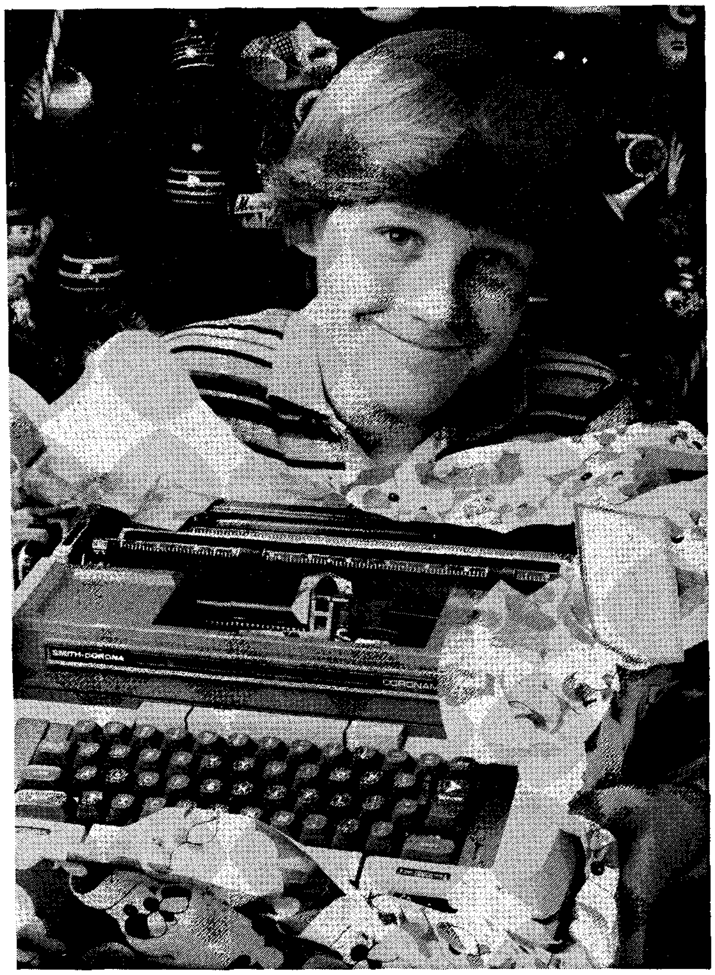

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and a doctor unscrewing his artificial arm—that cry out for the sort of twist Whale would have given them.) With Preston Foster, Arthur Edmund Carewe, Willard Robertson, Robert Warwick, Mae Busch, Leila Bennett, George Rosener, John Wray, and Tom Dugan. The script, by Earl Baldwin and Robert Tasker, is adapted from the play by Howard Comstock and Allen C. Miller. Originally in a Technicolor process, though black-and-white prints were shipped to the smaller cities. (Mini Cinema; Dec. 10-11.)

The Easy Life (1963)—Vittorio Gassman is the man-about-town, and Jean-Louis Trintignant is the academic he corrupts. Dino Risi directed this celebrated social comedy. In Italian. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Dec. 7.)

The Elephant Man—A very pleasurable surprise. The by now well-known story of John Merrick, the grievously eminent Victorian who is sometimes said to have been the ugliest man who ever lived, is told by the young director David Lynch with such grace and imagination that it becomes a tale of a terrible enchantment. Inside Merrick's misshapen body is an astonishingly sweet-souled gentleman of his era. John Hurt plays Merrick, and Anthony Hopkins is Frederick Treves, the doctor who rescues him from the world of sideshows. With John Gielgud, Wendy Hiller, and Hannah Gordon, and less effective performances by Anne Bancroft as the actress Mrs. Kendal, and Freddie Jones as the drunken Bytes. Lighted by Freddie Francis, this film is perhaps the most beautiful example of black-and-white cinematography in the last fifteen years. Script by Christopher DeVore, Eric Bergren, and Lynch. (10/27/80) (34th St. East, Manhattan 2, and Festival. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum 1; through Dec. 11.)

Every Man for Himself—This 1979 picture, which Jean-Luc Godard calls his "second first film," has been widely hailed as a return to his great, innovative work of the sixties. It's wonderful to feel the pull of Godard's images again, but the movie may also make you feel empty. The setting is a nameless Swiss city, where the lives of the three main characters are loosely intertwined—Jacques Dutronc is a video filmmaker, Nathalie Baye is the woman who is leaving him, and Isabelle Huppert is a practical-minded prostitute. It's about money and people selling themselves—their minds or their bodies. Godard's political extremism has been replaced by a broader extremism—total contempt, shaded by masochism. He's saying "Everything is for sale." It's simplistic cynicism, like that of the barroom pundit who tells you that every man has his price. The look of the picture isn't inhuman, even though what it's saying is; that's its poignancy. Godard shows us the soft shadings of what might have been. He also tickles the audience with a variety of jokes about the joylessness of sex, but he's too despairing to be really funny. In French. (11/24/80) (Cinema Studio 1.)

Falling in Love Again—With Elliott Gould and Susannah York, directed by Steven Paul. (Paramount; through Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and Cinema II; through Dec. 11.)

Fame—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's unfictional School of Performing Arts—is just about ruined by the lugubrious, inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another implacably confessional backstage drama: a "Chorus Line" of adolescents. Directed by Alan Parker; with Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, Paul McCrane, Anne Meara, and Jim Moody. The music is set by Michael Gore. (5/26/80) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Gemini 1; through Dec. 4.)

Flash Gordon—With Sam J. Jones in the title role, directed by Mike Hodges. (Eastside Cinema, Gemini 1, R.K.O. 86th St., Quad Cinema, and Rivoli; starting Dec. 5.)

From the Life of the Marionettes—With Robert Atzorn, Christine Buchegger, and Martin Benrath; directed by Ingmar Bergman. In German. (Coronet).

Gloria—With Gena Rowlands, John Adames, and Buck Henry; directed by John Cassavetes. (D. W. Griffith, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse 1, and Embassy 1; through Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Olympia; Dec. 5-11. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Dec. 12.)

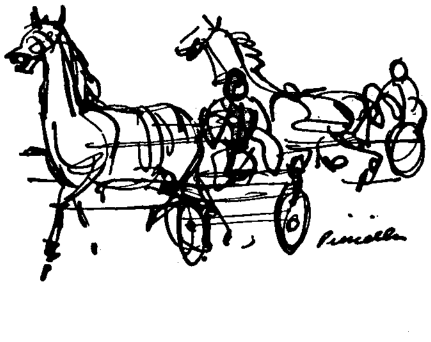
The Great Santini (Called "The Ace" on Home Box Office)—This slice-of-family-life melodrama features Robert Duvall in the Bruce Dern role (the military-psychopath father) and Michael O'Keefe in the Richard Thomas role (the sensitive, thoughtful teen-age son). Adapted from Pat Conroy's autobiographical novel "The Great Santini," the movie is set in 1962 in Beaufort, South Carolina, where Conroy grew up, but (as written for the screen and directed by Lewis John Carlino) it takes place in the TV land of predictability—the plain of dowdy realism where a boy finds his manhood by developing the courage to stick to his principles and stand up to his father. With Blythe Danner, who comes close to creating a believable woman out of an idealized mother figure, and also with Lisa Jane Persky as the family comic, Theresa Merritt as the housekeeper, David Keefe as a redneck, and Paul Mantee. (9/1/80) (Cinema 3.)

Happy Birthday, Gemini—The long-running stage version of this comedy—Albert Innaurato's "Gemini"—is still doing good business on Broadway, but the picture, which was adapted and directed by Richard Benner, is stiff and frantically unfunny, thus proving either that movie comedy is a very different genre or that contemporary orchestra-seat ticket prices cause theatregoers to laugh out of pure hysteria. The plot wheels in seven—count 'em, seven—main characters (among them Alan Rosenberg, Robert Viharo, Rita Moreno, and Madeline Kahn), who talk or shout at interminable length about the Inge-eries they have suffered at life's hands. (5/12/80) (Cinema Village; Dec. 9.)

Hester Street (1975)—A modest comedy about the assimilation process among a group of Russian-Jewish immigrants living on the lower East Side in 1896. Independently made, this first feature by the writer-director Joan Micklin Silver begins lamely, but it wins one over. Carol Kane is lovely as the timid, pious, rejected wife of a sweatshop worker who has broken away from the Old World traditions she represents. Mel Howard plays Bernstein, the scholarly boarder who loves her. The weaknesses are in the casting and the handling of the aggressive characters, and in the thin, audience-pleasing attitudes toward the Americanization process. (Thalia; Dec. 11.)

Honky Tonk (1941)—Practically indistinguishable from several other Clark Gable pictures featuring sheriffs, cardsharps, and girls in net stockings and feather boas. The lush, twenty-one-year-old Lana Turner is a New England lady out West to catch up with her father (Frank Morgan); she speedily becomes entangled with the town's good bad man (Gable), gets him drunk, and marries him. That's only the start of the picture; from then on it's turgidly predictable. Jack Conway directed; with Claire Trevor, Marjorie Main, Chill Wills, Albert Dekker, Esther Muir, and Veda Ann Borg. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 11.)

Hopscotch—With Walter Matthau, Glenda Jackson, and Ned Beatty; directed by Ronald Neame. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Waverly, and New Yorker 1. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through Dec. 4. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Dec. 5-11.)



How Funny Can Sex Be? (1973)—An eight-episode film, with Giancarlo Giannini and Laura Antonelli, directed by Dino Risi. In Italian. (Loews 83rd Quad; starting Dec. 5.)

The Idolmaker—With Ray Sharkey, directed by Taylor Hackford. (Murray Hill. . . . ¶ 86th St. East, and National; through Dec. 4. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Dec. 5-11.)

It's My Turn—With Jill Clayburgh, Michael Douglas, and Charles Grodin; directed by Claudia Weill. (Loews New York 1. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema, and Loews State 1; through Dec. 11.)

The Jerk—A dreary farce about a backcountry boob at large in a cruel, Mel Brooksian world. Steve Martin, the television comedian, is the star (and a co-author), and he has filled this disastrous "Candide" with street language and smutty jokes. With Bernadette Peters, and directed by Carl Reiner, of all people. (12/17/79) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Dec. 4.)

Kagemusha the Shadow Warrior—With Tatsuya Nakadai, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Plaza.)

Knight Without Armor (1937)—The Russian Revolution and a beautiful Countess who just escapes the wicked Reds. Alexander Korda's big show for Marlene Dietrich. With Robert Donat as her escort. Directed by Jacques Feyder. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 8.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Alfred Hitchcock's murder mystery about a fussy, jolly old lady who boards a train and disappears on it is directed with such skill and velocity that it has come to represent the quintessence of screen suspense. It provides some of the finest examples of Hitchcock touches—little shocks and perversities of editing and detail. The hero is played by a tall, callow young man making his film début—Michael Redgrave. The heroine is Margaret Lockwood, and the lady is Dame May Whitty. With Paul Lukas, Cecil Parker, Margaretta Scott, Catherine Lacey, Googie Withers, and the team of Naunton Wayne and Basil Radford creating that often-to-be-repeated parody of the "jolly good show" type of Britisher. Screenplay by Sidney Gilliat, Frank Launder, and Alma Reville. (Cinema Village; Dec. 12-13.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 8.)

Lost and Found (1979)—If there is a way to pass off George Segal and Glenda Jackson as a comic loving couple, it has not been discovered by Melvin Frank, as hinted at by his first attempt, "A Touch of Class," and proved beyond satisfaction by this misconceived and clumsy movie, which he produced, directed, and wrote (with Jack Rose). (7/30/79) (Olympia; Dec. 5-11.)

Loulou—With Isabelle Huppert, Gérard Depardieu, and Guy Marchand; directed by Maurice Pialat. In French. (Cinema Studio 2.)

The Magician (1958)—This Ingmar Bergman film isn't a masterwork, or even a very good movie, but it is clearly a film made by a master. It has a fairy-tale atmosphere of expectation, like those stories that begin "We started out to see the King, and along the way we met. . . ." Then it becomes confused and argumentative. But the mysterious images of Max von Sydow as the nineteenth-century mesmerist Vogler, and of Ingrid Thulin as his assistant, Aman (Vogler's wife, Manda, in male disguise), carry such a charge of latent meaning that they dominate the loosely thrown-together material. Bergman labels the film a comedy, though audiences may not agree. It's a metaphysical gothic tale, with some low-comedy scenes and some grisly jokes involving an eyeball and a hand, and the theme of magic versus rationalism—or, if one prefers, faith versus skepticism, or art versus science, or illusion versus reality—is treated too theatrically to sustain such heavy-breathing dialogue as "I always longed for a knife to cut away my tongue and my sex—to cut away all impurities." There are times when one would be happy to hand Bergman that knife. He uses a nineteenth-century setting for the clichés of the twentieth century—the man of science (Gunnar Björnstrand as Vergérus, the physician) is cold and sadistic, etc. Those who worry about the supposed division between emotion and intellect never leave one in doubt about which side they're on. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 10.)

Mary Poppins (1964)—Julie Andrews is Miss Poppins; Dick Van Dyke is her singing and dancing co-star. They don't try to out-act the animated talking pigs, laughing horses, and urbane turtles that Walt Disney, in his commercial wisdom, mingled with them. This cheery, picture-postcard version of the P. L. Travers stories was a great success with children, and with many parents, too. The cast includes Glynis Johns, David Tomlinson, Reginald Owen, and Arthur Treacher; Robert Stevenson directed. (New Yorker 2; through Dec. 4.)

Melvin and Howard—This lyrical comedy, directed by Jonathan Demme, from a script by Bo Goldman, is an almost flawless act of sympathetic imagination. Paul Le Mat plays big, beefy Melvin Dummar, a sometime milkman, sometime worker at a magnesium plant, sometime gas-station operator, and hopeful songwriter. Jason Robards plays Howard Hughes, who is lying in the freezing desert at night when Melvin spots him—a pile of rags and bones, with a dirty beard and straggly long gray hair. With Mary Steenburgen, who has a pearly aura as Melvin's go-go-dancer first wife, Lynda; Pamela Reed as Melvin's down-to-earth second wife; Elizabeth Cheshire as the child Darcy; Jack Kehoe as the dairy foreman; and the real Melvin Dummar as the lunch counterman at the Reno bus depot. This picture has the same beautiful dippy warmth as its characters; it's what might have happened if Jean Renoir had directed a comedy script by Preston Sturges. Cinematography by Tak Fujimoto. (10/13/80) (Beekman, and Quad Cinema.)

Now, Voyager (1942)—A campy tearjerker variation on the Cinderella story: a psychiatrist (Claude Rains) enables the sexually repressed, neurotically dowdy Bostonian Charlotte Vale (Bette Davis) to become an attractive, confident woman. The scenarist, Casey Robinson, adapted the novel by Olive Higgins Prouty, the genius of kitsch who also wrote "Stella Dallas;" both novels are about the glories of female self-sacrifice. A couple of the most quoted bits in film history come from this movie: Paul Henreid lighting two cigarettes and tenderly handing one to Davis, and her parting line to him: "Don't ask for the moon—we have the stars." The best scene may actually be Charlotte's brisk dismissal of her priggish suitor, played by John Loder—"Let's not linger over it." The score, by Max Steiner, aims right for the jugular; the director, Irving Rapper, is just barely competent, and the action plods along, yet this picture is all of a piece, and if it were better it might not work at all. This way, it's a schlock classic. With Gladys Cooper, Bonita Granville, Lee Patrick, Ilka Chase, Charles Drake, Franklin Pangborn, James Rennie, Frank Puglia, and Janis Wilson as Tina. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 7.)

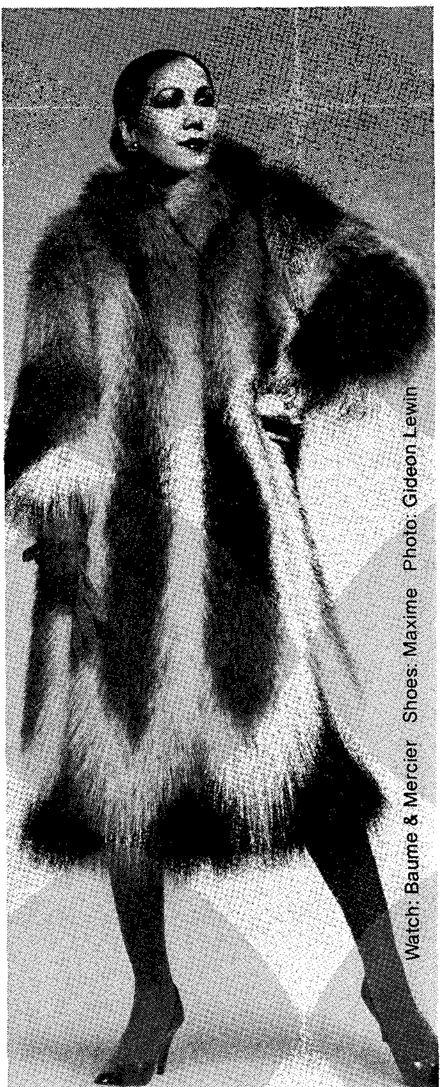
Oliver! (1968)—This emotionally satisfying picture is not only a musical entertainment but a fine, imaginative version of "Oliver Twist" which treats Dickens' novel as a lyrical, macabre fable. The tone is set in the opening sequence, in the children's workhouse, when Oliver's "Please, sir, I want some more" leads into a choreographed children's riot. The stylization seems to put quotation marks around everything Dickensian, yet not in a cloying way—rather, in a way that makes us more aware of some of the qualities of Dickens' art. Music is the most painless of all alienating devices; the songs provide the distancing that enables us to appreciate Dickens' pathos intellectually. The director, Carol Reed, sustains the tone that tells us it's all theatre. He doesn't urge an audience to tears; he always leaves us our pride. Typically, the best moment is a quiet one. Oliver (Mark Lester), who has been listening to "Who Will Buy?," the lovely early-morning song of the tradespeople in Bloomsbury, walks along singing a few bars to himself, and it is probably the most delicately beautiful reprise in movie-musical history. The Lionel Bart score is adequate—which always really means inadequate to one's hopes—but, at least, it's well sung. And though there's a Broadway-London sound and an awful kind of commercial thinking in numbers like "You've Got to Pick a Pocket or Two," the good voices and the playful performing spirit often suggest Gilbert and Sullivan. Ron Moody is marvellously effective as Fagin the fence; Jack Wild is the Artful Dodger; Shani Wallis is a hearty Nancy (though her solo "As Long As He Needs Me" has that designed-to-stop-the-show vulgarity which is not redeemable when the song is as poor as this one); and, as Bill Sikes, Oliver Reed has found the right outlet for his peculiar talents. With set designs by John Box and choreography by Onna White. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 7.)

One-Trick Pony—With Paul Simon, Blair Brown, Rip Torn, Joan Hackett, and Allen Goorwitz; directed by Robert Z. Young. (Loews 83rd Quad.)

Ordinary People—Autumn leaves and wintry emotions. This is an academic exercise in catharsis; it's earnest, it means to improve people, and it lasts a lifetime. The story is about the Jarretts—Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, and their son, Timothy Hutton—a Protestant family living in an imposing brick house in a wealthy suburb of Chicago. There is so little communication in this uptight family that the three Jarretts sit in virtual silence at the perfectly set dinner table in the perfectly boring big dining room. The movie is about the harm that repression can do, but the movie is just as repressive and sanitized as the way of life it means to expose, and it backs away from anything messier than standard TV-style psychiatric explanations. Making his début as a film director, Robert Redford shows talent with the actors, the younger ones especially; Alvin Sargent's adaptation of the popular Judith Guest novel is heavy on psychobabble. The joker about this movie is that the audience weeps for the unloving Wasp-witch mother, who cares only for appearances, and who can't change because of the pride and the privacy she was trained in; she seems the gallant last standard-bearer for the Wasp family ethic, and the picture somehow turns into a nosegay for Wasp repression. With Judd Hirsch as an idealized warm, friendly Jewish psychiatrist, Elizabeth McGovern as the son's girlfriend, and Meg Mundy as the grandmother. (10/13/80) (Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum 2; through Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; starting Dec. 12.)

Panique (1946)—Julien Duvivier's psychological thriller is a devastatingly effective job of visual storytelling. Michel Simon is the stranger in a Paris suburb who is framed for murder; Viviane Romance and her lover, Paul Bernard, are the ones who trap him. The sordid, intriguingly nasty movie—taken, inevitably, from a Simenon novel—has some pretensions toward being a parable of sadistic injustice; on that level, it can't be taken very seriously. But in terms of how the sequences are planned, and how they build, it's an unusual, near-perfect piece of film craftsmanship. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 10.)

Persona (1967)—In this film, as in his very early "Prison," the writer-director Ingmar Bergman involves us in the making of a movie. He gives us a movie within a movie, but he seems hardly to have made the enclosing movie, and then he throws away the inner one. (You can *feel* it go—at the repeated passage, when the director seems to be trying an alternate way of shooting a sequence.) It's a pity, because the inner movie had begun to involve us in marvellous possibilities: an actress (Liv Ullmann) who has abandoned the power of speech is put in the care of a nurse (Bibi Andersson), and the nurse, like an analysand who becomes furious at the silence of the analyst, begins to vent her own emotional disturbances. The two women look very much alike, and Bergman plays with this resemblance photographically by suggestive combinations and superimpositions. Most movies give so little that it seems almost barbarous to object to Bergman's not giving us more in "Persona," but it is just because of the expressiveness and fascination of what we *are* given that the movie is so frustrating. There is, however, great intensity in many of the images, and there's one great passage: the nurse talks about a day and night of sex on a beach, and as she goes on talking, with memories of summer and nakedness and pleasure in her voice and the



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emptiness of her present life in her face, viewers may begin to hold their breath in fear that the director won't be able to sustain this almost intolerably difficult sequence. But he does, and it builds and builds and is completed. It's one of the rare truly erotic sequences in movie history. With Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jörgen Lindström as the boy. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 10.)

Popeye—With Robin Williams and Shelley Duvall; directed by Robert Altman. (Bay Cinema, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews State 1; starting Dec. 12.)

Private Benjamin—A women's-liberation service comedy, in which Goldie Hawn plays a spoiled honeybunch—a rich blond Jewish girl from Philadelphia—who becomes a real woman in the Army. The script goes from one formula to the next, and it reworks the pranks of generations of male service comedies, but the director, Howard Zieff, refurbishes the stale material with smart small touches, and Goldie Hawn has such infectious frothy charm that she manages to get laughs out of ancient routines about a tenderfoot going through the rigors of basic training. Her likableness makes the picture moderately amusing until the last third, when she gets involved with a dream prince (Armand Assante) who turns out to be a thickheaded chauvinist, and she has to be liberated all over again; the picture seems to be stuck in a revolving door. This is the sort of feminist movie in which almost every man is an insensitive boor or a fool, yet the heroine gets what she wants by manipulation and the shrewd use of sexual blackmail—which we're meant to find adorable. Basically it's just Daffy Duck-TV sit-com. With Albert Brooks, Eileen Brennan, Harry Dean Stanton, Hal Williams, Toni Kalem, Damita Jo Freeman, Mary Kay Place, P. J. Soles, Robert Webber, and Sam Wanamaker and Barbara Barrie as the heroine's parents. Written by Nancy Meyers, Charles Shyer, and Harvey Miller. (11/10/80) (Manhattan 1, R.K.O. 86th St., Greenwich Playhouse 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and Movieland.)

Raging Bull—The story of the boxer Jake La Motta, with Robert De Niro as La Motta. Directed by Martin Scorsese. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Sutton, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

Resurrection—With Ellen Burstyn, Eva Le Gallienne, and Sam Shepard; directed by Daniel Petrie. (Gemini 2.)

Rockshow—Paul McCartney & Wings in a filmed concert. (Ziegfeld.)

A Royal Scandal (1945)—Tallulah Bankhead gave this sex farce about Catherine the Great a sort of low glitter, but it's not much of a vehicle. (Unhappily, poor as it is it's one of the few halfway decent screen roles she ever got.) She does wonders with a few line readings, and the fine young actor William Eythe (he died prematurely) has some splendid comic moments with her. The cast includes Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter, Vincent Price, Sig Ruman, and Mischa Auer. The script, which is marred by horseplay and dumb wisecracks, is by Edwin Justus Mayer; Otto Preminger directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 9.)

Scent of a Woman (1976)—Vittorio Gassman, acting high on the hog, as a sardonic Army captain blinded in an explosion. We're supposed to be enchanted by his macho gallantry as he dashes around Genoa and Rome, literally smelling women, the way hunters in movies used to claim they could smell bear. Is there still an audience for this kind of romantic swill? Dino Risi directed. In Italian. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Dec. 3.)

Shogun Assassin—With Tomisaburo Wakayama, directed by Robert Houston. (R.K.O. Cinerama 2. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St., and Quad Cinema; through Dec. 4.)

Sir Henry at Rawlinson End—With Trevor Howard and Patrick Magee, directed by Steve Roberts. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 4.)

Sleeping Beauty (1959)—The full-length Walt Disney cartoon. (Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 5; through Dec. 4.)

Space Movie—Directed by Tony Palmer. (Guild.)

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Stardust Memories—Woody Allen wrote, directed, and stars in this obsessional pastiche, modelled on Fellini's "8½" and shot in black-and-white that suggests a dupe of a dupe of "8½." Allen plays Sandy Bates, a comedian-writer-director who goes to the Hotel Stardust to be the celebrity-in-residence for a weekend film seminar and is besieged by his fans, who want him to make more comedies, though he doesn't want to, because all he sees is human suffering. The pushy fans are photographed as Diane Arbus grotesques—big-nosed, fat-lipped, with outsize thick goggles—and Sandy Bates is presented as their victim. To say this picture isn't funny is putting it mildly; it isn't good either. With Charlotte Rampling, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Jessica Harper. (10/27/80) (Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ Baronet; through Dec. 11.)

Stir Crazy—With Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder; directed by Sidney Poitier. (Gramercy, Cinema II, Loews Orpheum 2, and National; starting Dec. 12.)

The Stunt Man—A virtuoso piece of kinetic moviemaking. Working with material that could, with a few false steps, have turned into a tony reality-and-illusion puzzle, the director, Richard Rush, has kept it all rowdy and funny—it's slapstick metaphysics. Lawrence B. Marcus's script, freely adapted from the Paul Brodeur novel, is about paranoia and the making of movies; Steve Railsback is the fugitive who becomes a stunt man, and Peter O'Toole is the flamboyant, fire-eater director who, Railsback thinks, is out to kill him. Playing a protean figure—visionary, fierce-tempered, and ornery, yet ethereal and fey—O'Toole gives a peerless comic performance. With Allen Goorwitz as the dumpling scriptwriter who plays Sancho Panza to O'Toole's Don Quixote, Barbara Hershey, and Alex Rocco. (9/29/80) (Loews New York 2. . . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 8.)

Tess—With Natassia Kinski, Peter Firth, and Leigh Lawson; directed by Roman Polanski. (Baronet; starting Dec. 12.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—At the time, Alfred Hitchcock explained the point of view behind the picture: "I am out to give the public good, healthy, mental shake-ups. Civilization has become so screening and sheltering that we cannot experience sufficient thrills at first hand. Therefore, to prevent our becoming sluggish and jellified, we have to experience them artificially." What fun to make a movie in an era when people still needed a bit of a jolt! Even now, Hitchcock's little jolts are more surprising than most of the shocks engineered to stun modern audiences. This suave, amusing spy melodrama is directed with so sure a touch that the suspense is charged with wit; it's one of the three or four best things Hitchcock ever did. The lead, Robert Donat, was that rarity among English actors: a performer with both personal warmth and professional skill. The heroine is Madeleine Carroll. Hitchcock paired them off by the mischievous use of a gimmick: a man and a woman who detest each other are handcuffed together; as day wears into night, they fall in love. The movie thus contains an extra—implicit, as it were—element of bathroom-humor suspense. Among Hitchcock's other pleasing perversities was the casting of Godfrey Tearle, who looked astonishingly like Franklin Delano Roosevelt, as the chief enemy agent. The film also has one of his rare emotionally felt sequences: the brief, chilling scenes between Peggy Ashcroft and John Laurie as a mismated couple joined together by real chains. John Buchan's novel was adapted by Charles Bennett, Ian Hay, and Alma Reville. (Cinema Village; Dec. 12-13.)

The Tin Drum—A very accomplished adaptation of Günter Grass's celebrated novel. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, also helped to prepare the screenplay. The terrifying young hero is well played by David Bennent. In German. (4/21/80) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 9. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Dec. 12.)

The Warriors (1979)—Walter Hill's spectacle that takes its story from Xenophon's Anabasis and its style from the taste of the modern urban dispossessed—in neon signs, graffiti, and the thrill of gaudiness. The film enters into the spirit of urban-male tribalism and the feelings of kids who believe that they own the streets because they keep other kids out of them. In this vision, cops and kids are all there is, and the worst crime is to be chicken. It has—in visual terms—the kind of impact that "Rock Around the Clock" had when it was played behind the titles of "Blackboard Jungle." It's like visual rock. The action runs from night until dawn, and most of it is in crisp, bright Day-Glo colors against the terrifying New York blackness; the figures stand out like a jukebox in a dark bar. There's a night-blooming, psychedelic shine to the whole baroque movie. Adapted from the Sol Yurick novel. (3/5/79) (Paramount, and Embassy 5; starting Dec. 5.)

We All Loved Each Other So Much (1977)—An Italian film by Ettore Scola that is a comic commemoration of some of the reasons we find Italians congenial: bombast, the gift for abusive lifelong friendship, puff-chestedness, dignity in making gaffes, a talent for chaos, a genius with babies, intense solemnity about professionalism in anything from male nursing to car parking to film buffery to policemen dressed up like generals. Vittorio Gassman plays a well-heeled lawyer, Nino Manfredi plays a hospital orderly, Stefano Satta Flores plays a film buff, blanched and bespectacled from all the films he has watched. In Italian. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Dec. 4.)

Wifemistress (1979)—With Marcello Mastroianni and Laura Antonelli, directed by Marco Vicario. In Italian. (Loews 83rd Quad; starting Dec. 5.)

Willie & Phil—Writer-director Paul Mazursky's homage to "Jules and Jim" is also an overview of the psychosocial fashions of the seventies, but there's no texture to the lives of the characters. We have no idea why Willie, a high-school teacher (Michael Ontkean), and Phil, a go-getting fashion photographer (Ray Sharkey), who meet at a revival showing of "Jules and Jim" in Greenwich Village, become inseparable friends, or why they both fall in love with Jeannette (Margot Kidder), rather than with any other stray pretty girl in Washington Square. The liveliest, funniest performance—it's just a small one—is by Kaki Hunter as Jeannette's cute younger sister. With Helen Hanft as a used-car saleswoman, Julie Bovasso as Phil's mother, Jan Miner as Willie's mother, Kathleen Maguire as Jeannette's mother, Laurence Fishburne III as the student who recites "To Be or Not to Be," and Kristine DeBell as Rena. (9/1/80) (72nd Street East; through Dec. 4.)

Woodstock (1970)—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of the Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style; the triple-image editing is particularly effective on such groups as The Who. Jimi Hendrix makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 7.)

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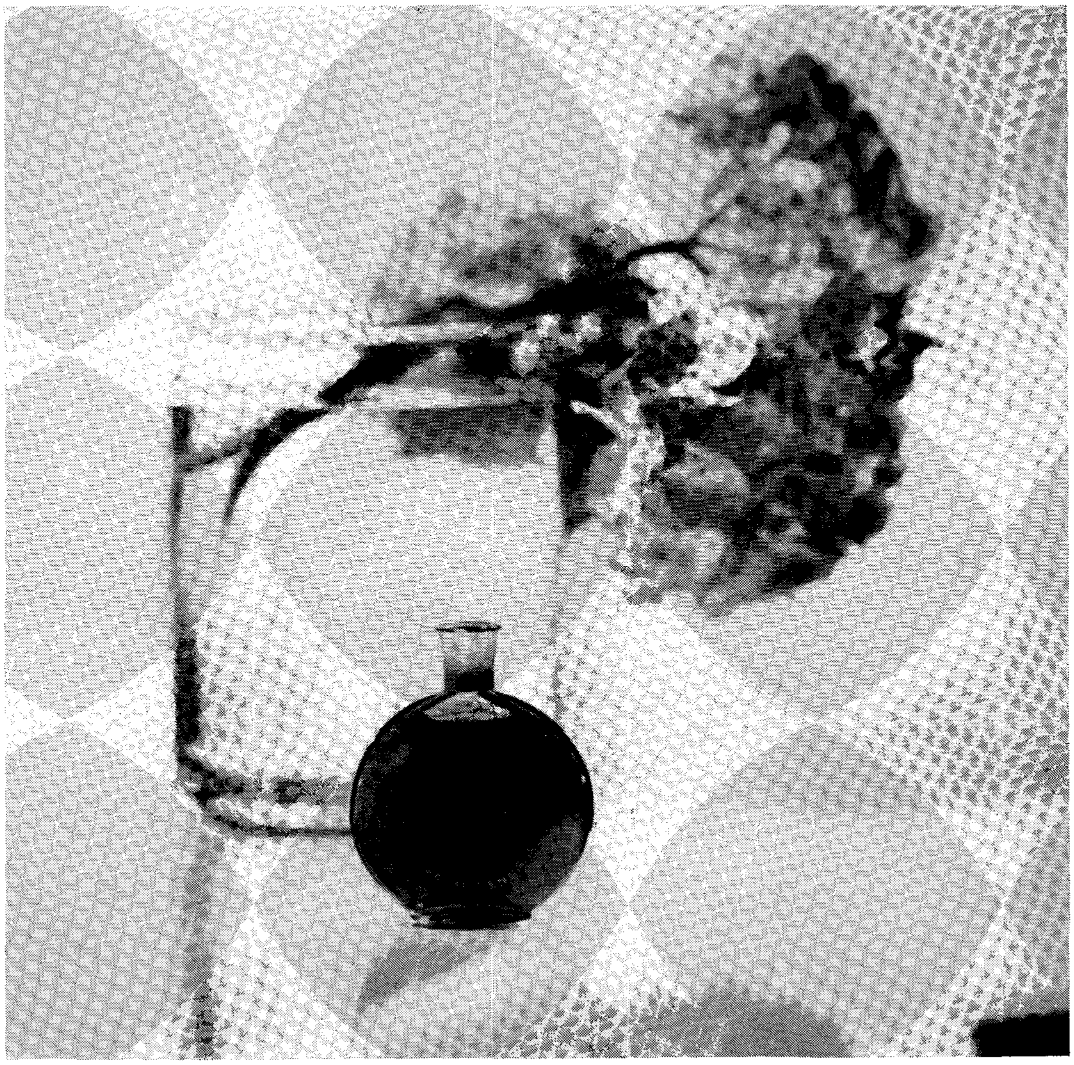

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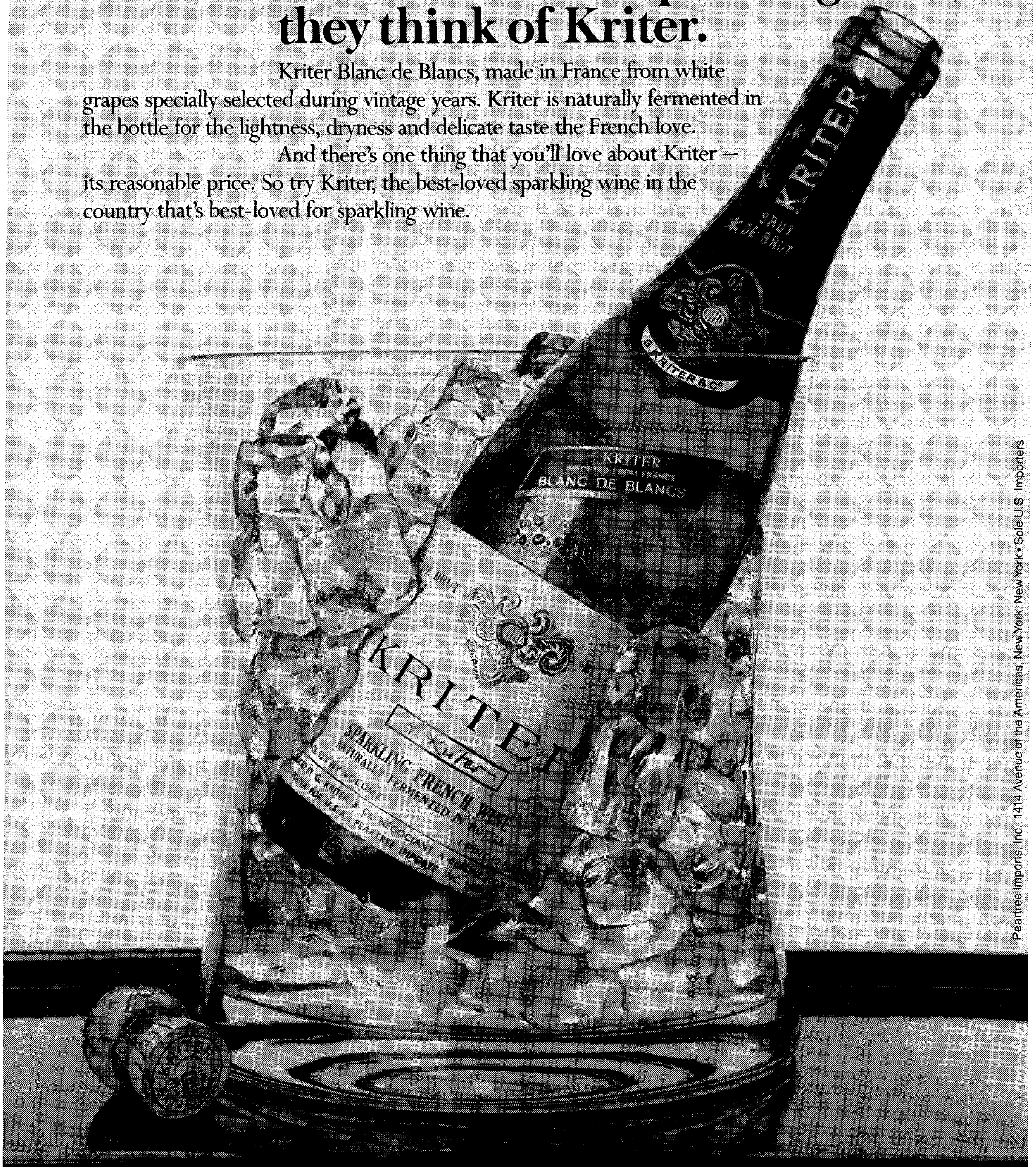
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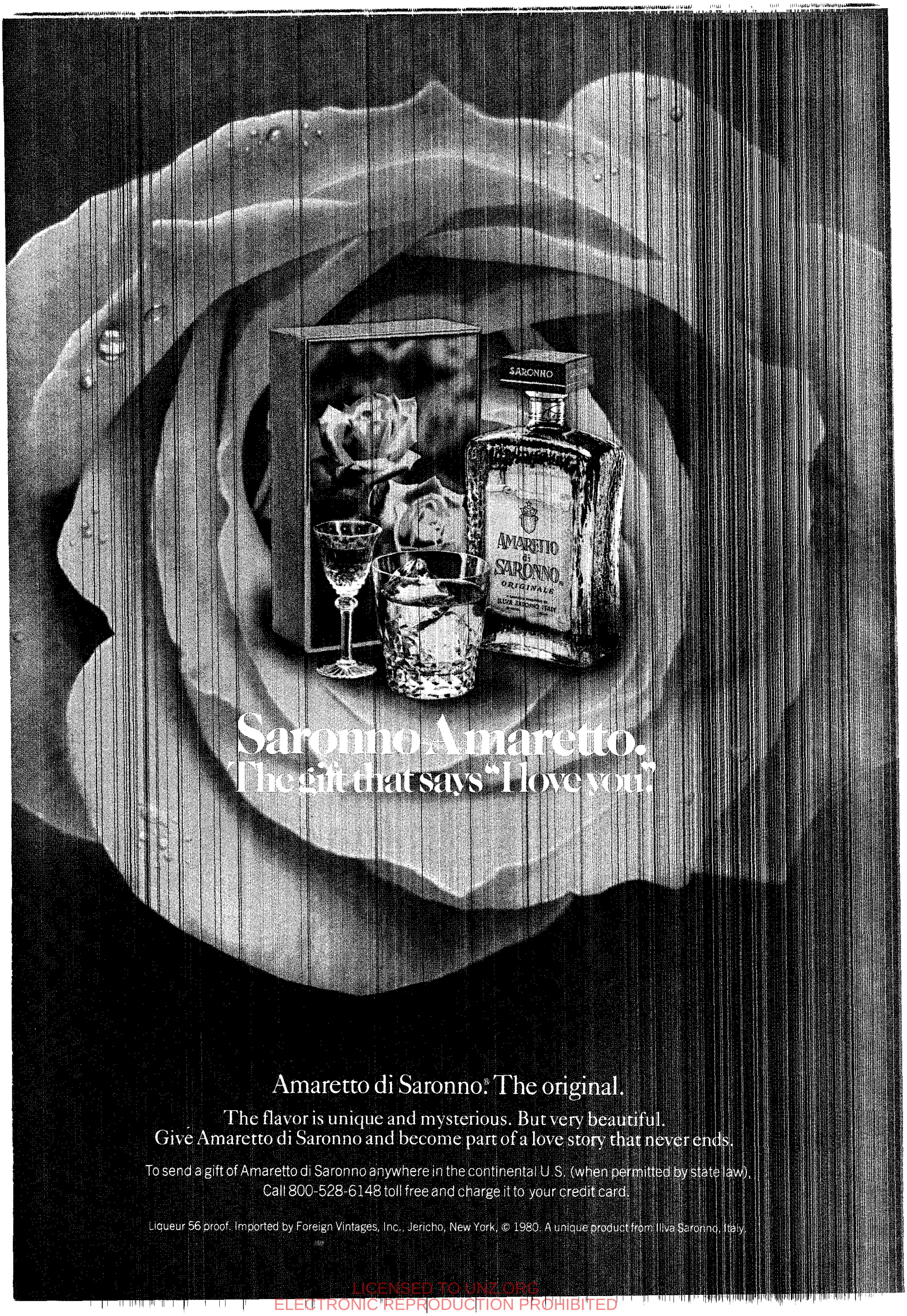
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N° 5
CHANEL
PERFUME

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

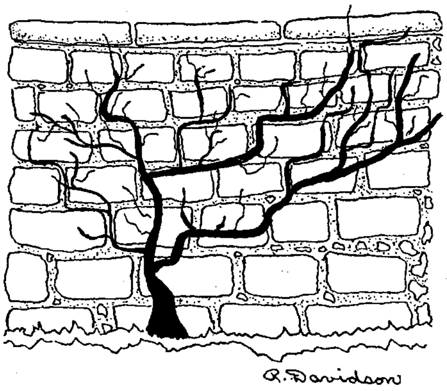
THE tobacco store has moved, said a sign in the window, and an arrow showed which direction. The old building in the West Forties was coming down. On the roof, five stories up, four men in hard hats were working with sledgehammers and crowbars. There was an icy wind. The men stood at even intervals: a restless pediment whose background was sky. *Chunk . . . thunk . . . ca-chunk.* In the street below, another worker stood by a scrap-wood fire blazing in an oil drum. The men above seemed to be part of the building, enhancing it as they knocked it down; the man below was keeping warm on its contents.

• •

Demonstration

AT five-thirty one recent cold, pink morning, a hundred New York women, bundled in parkas and carrying sleeping bags, boarded two chartered buses at the corner of Fourth Street and Sixth Avenue and headed for Washington, D.C., where they joined eighteen hundred more women for a day of workshops, to be followed by a day of protest and civil disobedience on the steps of the Pentagon. Those who gathered came mainly from the Northeast and from groups with names like Artists for Survival, Coalition for a People's Alternative, Lesbians Rising, Mobilization for Survival, Spiderworts, Women of All Red Nations, Women and Life on Earth, Women for Racial and Economic Equality, and Women Strike for Peace. Many of them had been talking to one another since the accident at Three Mile Island, a year and a half ago. "People have talked about militarism, about feminism, about ecology," one leader of the Women's Pentagon Action, as the gathering was called, said during the bus ride. "We began making a connection between all these movements. We feel that the earth is being torn out from under our feet and out of our lives. We see the arms budget growing and growing. People ask if the Pentagon is a symbol. We say no, it's not a symbol. It's real, it's there. If you touch it, you bleed. So we intend to go directly to where we think much of the power lies. We're not innocent about this. We know perfectly well that much of the power lies in multinational corporations and in all the vast array of money and profit that weighs upon our leaders. But the Pentagon is the real place where all the people who go in and out of the doors are thinking about war and about the best way to destroy life."

Workshops were held at the Marie H. Reed Community Learning Center, in Washington N.W., on women and poverty, women and racism, women and health care, women and sexual orientation, women and ecology, women and militarism, women and violence, women and the arts. There were second-generation protesters—daughters being introduced around by women who were veterans of many marches. A woman in the ecology workshop said, "We want a society based on compassion, on nurturing, on renewable resources, a society that's benign to the environment." That evening, there was a candlelight vigil, with singing and chanting in a circle, on Eighteenth Street. Then the women went through a soup line (vegetable soup with cheese, green salad with tofu squares) at the Calvary United Methodist Church, nearby.



The action the next day, called "a creative demonstration in four parts," began after a silent early-morning walk through Arlington National Cemetery to the Pentagon. The first part was Mourning. The women formed a procession and filed slowly around the five-sided building, led by a black puppet, one of four from the Bread and Puppet Theatre. The others were gold, white, and red, and all floated fourteen feet above the procession on poles that were held by women hidden in the puppets' skirts. There were other symbols as well: women who had painted black-and-white tears on their cheeks; women who had covered their heads with black gauze. Some carried signs: "FEAR AND INSECURITY BREED HOSTILITY," "FEED THE PEOPLE—NOT THE PENTAGON." Moving to the slow beat of a bass drum, hundreds of women filed around the Pentagon to a grassy parade ground and formed a circle. There were paper cutouts in the shape of tombstones, with the names of women who had died violent deaths—Karen Silkwood, Anne Frank, the Salem witches, Native Americans. Then the women began to moan and wail. As the drumbeat became faster, they moved into the second part of the demonstration—Raging—forming semicircles facing the Pentagon. The red puppet came forward, and the women made noise with stones in coffee cans and chanted, "We are angry, we are angry." They ululated, like African women—an eerie sound. White bird puppets held high on poles were made to flap their wings and swoop around the parade ground. The Pentagon's windows were crowded with faces; outside, camera crews scrambled for better positions.

"Where are we in the program?" one woman asked another.

"I think we're still raging," was the reply.

The gold puppet moved to the front bearing an enormous basket of scarves; the women held the scarves between them and circled the Pentagon in an unbroken line. This was the third part —Empowerment. Some, wearing pink armbands marked with a peace sign, were called "peacekeepers," and prevented the crowd from blocking traffic to the parking lot. The women sang, and read a unity statement. "We are gathering at the Pentagon because we fear for our lives," it went. "We fear for the life of this planet, our Earth, and the life of the children who are our human future. . . . We have come here to mourn and rage and defy the Pentagon because it is the workplace of the imperial power which threatens us all. . . . We want an end to the arms race. No more bombs. No more amazing inventions for death."

The demonstrators, who had so far been careful not to hold up traffic, now moved slowly in front of two cars. The first to be stopped was a teal-blue Ford from the U.S. Air Force, with the license number 80B3264. The driver was smiling calmly, showing that he understood what was happening, but his hands gripped the steering wheel very tightly and he quickly locked his doors. The women involved in the action had pledged, among other things, "not to engage in physical or verbal violence toward any individual" and "not to damage property," and also that "when continued forward motion would result in a physical confrontation we will sit down and evaluate the options." Finally, after almost an hour, the driver of the blue Ford was allowed to maneuver slowly through the line.

Three of the five major entrances to the Pentagon were blocked by women sitting on the steps and standing with arms linked at the doors as the fourth part—Defiance—began. At the River Entrance, twenty-five officers in dark-blue police-type uniforms—members of the Federal Protective Service—stood, expressionless, in a V formation. Pentagon workers entering had to push past the women, stepping over or around them. Those leaving (among them a lieutenant colonel, a major, a two-star general, men in mufti) began avoiding the women by jumping off the top step to one side.

Wm Hamilton

"You have a very, very funny bathroom!"

"What do you think?" one woman asked a man as he emerged from the building.

"I don't work for the Pentagon, I work for the Army at Fort Meade," he said. "I have no opinion."

"You must have an opinion if you work for the Army," she said.

"No, no opinion. Have a good day."

Another response: "We're trying to make peace possible for you."

The unity statement was read again, and a Federal Protective Service officer was asked if it meant anything to him.

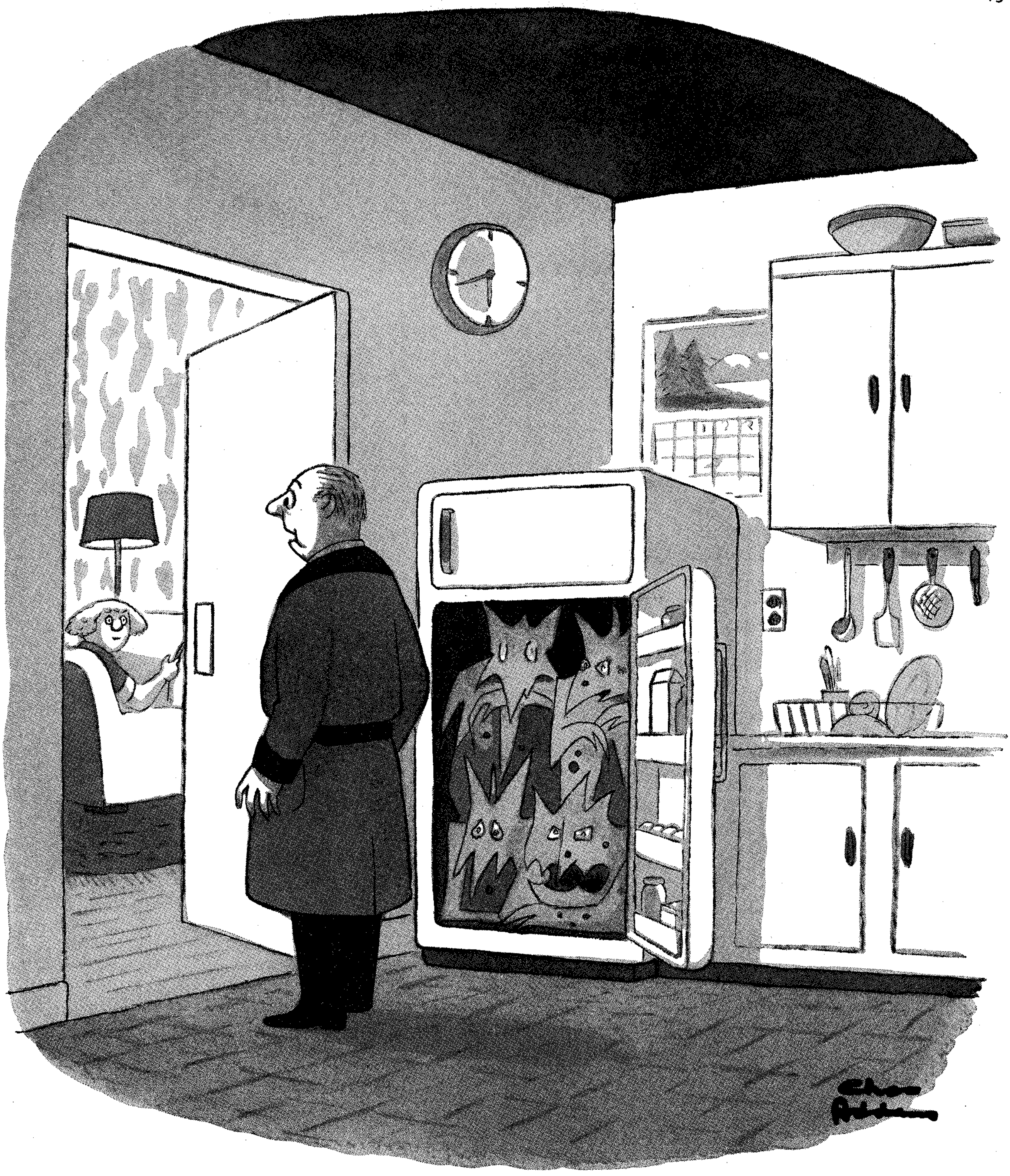
"No comment," he said.

Another said, "Yeah. The part about the arms race. But don't quote me. This was supposed to be my day off, but I got called in when we heard there was going to be a demonstration. We'll probably be stuck here until eight o'clock tonight."

A black officer (some ninety per cent of the men were either black or Hispanic) watched approvingly as a pretty black woman from New York (some ninety per cent of the women were white) swayed to the rhythm of the chanting. When he finally caught her eye, she pointed to a button on her lapel—two female symbols standing together, a lesbian sign. His face fell. "That's a real shame, a real shame," he said, meaning every word.

The woman turned to her affinity group. "Well, I've destroyed his day," she said, smiling.

The police began to clear the steps. Most of the women went limp as soon as they were touched, and had to be picked up, while their colleagues chanted, "The whole world's watching." Two tourists emerged from a Metro station near the demonstration and began taking pictures of the crowd and of each other in the crowd. Each time a group of women was carried off, another group sat down on the steps. Eventually, about a hundred and fifty women were taken off and arraigned at the U.S. Magistrate Court in Alexandria, Virginia. Following them through the justice system were women with brown armbands marked with an "S" ("Support"), to make sure they weren't lost track of in the judi-



"How long has the light been out in the fridge, Mabel?"

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cial procedure. The maximum penalty for obstruction—the charge against most—is a fifty-dollar fine or thirty days or both.

Among the first women to come before Magistrate Elsie Munsell, one of three magistrates hearing the cases, was Victoria Rader, a sociology professor in Virginia, who asked to make a statement. "This is the first time I've taken such serious action," she said. "But the new weapons, which suggest first-strike capabilities, are too much. My son is eleven years old, and for the first time I'm not sure he's got a future. And I worry about the future for all the children of this world. There is a reactor near my sister's home which leaked yesterday and all pregnant women and small children living nearby were told to stay indoors. My sister is eight months pregnant and didn't hear the warning."

First-time offenders received ten-day sentences, which the women considered harsh. Second-time offenders received thirty days. Most of the women pleaded not guilty. Thirty-four pleaded guilty or nolo contendere. They were sentenced immediately and taken off on buses to a federal prison in Alderson, West Virginia—"wired up," as the guards put it, in leg irons and handcuffs, and chained together at the waist.

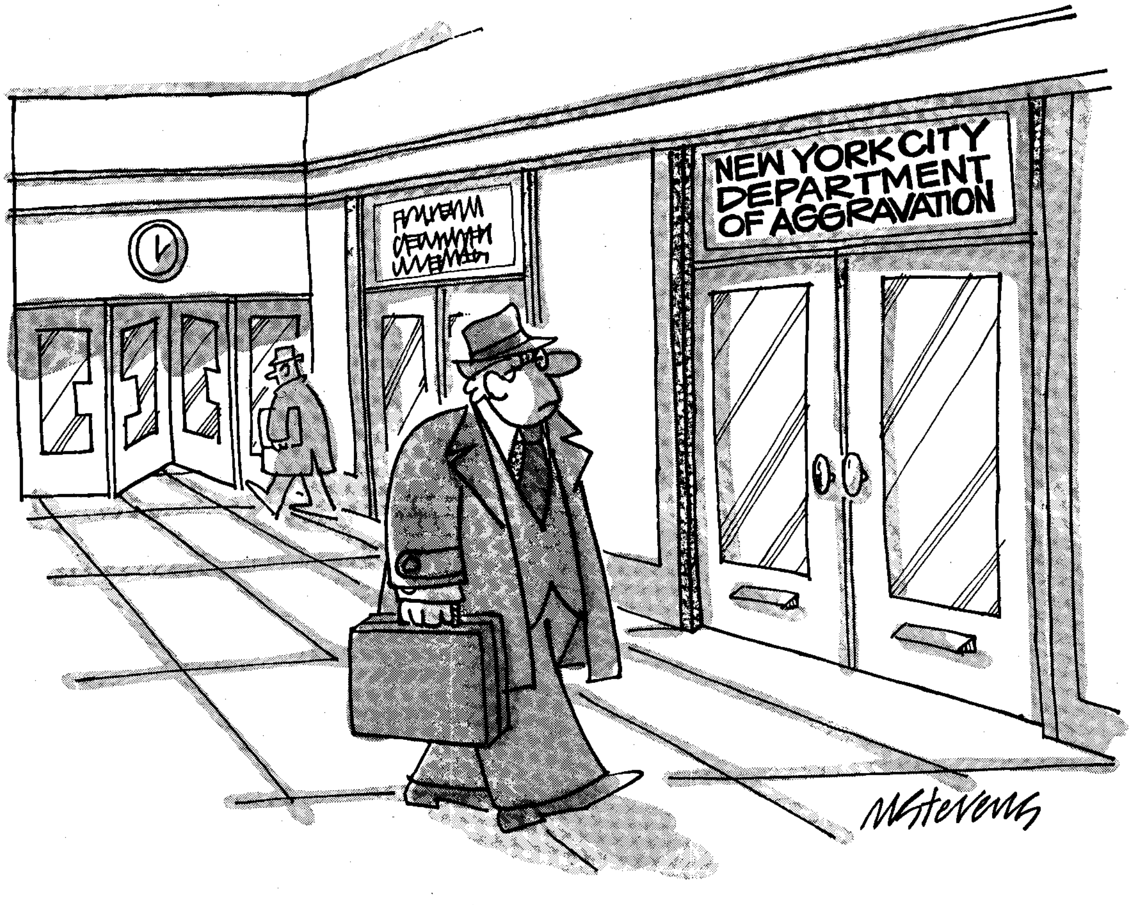
Copland Gala

ONE of the pleasantest of the many tributes that have marked Aaron Copland's eightieth birthday and some sixty years of composing was the informal thirteen-hour musical marathon called Wall-to-Wall Copland/Americana, which was held at Symphony Space, a non-profit performing-arts center at Broadway and Ninety-fifth Street. The program, which was free, took place on a recent Saturday, with the composer in attendance a good part of the time. The music consisted of compositions by Mr. Copland and a number of his friends and colleagues; the participants were a hundred-odd musicians, actors, and dancers; and the audience included many composers (William Schuman, Ned Rorem, Arthur Berger, David Del Tredici, Jacob Druckman, Morton Gould, Leonard Bernstein) and a lot of young people wearing bluejeans and quilted jackets who seemed to be discovering some of Mr. Copland's more complex scores for the first time. ("You mean he wrote that *before* 'Appalachian Spring'?" a bemused young woman said to her escort after a stunning performance by Robert Miller of the composer's lean, abstract, proto-serial Piano Variations.) Mr. Copland had also been at the Symphony Space the previous evening, to attend a screening of "Something Wild," a 1961 film for which he had written the musical score, and talk briefly to the audience about composing music for the movies. "To work with a really serious film and make it more emotionally touching, more real, is a very nice thing to do," he said. "But you don't want to write music so strong that it will overwhelm the director's idea of the film." The marathon proper got off to a flying start at 10 A.M. with a spirited performance by the Juilliard Brass Ensemble of "Fanfare for the Common Man," a celebrated short Copland work that has opened everything from a shopping center to the recent Democratic National Convention.

We slid into a seat next to the composer during the initial drum roll, and asked him after the "Fanfare" if he remembered the circumstances of its composition.

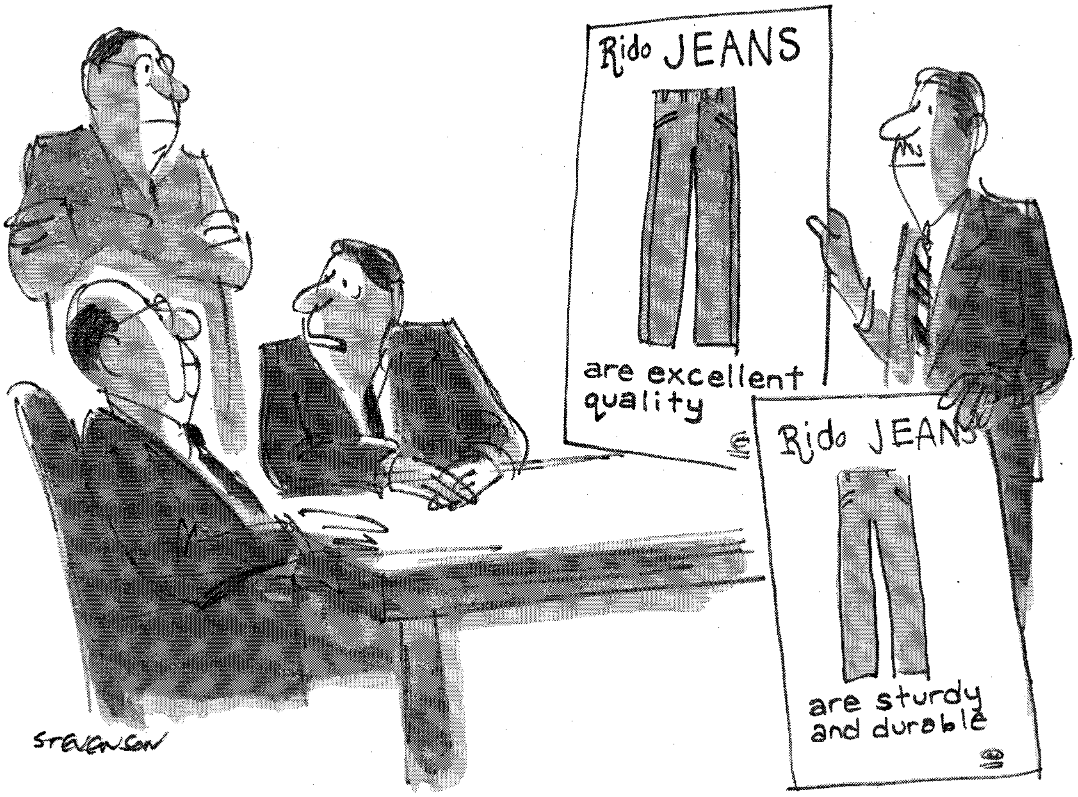
"One of the big symphony orchestras—the Cincinnati, I think—commissioned a series of fanfares during the Second World War," Mr. Copland replied. "Walter Piston wrote a 'Fanfare for the Fighting French,' and I thought that since the common man was doing all the fighting in this war he deserved a fanfare. So that's what I called mine."

The day proceeded with a variety of Copland compositions, which ranged from very early ("Music for the Theatre," composed in 1925), through middle-period (a Violin Sonata of 1943), to late (a Duo for Flute and Piano composed in 1971). In between the Copland works were works by such eminent contemporaries as Samuel Barber, Elliott Carter, Roger Sessions, Wallingford Riegger, Gunther Schuller, and William Schuman. (In addition to three scheduled Schuman songs, there was a hilarious unscheduled frolic by him titled "XXV Opera Snatches for Unaccompanied Trumpet," which was played by Raymond Mase from the balcony.) Toward the end of the evening, a few speeches were made. Leonard Bernstein, in a dinner jacket, said, "Thank God one of the greatest Americans is still with us, and he's just as hale and hearty and full of fun and giggly as he ever was." Pearl Lang, the dancer, swept onstage in a red blouse and a long red velvet skirt to say, "Dear Aaron, we thank you for the beautiful and exciting sounds we stand on." Ned Rorem, wearing a black velvet suit and a bright-blue turtleneck, introduced a group of his songs and said, "When I first met Aaron Copland, I was about eighteen years old and I was very intimidated. He is one of the two or three men on earth today who continue to intimidate me. There is nobody in the music world who has not been influenced by Aaron Copland—even those who are against


NEW YORK CITY DEPARTMENT OF AGGRAVATION
MStevens

him. He is therefore the most influential composer in the universe." Morton Gould, the ruddy-faced, white-haired composer and ASCAP board member, announced that he had written a piano piece called "A Birthday Trifle for an Untrifling Occasion," which managed to commit at least two copyright infringements. "Since I have expropriated some of Aaron's notes at some time or other," he said, "I have, in this piece, which I finished this morning, expropriated the first two letters of his first name and the first and last letters of his last name and combined the musical notes they represent with a couple of bars of Copland, and mutations of 'Happy Birthday,' which, you may be surprised to know, is still in copyright. How fortunate that I didn't have to struggle with a similar composition for William Schuman or Virgil Thomson! However, I have added a short stretto at the very end which can be fitted to the name of your choice."

The marathon concluded at ten-forty-five with the guest of honor, tall, craggy-faced, and cheerful, conducting a chamber orchestra in the original version of "Appalachian Spring," the ballet he wrote for Martha Graham in 1944. (The music was introduced by Vivian Perlis, a Copland scholar, who explained that the first version of the ballet had been scored for thirteen players, because that was all that the orchestra space of the Coolidge Auditorium at the Library of Congress—where the ballet had its première—could accommodate. A second version, for full orchestra, was prepared later in 1944.) As the notes of the flute died away at the end of the piece, Mr. Copland's strong, long-fingered hands remained poised in midair for a moment or so. Then, breaking the spell, he smiled, dropped his arms, and turned to face a standing ovation from the packed house. A large birthday cake with eighty candles appeared on a cart, and a mass chorus of "Happy Birthday" from the audience made up in enthusiasm what it lacked in musicality. Afterward, shaking hands with an encircling mob of friends and admirers, Mr. Copland said, "What a terrific day this has been! It's enough to give a man a swelled head."



"Now I think we're overreacting."

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Novel

Oriana Fallaci, the internationally famous Italian journalist and interviewer of the high, mighty, and unbelievably important, has written and had published a novel, and to publicize it she asked eighteen people, some of whom she didn't know at all personally but all of whom she knew worked for newspapers or magazines or television, to lunch at "21." Oriana Fallaci's novel, titled "A Man," is about a hero of the Greek resistance who uncovers evidence of great corruption and all-around wrongdoing in powerful circles in Greek politics but is killed before he can expose the wicked people. In real life, Oriana Fallaci said to her guests, she was in love with a hero of the Greek resistance who uncovered evidence of great corruption and all-around wrongdoing in powerful circles in Greek politics but was killed before he could expose the wicked people.

At the lunch, Oriana Fallaci, who is petite and pretty, sat with all her guests at an oblong dining table. A few times, she said "you Americans" in a way that many Western Europeans like to say "you Americans"—a way that many Americans find annoying. She also said, "What is fiction?" and "People ask me if this or that incident in the book was true, and I say, 'It's all true,' though, of course, the truth is always longer." She said, "I love politics. There are some people who don't resist alcohol, some people who don't resist drugs. I don't resist politics," and "My father laughed a lot. Once, I said to him, 'Father, how come you always laugh and never cry?' and he said, 'It's the same thing,' " and "You don't steel yourself against life as I did for three years to write a book; you write it and face the task of writing it," and "Alekos said to me, 'I will die and you will love me forever and you'll write a book about me,' " and "Anything can be said about me but not that I don't write good Italian. I am Florentine, God damn it."

A guest said to her, "Oriana, journalism is something you are in temporary retreat from."

Another guest said, "You must find Ronald Reagan interesting."

READING "WAR AND PEACE"

WHEN Isabelle Outerbridge began reading "War and Peace," the occasion was neither a convalescence nor a lazy, lolling summer at the beach. It was mid-April, 1980. The days of the embassy hostages were no longer so diligently counted. Roland Barthes and Jean-Paul Sartre had recently died, and so had the American poet James Wright. Spring, however, had come to the city. Where the sun was direct, magnolias were unwrapping long, fragrant blossoms. Early bulbs were past their prime, but tulips and daffodils decorated occasional small patches of the city—the small squares at the base of trees, for example, where they were protected by looping iron grillwork. The news of the world was so unrelentingly sober that it occurred to Isabelle that Voltaire's adage had taken literal effect and citizens were turning to private gardens.

In Isabelle's life as well, joy was scarce. She wondered at her growing heaviness of heart: whether it reflected the temper of the age or simply her own age, her own temper. She was thirty-four—an age often spoken highly of, or at least not usually maligned. Her friend Caroline, who, unlike Isabelle, was prone to generalization, had offered the theory that mothers of very young children, infants in particular, are invariably optimistic, whereas those of older children, beginning with adolescence, are cynical and subject to dread. Isabelle's daughter Lucy had just turned nine—still young, perhaps, but a good many processes were speeded up these days. Then, too, James, Isabelle's former husband, was remarrying. And now that Stuart, the man she had been seeing, was on the West Coast she found she only barely missed him. Rather, she missed his company but not his presence.

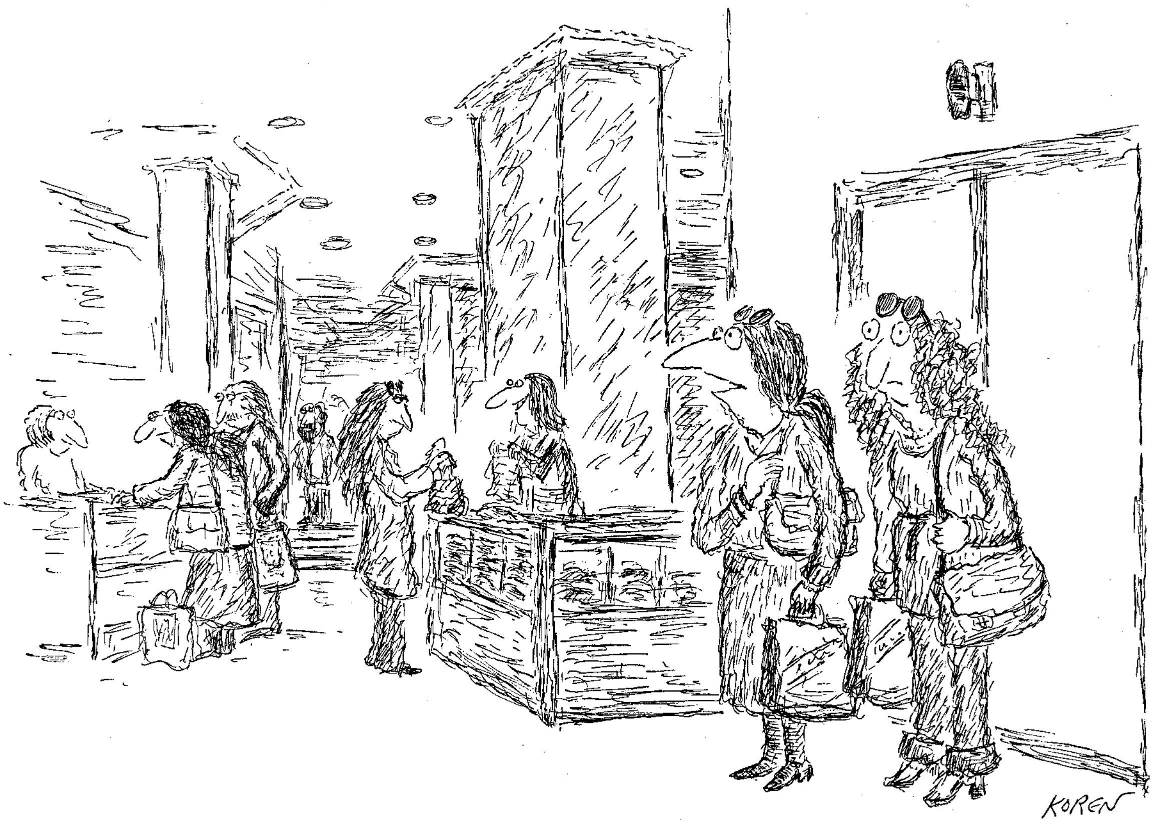
Lately Isabelle had read any number of books about women separating, divorcing, women coping alone. She had become weary of the subject, beginning to doubt whether it had anything to do with her predicament. What she needed, she had come to feel, was something altogether different. While in college she had acquired the Modern Library companion volumes of "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina." "Anna Karenina" she read one summer at the Cape. She and James had sought a silent place in the dunes, where the heat, the sun on their skin, stirred them and they made love for the first time. She saw herself as Kitty and James as Levin; the story of Anna and Vronsky touched her very little.

"War and Peace" was an unfulfilled obligation. Everyone had read it, but oddly she had never seen anyone reading it. No one ever said, "I am reading 'War and Peace.'" Now she took up the book hesitantly, not at all confident that she would not put it aside for another time. (In the Modern Library edition there are 1,136 pages; also, the print is unexpectedly small and there are forty-seven lines to the page rather than the usual thirty-four or thirty-five.)

In the beginning the names were difficult to sort—the Kuragins and the Karagins, the minor characters Dolohov and Denisov. Pierre's weakness is exasperating. It is as though he wished to be manipulated, allowing his newly wealthy self to be seduced into marriage with such an obviously shallow woman. An alliance with the corrupt Kuragins can only come to grief. She recognized the formula in these long works: initial obstacles, tangles, postponement of felicity.

Surprisingly, she enjoyed the accounts of military engagements. She found in Nikolay's adoration of the young Tsar a wonderful observation about the power of sovereigns, how subjects invest authority with divinity. When Prince Andrey is wounded at Austerlitz and looks up at the sky, "that lofty limitless sky," Isabelle felt saddened but in an odd way gratified, even content. He cannot be dead, of course, because he has not yet loved Natasha.

On Friday Isabelle was putting away breakfast dishes and listening to WQXR when the station interrupted to broadcast live a statement by the President. It was then that she heard of the abortive attempt to rescue the hostages. Isabelle surprised herself by switching off the explanation. Although she had trained herself early to be attentive to news, to read at least the front-page stories, now days went by



"For me, this section of Bloomingdale's is terra incognita."

when she arrived at the office without buying a *Times*. Was she gradually closing her mind?

She had the weekend to read. Lucy was visiting James, and with Stuart away Isabelle had no plans. Caroline called to say she and Robert were going to the movies, did Isabelle want to join them? They were choosing between "My Brilliant Career" and "Being There." Did she have a preference? No, she said. Thanks, but she didn't feel like it.

By Sunday Isabelle had come to the center of the novel. This is where Natasha breaks her betrothal to Prince Andrey and flings herself madly after Anatole Kuragin. Like many emotional readers before her, Isabelle found herself dismayed, even shocked, by Natasha's capitulation to Kuragin. She wanted to shout (as Natasha's friend Sonya wants to), Don't, Natasha—don't you see how faithless he is? You love Andrey. Andrey is worth your love, he is all you need. Isabelle felt incredulous at the young woman's behavior, that she would throw away her life.

When the doorbell rang at seven, Isabelle was startled momentarily. For just a minute she wondered why James did not use his key. She put down the book reluctantly. James acted rushed and awkward, as he always did on these occasions. Isabelle noticed that he was wearing a collarless linen shirt that she had never seen before. "It's nice, your new shirt," she said. James looked blank as he stepped into the elevator, then waved goodbye like a child.

While Lucy unpacked, Isabelle made cocoa; then they played a few games of kings-in-the-corner.

"What did you do last night?" Isabelle asked. It was the ritual interrogation.

"Ate at the Chinese place and saw 'The Black Stallion.' " Lucy, scrutinizing her cards, was careful to convey minimal information.

"Did you tell Daddy you'd already seen it?"

"He wanted to see it. I didn't mind."

"You, Daddy, and Rachel?"

"Just Daddy. Rachel stayed home."

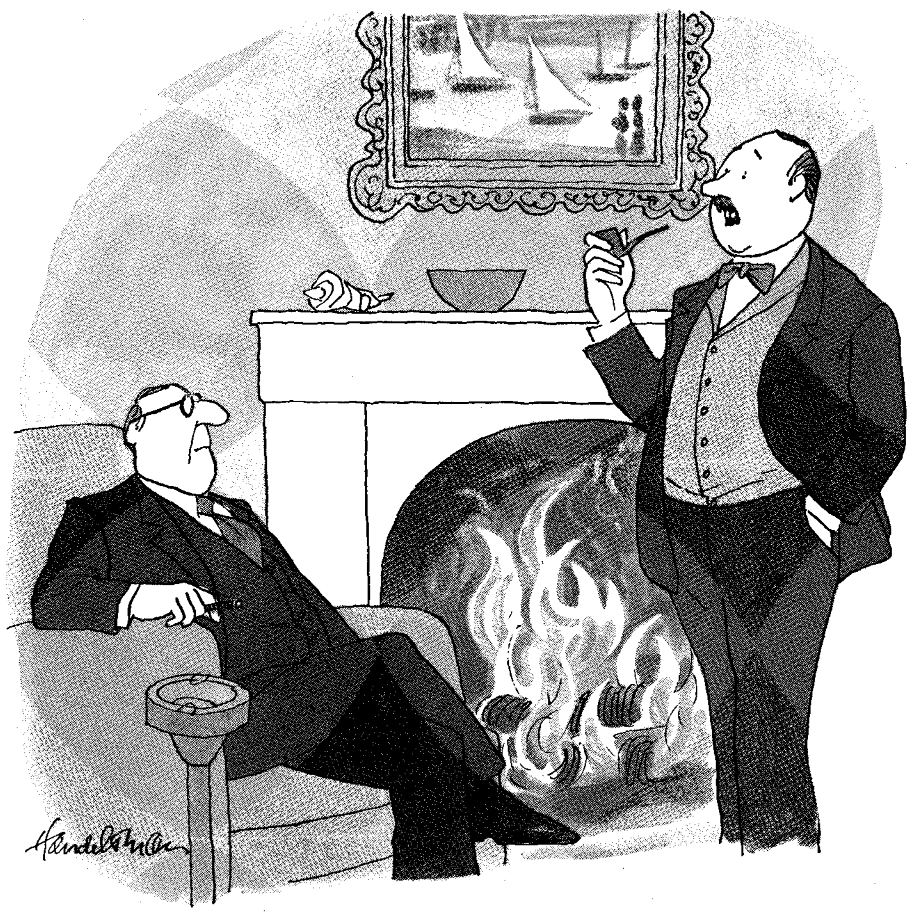
"Typing?"

"She was reading."

"Oh, what was she reading?"

"Mother," said Lucy. She would be patient just so far.

At eight-thirty Lucy had her bath and Isabelle read to her from "The Princess and the Goblin." Then Isabelle read on into the night in her own book. Napoleon has invaded Russia. Clearly Tolstoy is not in awe of Napoleon. Natasha and Andrey have separated. One knows they will meet again. The question is when, how long will it be? Will it be too late?



"You know, Tom, the thing about money is that it's a lot like sex. No. Let me put it this way. The thing about sex is that it's a lot like money."

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IN the city it rained for three days—torrential, insistent spring storms. A somewhat witty card from Stuart arrived, and the same night he called. He raved about Peter Sellers' performance in "Being There" and said she must see it; he was sorry they hadn't seen it together. "Why?" she found herself asking. "What do you mean, why?" he replied. Without waiting for her answer, he asked if she had heard that there was a new Secretary of State.

Until well after midnight Isabelle continued to read. The Battle of Borodino is at its height. Ah, the Battle of Borodino. She realized that she had heard of this part, where Pierre, careless for his life, observes the fighting. Andrey prepares once again for death. Once more she felt a terrible pity that Andrey and Natasha have not reconciled. She went to bed feeling that she was in the middle of something, that events were waiting for her.

Isabelle worked for a friend of James's mother, virtually managing a small family foundation that dispensed money to projects favoring gifted children. Some days she was able to read at her office, but it had been an unusually busy week—plans for the fall had to be made firm now—and although she carried the heavy book each day, she had no time to read except on the crosstown bus going to and fro. The trip took ten, at the most fifteen, minutes.

On Thursday Lucy came home and announced that school had been evacuated because someone had called Dr. Sayre's office and said a bomb had been planted in the building. "We had to go outside in the rain without our coats. The man at the parking garage let us stand inside. Mrs. Howard explained what it meant to *plant* a bomb. After a while Mrs. Howard went back into school and took a few coats. She said we should share them."

"Oh," said Isabelle. "I didn't realize they were still doing those things." She felt flustered at the idea of a bomb, while recognizing the call as a prank. She remembered the way Peter Sellers had said "*beum*" in the Pink Panther movie; she told Lucy about "*beum*," because she did not want the child dwelling on the morbid side of the event. "Then in another movie he kept saying '*meuthe*' for 'moth,' " she added.

"What were the moths doing attacking people?"

"Oh, no, they didn't pose any harm. I've forgotten why he was saying 'moth.' "

That night she read to Lucy the chapter about the goblins' plot against the princess, their secret undermining of the palace, and wished that she were reading something less appropriate. Lucy, however, went quickly and easily to sleep. Once more Isabelle sat herself at the end of the teal-blue-and-rose print sofa, next to the brass candlestick lamp, and took up her book. The battle is in its later stages, bloody—a carnage, really. Andrey has been mortally wounded in an absurd fashion; his unit has not even been engaged, and was merely waiting for combat. Isabelle felt a twinge of irritation, as though something important had been spoiled. Clearly, Andrey is dying—the book as much as says so. She recognized the impulse as juvenile, but she had wanted a romance, a happy ending. Though she had suspected she would be thwarted, she had still had hope. It is true about classics, she decided: they are never what you expect.

Andrey lies in the ambulance tent waiting to be treated. Next to him a fellow-officer whimpers and cries aloud as his leg is cut off. The man wishes to see the missing leg with its boot on. Andrey recognizes his rival, Anatole Kuragin, and weeps tears of love and forgiveness. In the late-night stillness Isabelle sobs so violently that she cannot see the page.

The next morning she does not take the book with her on the bus. For the moment she does not want to read further but to think of the death of Andrey. Did Andrey in fact die? She is not sure. Twice the affecting confrontation with death, twice reports are given out of his death in battle. Perhaps he is a kind of perpetually dying god, resurrected each time for a new season of dying. Isn't that the sort of thing they would say in school? It is difficult reading a great book, because bits of information obtrude, forming an idea of a book which is not the book one finally reads.

The previous fall, Isabelle had reread "The Sun Also Rises." Lucy had said that Rachel—her father's Rachel—was teaching the novel to her middle-schoolers. Rachel taught at a very progressive private school, but Isabelle wondered just the same if the book was appropriate for eighth-graders. Reading the novel again, she was surprised at how different it was from the way she remembered. Jake's impotence, for example. When she read the book for the first time, she had known what that meant, but at seventeen or eighteen she could not possibly have understood it. It annoyed her now, all that heavy melancholy, the air of resignation and doom. Brett Ashley was also thirty-four, she noticed. It had irritated Isabelle that Rachel would think to give such a book to children.

There was something else she remembered now about the death of Andrey. Her senior year at Stanford she had had an intense relationship with a young man from Brooklyn, a graduate student who had graded for a lecture she attended in the nineteenth-century English novel. Ezra was his name. She saw him often—more often than she saw James, whom she was supposed to be going with. She credited Ezra with teaching her a good

EGYPT

The stars are gathering before the evening

Before the lost street and bent mirror
And the young men duplicate each other
And the women are gone

The stars are gathering
Before the ebony squares and funeral masks
And streams of pilgrims carrying toys and flags

The stars are gathering
Before the donkey carts and desert maps
And people sipping the twilight with the evening meal

The stars are gathering
Before a felucca lowers its clerical sail
And a veil of blood smears the Nile

The stars are gathering . . .

And this is how you'll bring the moon to life
How you'll follow the jackals that drift
Out of the imagination into the night

Here in the somnolent cities of caftans and *tahina*
In the ancient cities with pomegranates or discos
As subalterns drowse and seafarers idle

And full of desire the stars blaze
The sistrum of heaven caresses your name
And finally our tale is written

It is the climax of the evening
The body's odor strong as coffee
Gold chains hang down from the sky

—Robert Mazzocco

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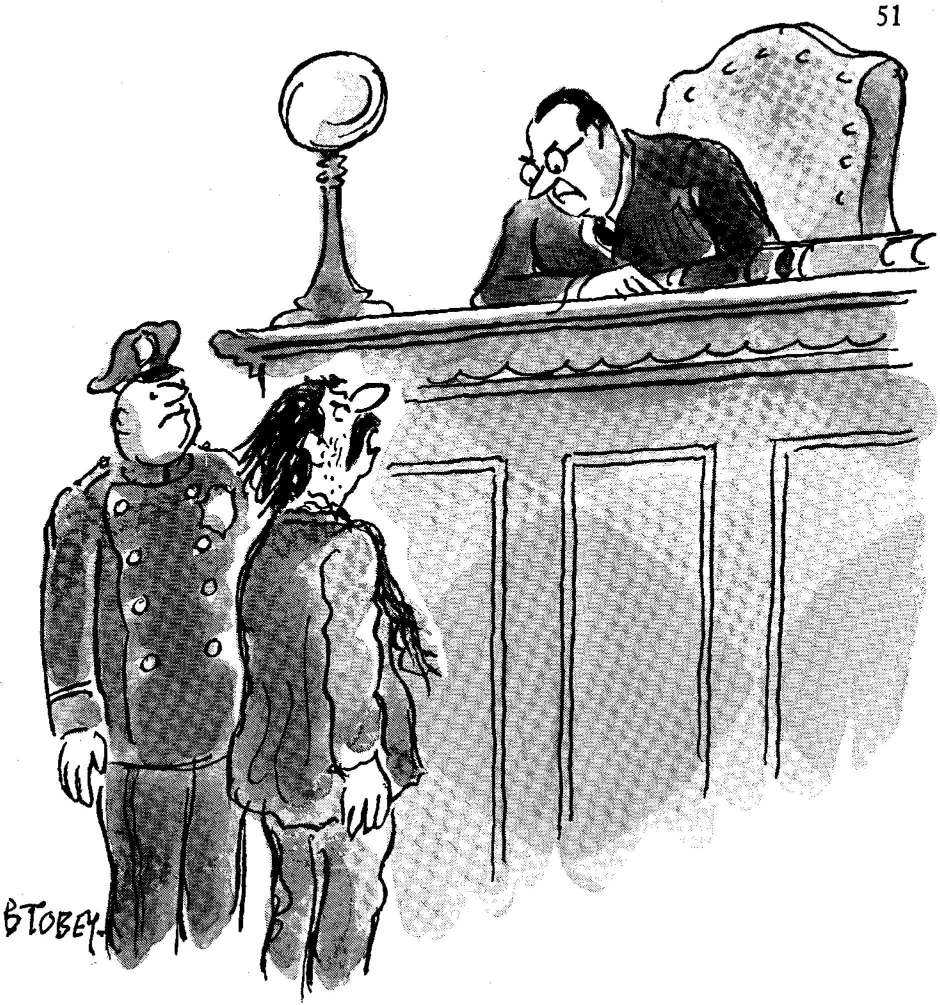


"I've seen you here before! I never forget a face."

deal—more than her teachers. He told her she had the right instincts and that all she needed was encouragement and direction. She came to imitate his approach, and she began to make new connections. For a time she thought perhaps she would go on to graduate school.

Ezra lived with a woman, an instructor in French. He told Isabelle the arrangement was mainly for convenience and economy, but clearly he preferred that the two women not meet. Once, Suzannah (the other woman) went home to Chicago and Isabelle met Ezra at his place. "It was inevitable we would go to bed," he said casually afterward. His putting it so had shocked and hurt her.

It was Ezra who had every so often evoked the death of Andrey. "The death of Andrey is a touchstone," he said. "Also a milestone. Nothing in literature can ever again affect us as does the death of Andrey." Did his dark eyes shine as he said so? She could not recall his face precisely but remembered that he had nearly black eyes with long black lashes.

All these things came to her as she sat at her desk in the foundation office. The office was a floor-through in an East Side townhouse, and her desk faced outward on the diagonal in a room that once had been a formal dining room. It was lined with glass-doored mahogany cabinets and mahogany wainscoting, and had a huge mahogany mantelpiece. She felt sometimes that she had been placed, a small object for safekeeping, in an elaborately articulated box.

She found herself throughout the day thinking of Ezra. It came to her now that he had wanted her, although he had made no move to apprehend her. For her part, she had withdrawn, gradually, proudly, thinking she had failed to interest him sufficiently. Now she saw how a man and a woman evade each other at times, how easily they can let go, how the course of love as she knew it had been a long acquiescence.

By Saturday the air had cleared. It was no longer early spring. The maples along the park suddenly quivered with green. It was early evening and Isabelle was walking to the apartment house of some friends when she had a vivid memory of summers past. For a moment she felt pierced to the heart, helpless but intensely glad. At dinner everyone seemed to have been visited by an identical euphoria. Everyone was benign, even tender, and droll. The food—a pasta first course, leg of lamb, and crème caramel—seemed exquisite, better perhaps than it was. It was one of those evenings when everyone felt perfectly sane and justified. Isabelle left with Roger Morris, who was walking in her direction.

Roger was one of those shy, lone men who spend a good deal of time going to movies. James had considered him childish, while Isabelle had always felt protective toward him. Roger's party humor consisted of appropriating lines from vintage films at strategic moments, a tactic James had not found amusing. As they walked out into the night air, Roger with a flourish offered Isabelle his jacket. In the following block they passed under an awning supported by gleaming brass and Isabelle took his hand.

"Madame," he said, "your courtesy is exceeded only by your radiant beauty."

After a few minutes holding hands Isabelle wondered at her impulsiveness. When they came to her building she said, "I don't know what single people do about walking home the sitter. I wonder if you would. It's only a bit out of your way."

The sitter, a fifteen-year-old named Lesley Tuck, was stretched on the floor with sofa pillows and watching a black-and-white movie on TV. "Oh, it's 'Young and Innocent,' " Roger said. "It's an early Hitchcock I've never seen." Because Hitchcock had died that week, he explained, they were showing one or two of the films late each night. Clearly, he was eager to be home. "Pack your bags, my little lady," he said. "Uncle Roger has come to release you from this dismal and demeaning toil." Lesley Tuck, not in the least "little," smiled in a bemused, adult way.

With Roger and Lesley gone, Isabelle rearranged the pillows and sat down to watch. On the screen some children were playing blindman's buff. At the end of the sofa, on the table, lay the book, where she could see it if she turned. Like a new life, it waited, unconcealed. —Georgia A. Brown

ELLIS ISLAND

PILLAR OF FIRE

IN January, when the sea is cold and dark, crossing the Atlantic is for the brave. Seen from land during the day, the ocean is forbidding, but it is nearly unimaginable at night in a storm, far north, where the ice tumbles down gray wave troughs like tons of shattered glass.

Our hearts were suspended and we held our breath. We tiptoed around, trying not to make too much noise, so that we would not upset the sea or overturn the ship with a sudden movement. We felt that if we ourselves were silent and orderly, the sea would follow our example, and so mothers repeatedly hushed their children, everyone sat with a peculiar stiffness, and many a conversation was left dangling when the ship rolled way over to one side and paused there as it decided whether or not to return.

The quieter we became, the more the sea grew wild. In nocturnal storms from Iceland to Newfoundland, it seemed as if the world were lit up by the electricity of the sea itself. Snow batted down against the ship's windows, and white dragons leapt into the air as breakers struck the bow. When lightning bombarded the waves through the driving snow, its fractured light illuminated the shadowed snowflakes and made them seem like endless numbers of angels propelled and directed in a dreamlike war.

I was offered money to read prayers, but I refused. The Talmud and the body of prayer, by their own decree, must not be used as a spade to dig in the ground, and, besides, when the ship swayed in storms, reading made me dizzy.

"If you won't read prayers for money," some of the passengers asked, "will you read them for free?"

I told them that I never ask God for anything whatsoever, since I assume that He will give me exactly what He sees fit.

"Isn't there a prayer for those who are lost at sea?" they wanted to know.

"Certainly," I answered. "There are scores. I myself know about a dozen."

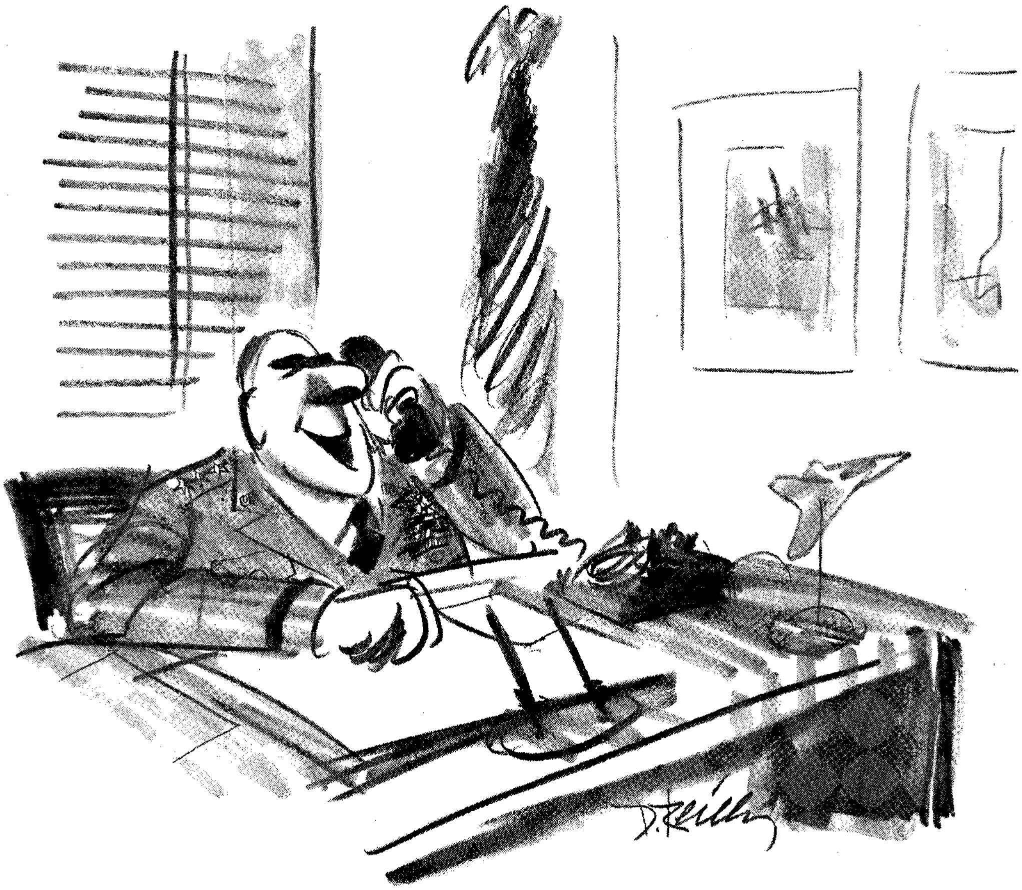
"Well then say them!" they screamed.

"No," I said, "I won't." And I didn't.

Somewhere in the North Atlantic we encountered a storm that smashed windows on the upper decks, tore away half the lifeboats, and sent seawater cascading down the companionways. We heard bolts snap and we saw metal beams free themselves from their attachments. The lights went off, and though at times we were nearly upside down in the dark, no one spoke or cried out. We began to think of America, still several days off, as a wild concoction of physical laws where we would have to live permanently on raging seas in the flash of lightning and the swirl of snow. We imagined that if we built houses there, they would blow away, that we would spend our lives holding on as the floor tilted and the lights went out, that America was a place of large dark rooms in which several hundred people lay frightened to death with their eyes as wide as small plates. When suddenly the lights blinked, I saw momentarily a field of bodies—men in sheepskin coats and furs, women with shawls over their heads, sleepless children lying perfectly still in imitation of their elders—and everyone was looking at the ceiling, waiting for the water to burst through.

But it never did, and during our approach to America the sea grew calmer and calmer, as if by sailing into the lee of the continent we profited from its benevolence. The sea moderated, and the land sent out signs—not doves, but gulls as white as wave crests, who came to join us days before our landfall, and followed on vibrating wings that seemed unsteady but had been strong enough to carry them, through winter air, across hundreds of miles of sea. I was sure that I could smell land, until one of the sailors told me that the land was frozen and I would not be able to smell it even if I were standing on it. But a day from port I saw a cloud bank that seemed anchored in place over all of North America. Only on the sea was the sky clear, in patches of the palest blue, and the sea itself was as flat and glassy as oil. Then there was nothing but cold fog and blasts of the whistle. The officers doubled their watches, standing outboard on the flying bridge, listening like hunting dogs or men who are awaiting a miracle. The first time our blasts were answered, they lifted their binoculars and peered out to sea. They closed their eyes like symphony conductors and strained after the sound. The echoing blast came closer and closer, our ship veered slightly to starboard, and then the many restless passengers on deck were stunned by the sudden appearance of a huge white warship heading northeast,

Honeymoon



"*Thanks, Pete, and I wish you and yours a mega-Christmas, too.*"

• •

eliberately seeking the orms that we had labored leave behind. Black noke and sparks flew om its stacks; it was arp, steady, and flooded ith guns; and it passed us fast that we would rdly have known it was ere but for the American g flying from its stern, arm as fire. As the flag ided by, I thought to my- lf that it was the first lor I had seen in the ew World. It ran from in the sea of white, until was the size of a rose, d then a pencil stroke; d then it disappeared. I gan to search again, as d the watch officers. The ter was calm, we were ose to shore, and we obed steadily deeper and eper, looking for color. t everything was white.

WE never did see land—because the fog s so thick—but we knew perhaps the same way at one knows when a ce of music is coming to close: by constrictions, otions, and intuitions) that we had ssed the Narrows and were in the rbor. The noise of bells and horns made a pattern not unlike the v deductive points from which a veyor makes a map; a pilot launch d come alongside; broken river ice wed slowly past the ship. But still, nerica was not visible. Like the nd, we could only guess, for we ld see nothing more than silvery ter and white mist.

And then the ship's engines stopped. ter several weeks of perpetual rack- , we were made to think of Heaven, as we glided in silence we seemed be not at sea but in the clouds. ring the journey, I had noticed that ple cried at different stations. Some d wept as they boarded ship; others we pulled out to sea; some during storms; some as we saw the war- p with the beautiful banner flying m its stern. And now, after we had the dangers behind us, some wept the anchor chains exploded from ship and arched into the water. r many this sound was like the es of Europe rattling one last time, and they felt that they were finally released. I didn't, for I had yet to see America, and was not completely sure that the white clouds, white ships, and flowing archipelagoes of ice and foam were not dreams.

As if by magic, a procession of launches came from the fog. The water was calm enough for our ship to unload by lighter. After we had stepped onto the smaller vessels, our suitcases in our hands, we moved into the low-lying clouds, engines echoing off the water as if we were moving in between the walls of a high canyon. Because the Americans on the launch were about twice our size, most of us thought that we had come into a country of giants, but I guessed that it was a measure taken to impress us. Indeed, we were impressed by these red-faced, uniformed Goliaths who spoke over our heads in a strange and difficult language.

The two giants on our launch guided it to Ellis Island, where we were to be tested and sorted, and either allowed into America or sent back. When Ellis Island, the "Isle of Tears," appeared floating in coils of mist, it did not dispel any notions we might have had about dreams, for upon it were vast domed buildings striped as regularly as coral snakes, smoking from half a hundred chimneys, and shining hundreds of electric lights from windows, porches, and doorways. When I stepped off the launch, I found that the land was covered with new snow up to my knees, except where paths had been shovelled through it in strange patterns that circled the imposing palaces like spiders' webs.

We entered the largest building, and left our luggage in a room on the ground floor. Then we went upstairs to a cathedral-like space in which hundreds of people were already waiting, having come on the Bremen Line and docked an hour earlier. We were asked the names of the countries that we were from, and were made to sit in areas fenced off according to nationality. The room was a forest of steel barriers and wooden benches. Two chandeliers as big as locomotives hung from the vaulted ceiling. When there was no fog, it was said, one could see all of New York from the windows in the north wall. But we were still inside our bale of cotton.

It is hard to describe how pale the light was in that great room. Perhaps because we had been so long on the ocean, we felt that we were still sailing, floating silently toward the end of the bad weather, when clarity of air and view would break upon the wall of windows like a tidal wave. I know that there was a tremendous noise in the hall, but it seemed quiet, in that the collective voice of the thousand people who were there was like wind or surf. Officials in uniforms of deep blue beckoned for us to come forward, and little by little, after many hours, our numbers lessened as people were led up a long staircase to the examination rooms above. They prayed as they went up. Even had we not had the sense of floating in Heaven, the idea of judgment was implicit in every angle of the place. Some had great difficulty struggling up the stairs, and at the top were led away to be sent back—since the doctors could easily see that their hearts were not strong enough for America. Others bounded up the steps, ready to face anything. Before my turn, I noticed a flash of color ahead of me. In the white room, alive with expectation, a plume of red and gold had flared up like a flame.

What was it? I strained to see. An endless file of immigrants moved slowly on the stairs, but then, as the line progressed, I saw the flash of warm color again—the long and beautiful red-blond hair of a young woman in a group of Norwegian immigrants. There was something so steady about her bravery in ascension that everyone who saw her took courage. As we watched the broken line of her progress, she became our symbol. This was an angel to follow, and follow we did. In fact, I was so impatient to get through and catch up with her that I was merely irritated by the inspections.

In the galleries above, I was taken from room to room and looked over rather carelessly. After lifting my eyelids with a button hook, a young man with a military bearing saw that I had no trachoma. Someone else made me cough and breathe. I had to take off my clothes and turn around several times. In another room, a big fat man asked if I could bend over. "Why?" I asked in turn, thinking that the only reason he wanted to know was that he himself would never be able to do such a thing. "Is it that everyone who comes to America has to be able to bend over?"

"Yes," he said.

"What for?"

"Because when we sing our national anthem, we bend over. Now do it or I'll send you back to Serbia."

"I don't come from Serbia," I protested.

"Exactly," he said. "But if I want to, I can ship you there, so you'd better do as I tell you."

I bent over, and was passed on to the next room.

There, a pretty woman with cold eyes asked me if I knew how to read and write.

"Of course," I said.

"What languages?" she asked.

When I replied, "Hebrew, Yiddish, Russian, German, and French—and English, as you can see," she got very suspicious and asked me what I did for a living.

"I write books," I said. Little did I know that in America no one ever believes this, as if all the books that appear were written not by living people but by hairbrushes, watermelons, and branding irons. She looked at me the way one looks at a madman.

"What kind of books?" she asked sharply, closing one eye and squinting with the other.

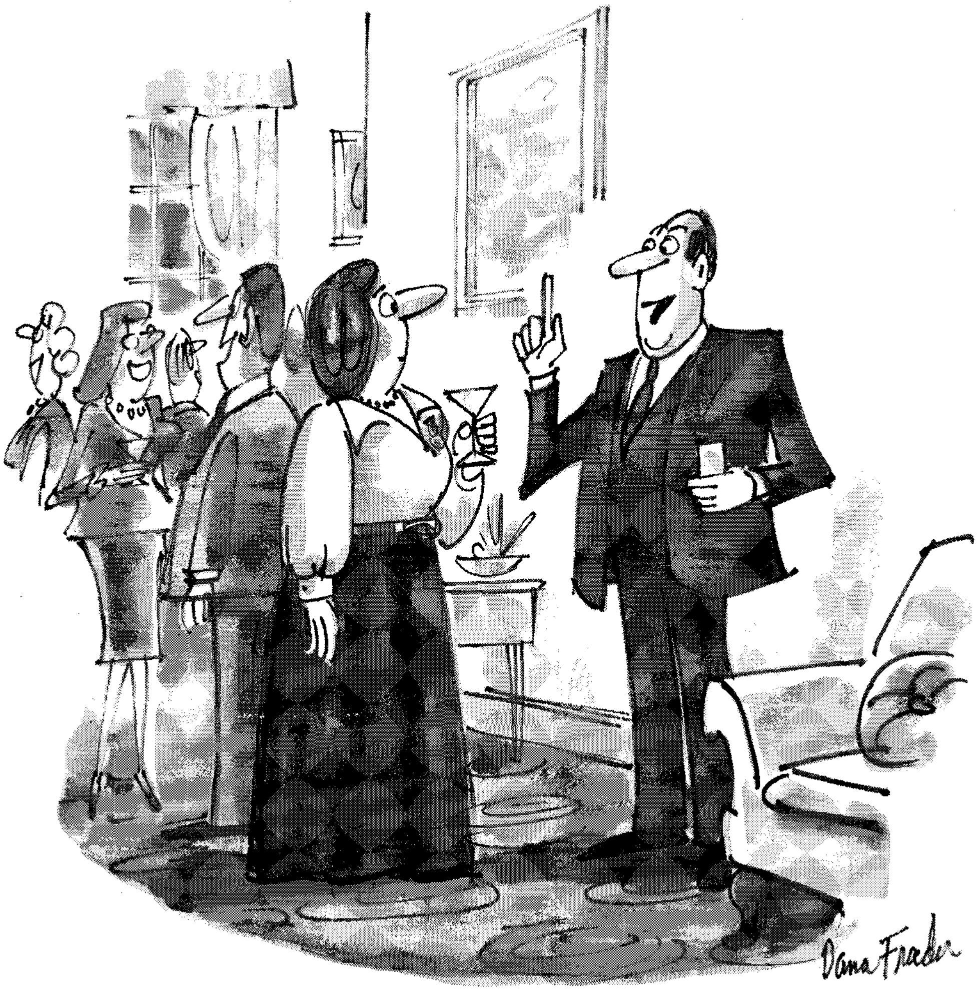
"Stories," I replied pompously, "essays, dissertations on Biblical poetry, political science, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera."

"How can you make a living by doing this?" she inquired, with evident disgust.

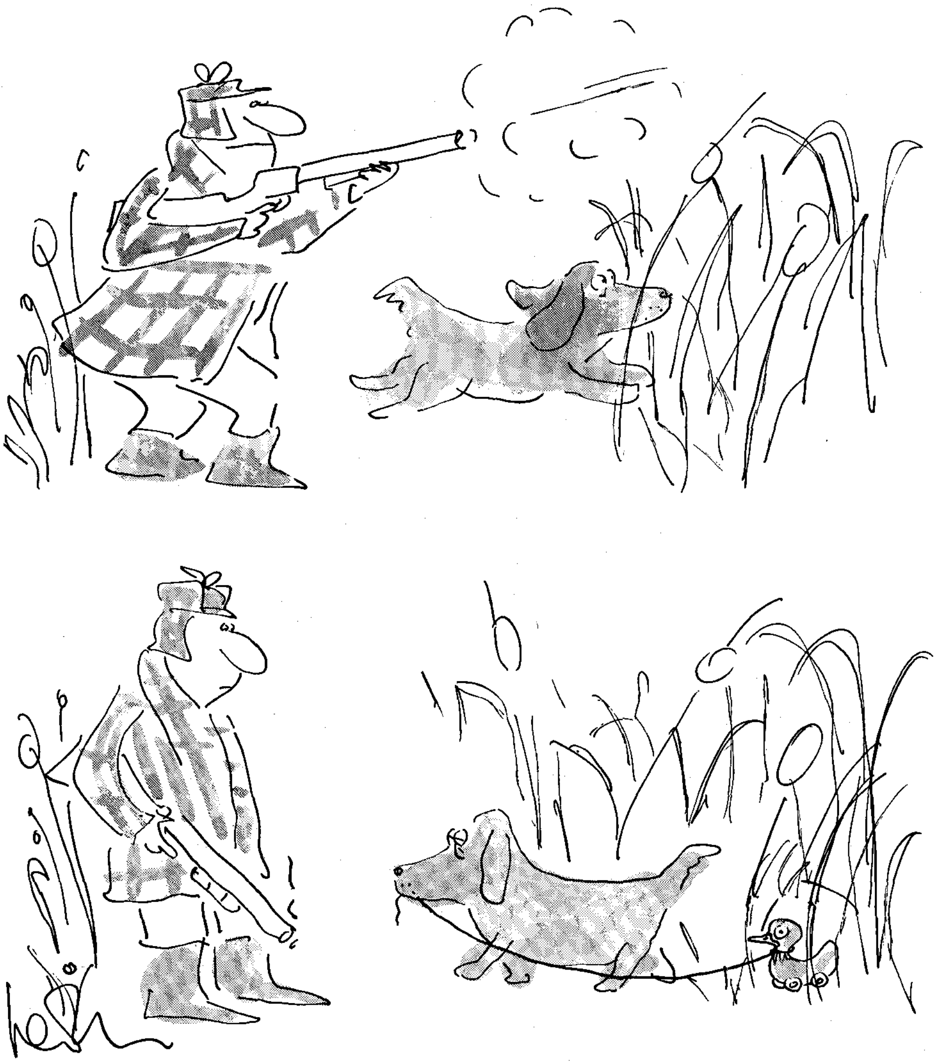
"That's very perceptive of you," I said with a broad smile. "I can't."

"Then explain how you manage."

"I can only say," I offered, thinking that maybe, even if her eyes *were* cold,



"As R. W. Apple, Jr., John Kifner, Terence Smith, Peter Kihss, Douglas E. Kneeland, Carter B. Horsley, Gordon S. White, Jr., Linda Greenhouse, Richard Eder, Henry Kamm, Fox Butterfield, David K. Shipler, Anthony Austin, Juan de Onis, Marvine Howe, Phillip Taubman, and Richard Halloran said in yesterday's 'Times' . . ."



I might still fall in love with her, "that this is one of the unexplained paradoxes which are allowed to thrive because the universe is, on one level, wonderfully disordered."

"Turn around," she commanded. She made a letter on my back with a piece of chalk and motioned for me to leave. "Next!" she shouted.

"What's that for?" I asked, trying to see what she had written.

"Nothing," she said, and pushed me into the hall.

By this time I was elated. I imagined myself in a dressing gown, living in a palace overlooking the forests of Manhattan (which I thought would look like a cross between the Tyrol and the *Berner Oberland*), married to the Norwegian woman, after whom I was chasing as best I could. We would be on the same ferry, I thought. The ferry would burst through the fog, and there, in front of us, would be a magnificent island of fjords, meadows, and castles. Enormous oaks would hang from cliffs over the water; horsemen would gallop from place to place, bearing shields as brightly colored as illuminated manuscripts. And I thought that I would finally get to see the American Talking Chicken, who, it was believed in my village (why not?), possessed the mildly altruistic trait of sitting down with you just before he was to be cooked, to determine the best recipe. I imagined that such a discussion would be both candid and touching.

I was lost in these speculations when I came to a window which gave out upon the ferry slip. A long, slim boat was getting up steam, and the Norwegians from the Bremen Line were about to go on board. My heart rose just as it had done when I had seen the flash of gold on the stairs. Ten minutes, I thought, and I, too, will be on that boat.

But she was not with them. How could she have been sent back? I had been able to see from several hundred feet away that she was healthy—it was one of her beauties; another was her stature; another was her tentativeness, her gentleness. Is humility out of fashion? Then to hell with fashion. She had humility in the best religious sense, like Rabbi Moritz of Oppenheim. You could feel it, as you could sense her strength, halfway across the room. The ways in which people walk and the expressions on their faces are rich and communicative emblems long neglected except by painters and immigration inspectors. But I am disgressing. She did not board the ferry. My elation became apprehension. What would I do alone in Manhattan, in an emerald forest taken from a bookplate? What would I do, alone, with all the perfect weather beyond the cotton?

Though she did not know of my existence, I imagined that abandoning her would be the greatest treachery that had ever been. Am I mad, I asked myself. I've passed the tests. I can now get on the boat and go ashore. How can I risk everything just to stay for the sake of a woman I have seen only once, and who has not seen me at all?

When I reached the point at which those unfortunates who had not passed were shunted into the depths of the Island for further examination or to await an outward-bound steamer, my fear was nearly uncontrollable. But instead of walking to the right and down the stairs, to freedom, I stood at attention before the final judge, closed my eyes, and screamed, "I'm an anarchist!"

I would not have been surprised had I been shot right there, but I was amazed when, motioning me into the dimensionless interior, the judge looked up and said, "I know."

"How do you know!" I asked, as my legs carried me away from him, with many others who had been rejected, down a dim corridor.

"Because it's written on your back," he shouted after me.

I have finally fallen into the cold dark sea, I thought, as we walked for interminable distances in echoing hallways as long as roads. At one point, we passed over a glass-covered bridge, and I saw through the panes that evening had come in blue and gray, and brought with it a delicate snowfall. So began my stay on Ellis Island.

THEY made us take a shower. We didn't protest, for the water was warm and never-ending. I may have been the only one in the new group of which I had become part who had taken a shower or bath at any time in his life. There were fifty of us. We were supposed to have been men, but I had to blink in the darkness of the shower room to convince myself that I had not been subsumed in a dream of rats and mice. The shaved heads, sunken sparkling eyes, and bodies not unlike the carcasses of devoured fowls strongly suggested Bruegel's blind, Hogarth's starving, and Bosch's rodents. I was afraid to be naked in their presence, thinking that they might want to gnaw at my limbs. I closed my eyes and tried to enjoy the stream of clear water.

I thought that I had made a dreadful mistake, and that my red-blond Norwegian was already in New York—about to board a train for the interior, or happily sopping up the attentions of rich young Americans who could shoot guns, ride horses, and speak English without an accent, and who were taller than I was by two heads. Besides, what would a Norwegian woman want with a Jew like me? Could I marry her? She was a Christian, but I was not sure of what kind. (Since not a few Christian missionaries sent to our village had always been so terribly eager to tell us about their faith, we had endeavored to remain as ignorant of it as we could possibly be. For me, this policy proved nearly fatal when once in trying to escape a band of rowdies I told them that I was a nun. But that is another story.)

I turned to a consumptive Italian who stood under the next shower. "Excuse me," I said, with Italian inflection. "Are you a Christian?"

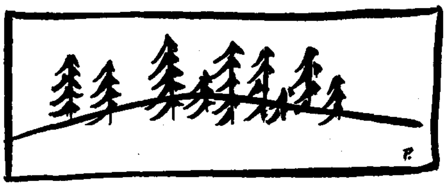
"*Certamente!*" he replied, insulted and tremendously satisfied.

"Can you tell me, then, what kind of Christians are Norwegians?"

"Yes," he answered. "*No cristiani* there. *Ci sono pagani*. Devils, them!"

After an hour and a half in the showers (someone had forgotten us, but we thought that it was a custom of the country), we were taken to a white room filled with row upon row of hospital beds. Since we did not have our luggage, and did not know what was going to happen, we lay on the beds, perfectly wide awake and perfectly silent, waiting for the officials. I could see snow swirling in the space next to the windows. Was this America? I wondered if I had not fallen asleep at home and dreamed a new world from my own heart. It was not unpleasant. The sensations were strong and good; I had fallen in love (admittedly, like a madman); and I had a lot of work before me in convincing whoever had to be convinced that I was not an anarchist.

When some bluecoats came in to take us to dinner, we burst out laughing. I think it was the hysteria of th idle poor. Just lying on our beds, wit nothing to do, we felt like fools. Bu we laughed at them, and the more w laughed, the more we laughed—unti we rolled off the beds and beat th floor with our fists. The bluecoats jus stood there, looking on. They wer used to such lunacy, but we weren't. I turned to tears, and with the tears w realized that we were going to be sen back. The bluecoats continued to loo on impassively, and when we were al worn out they marched us upstairs to



PARISH

I

God only knows what he'd been doing. Painting or sewing?
All I can say is that from my window
In the old yellow and black parsonage
I had been looking across falling snow
To the brick mortuary on the other side of the road:
It had one lamp burning; the mortician
Had thrown off his white gown, washed
His hands above the forearms, was exhausted,
And sat down. The water still running.

II

I had a little friend once
Who fixed her own dolls: the walleyed, the lame,
And the gutted. She lived in a small town like this one.
She grew up to be odd.
All day I'd waited for a visitor
Who wasn't coming, all highways
Now closed by bad weather.

III

He'd left the water running cold over porcelain.
He'd thrown down his gown. Looked out at the road.
Hypnotized by the snow and running water,
He gazed off to the body of hills.

IV

The wind grew for some hours, then it was dawn.
The storm over. I could see footprints
That had shallowed with the drifting snow, that had
Come to our door in the dark.
Perhaps some transient
Looking for an early breakfast after a night
Of journeying and enchantment. I smelled
Dahlias—thoughts of St. Jerome's lion
  Carrying a burden of wood in for the stove.
  I glanced
  To the footprints,
  Which had circled, waited; circled some more,
  And left our door, leaping the fence

  Or passing through it, all signs
  Of them vanishing into the hills.

—NORMAN DUBIE

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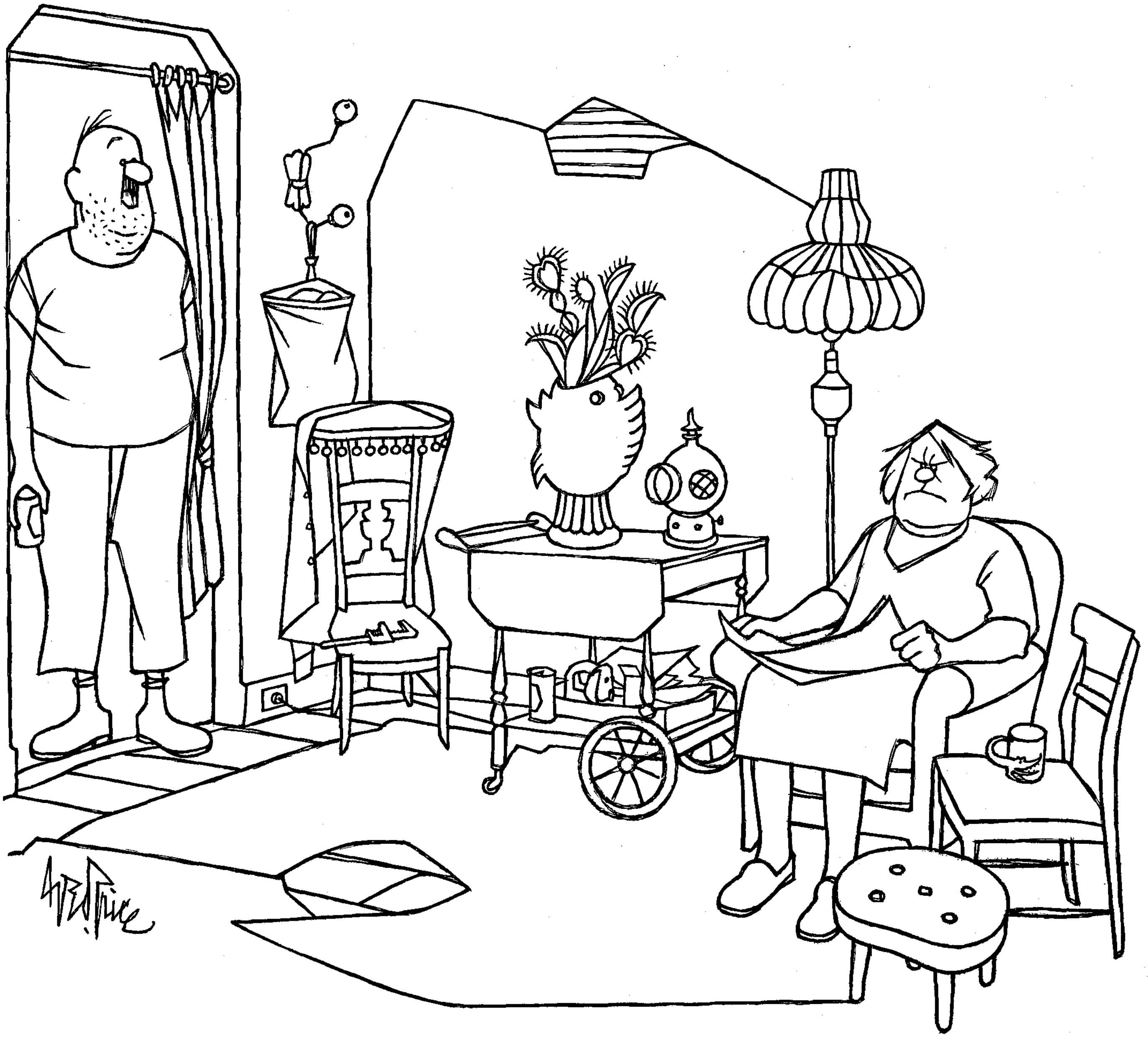


"Are you busy? I need to be taken down a peg or two."

• •

room where we dined numbly on boiled beef, carrots, soda water, and bread. Several Jews remained in the doorway, discussing something in panic. They had missed the kosher meal. As I stuffed beef into my mouth, I stared at them.

"Come, eat," I said.

"We can't," they answered, "and you shouldn't, either."

I shook my head. "I have a dispensation," I said. This interested them, and they came closer.

"What kind of a dispensation?"

"From the Saromsker Rabbi."

"From who?"

"The Saromsker Rabbi."

They were baffled, but still interested.

"You never heard of Saromsk?"

"No," they said, moving closer to the beef.

"Saromsk," I went on, eating passionately, "is a great center of our people, in Central Asia. All the Geonim wanted to go to Saromsk."

"They did?"

"Yes."

"But did they?"

"No."

"So?"

"So, Saromsk is that much holier. Even the Geonim couldn't get there."

"All right," one of them said. "What kind of dispensation did the Saromsker Rabbi give you?"

"The Saromsker Rabbi," I answered, "told me himself that when one is with devils in Hell, in the bottom parts of Purgatory, on a ship at sea, in prison, or in a starving country, one can eat anything that is proffered, as long as it isn't *traif* and as long as one makes up for it in the two following years—by remaining *completely celibate.*"

I could see that they were thinking. "Did he really say that?" they asked.

"Yes, he did," I said, knowing as well as they that there was no

Saromsk, and no Saromsker Rabbi.

"Can you share the dispensation?" (They had not eaten for several days.)

"Certainly."

How they grunted and groaned as they ate, singing to themselves, almost davening.

The next morning, we were gathered together and brought to an examining room in which were judges of a sort, on a platform, sitting at tables covered with green felt. I finally got my turn and was about to say in mellifluous English that I had mistakenly been labelled an anarchist. My words were to have been: "I am, sir, a devout constitutionalist, an advocate of democracy, and a believer in the processes of social order." I had practiced half the night.

I was surprised yet again, for when I approached the bench I came under a thunderous barrage of questioning, designed, it seemed, to convince anyone that he was either mad or in a dream. My interrogator did not ask my name and did not pause one instant between questions.

"Are you a moron? Are you dumb? Do you have tuberculosis? Do you sing in your sleep? Why did Garibaldi wear a red shirt? Have you been in the army? What was your mother's Christian name? Why have you come here? Do you believe in God? How much money do you have? Where is your sister? Who was Abraham Lincoln? Can you speak English? What is truth?"

At the end of all this, dumbfounded and throbbing, I said, "I am *not* an anarchist."

"Anarchist?"

"Not anarchist."

"Why did you bring up anarchism?"

"They wrote it on my coat," I said, turning to show him the letter. Then I realized that the chalk had worn off. But he had already written "Anarchist."

"What is your name?" he asked.

I swallowed hard. My chest almost imploded, but, as calmly as I could, I said, "Guido da Montefeltro."

"How do you spell that?"

I told him. He wrote it down—very carefully.

FOR the next two days, we repeated the examinations. At each one, I stated that I was an anarchist, put my finger in my ear, like a pistol, closed my eyes, and pulled the trigger. "What is your name?" they would ask, not needing to be convinced further of my political leanings.

"Gui! do, da Monte fel! tro!" I would reply. "The world belongs to the ants!"

Soon they came to know me, but not long after they did, their places would be taken by other judges. However, Guido da Montefeltro, anarchist, was securely recorded in their enormous ledgers. I didn't mind, thinking that when the time came to put the Italian anarchists on the Mediterranean boat they would search for Guido da Montefeltro. Meanwhile, I would wander about the hallways, babbling in Yiddish, and someone would return me to the great room, where I would go through the tests again, say that I was a tailor, and get on the ferry. That was my strategy. To me it seemed straightforward, simple, and direct, and I could see no reason in the world why it would not work.

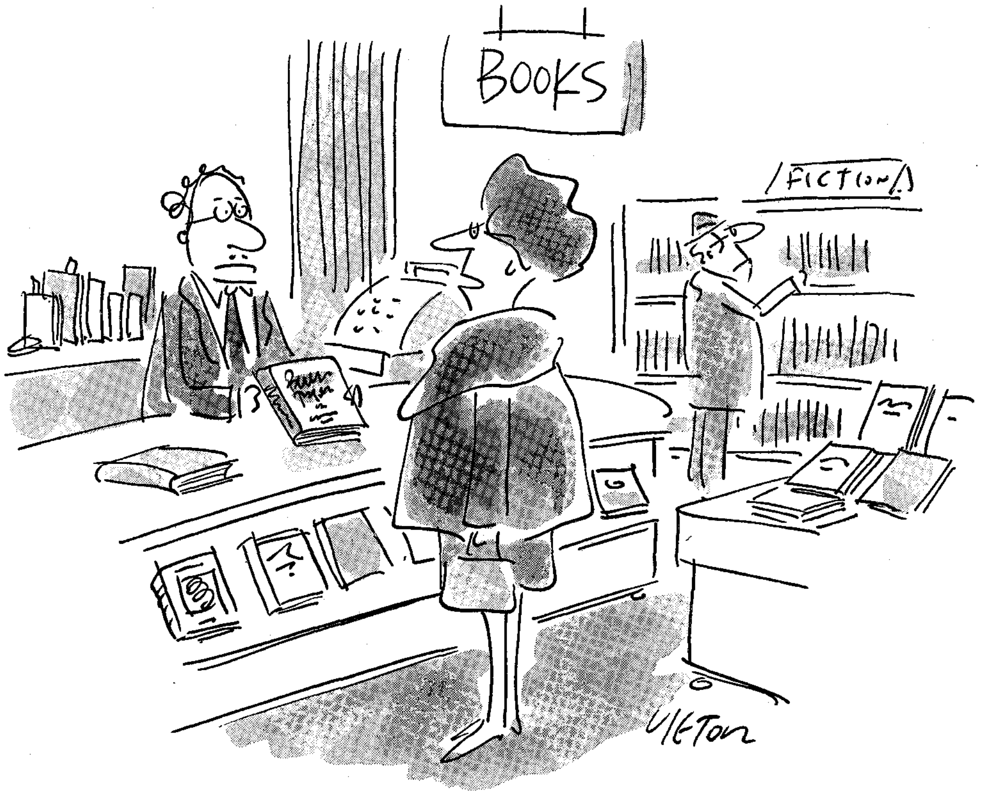
It snowed for almost a week, and when there was no snow there was fog. I dreamed expansively about my Norwegian woman, and reached a state in which I was oblivious of the fact that I had become an Italian anarchist. Then, earlier than usual one morning, some bluecoats came to our dormitory and read off a list of Italian names, including that of Guido da Montefeltro. All the Italians assembled. This, I assumed, was the moment of reckoning; a steamer was bound for Genoa. The bluecoats counted the names on the list, and counted the Italians. One was missing.

They took away the Italians and made the several hundred of us who were left get up and stand in front of our beds. Chinese, Armenians, Russians, Poles, Jews, and Scandinavians, we were a perfect representation of Asia and Eastern Europe. The bluecoats were puzzled. One of them said that Guido da Montefeltro had probably killed himself during the night. His body would turn up in the harbor. "The door was locked," said another. "Go get Jack. He's had these peculiars since they came in." While they were getting Jack, they made us say our names. Everything was in order.

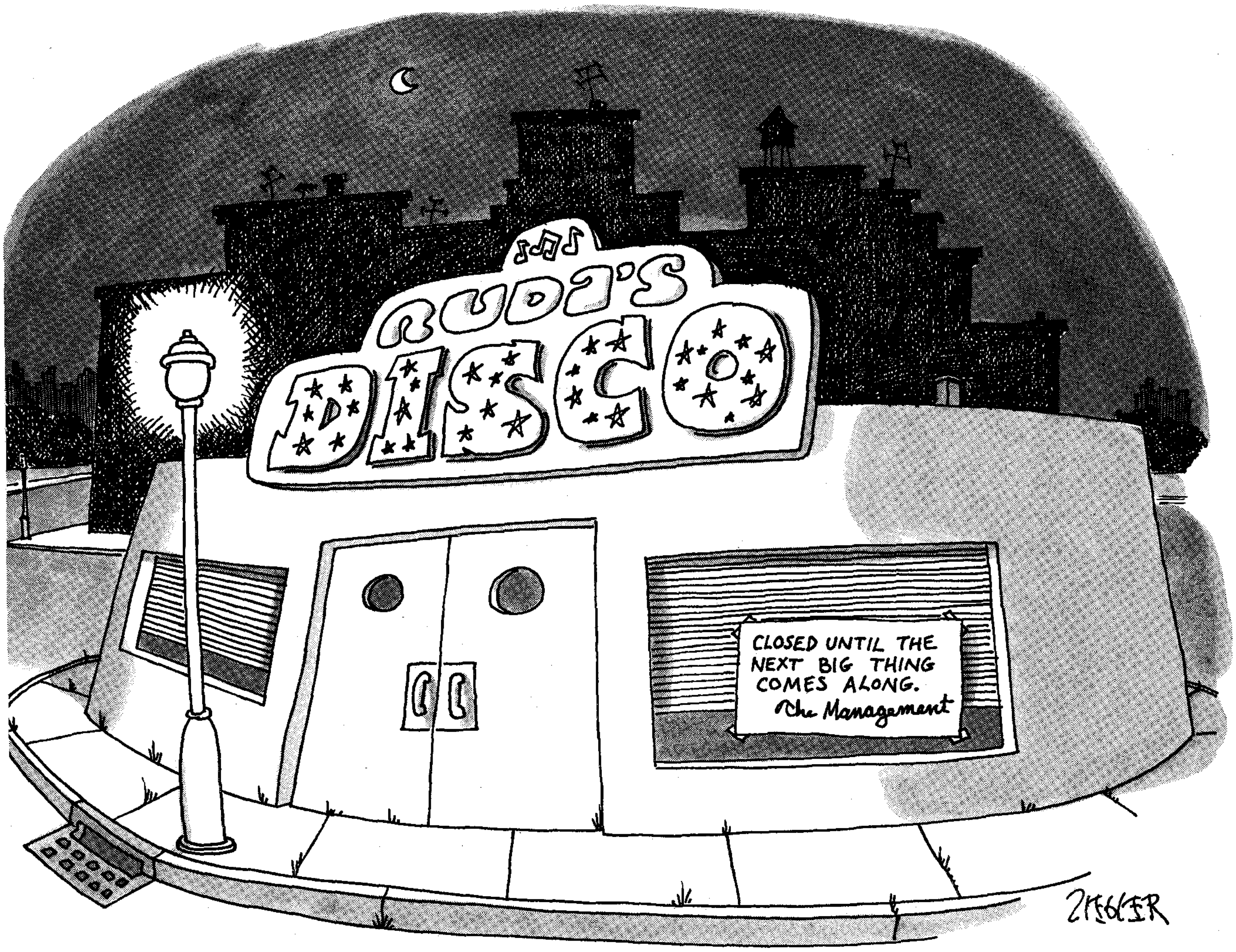
Then Jack arrived. "Guido da Montefeltro," they said.

He looked up and down the rows. When he saw me, he said, "C'mon, Guido."

"Who?" I asked. They were already pulling me out. "*Ich bin ah Yid! Ich bin ah Yid!* I am a Jew!" I screamed, to no avail. My scheme seemed to have failed, and now I was going to spend the rest of my life in a



"No. I already saw that one on Merv Griffin."


RUDI'S
DISCO
CLOSED UNTIL THE NEXT BIG THING COMES ALONG.
The Management
ZIEGLER

• •

l in Genoa, along with the other ılian anarchists—who weren't anar- ists either, but had not been able to derstand the questions. However, I ıs not going to Italy, and there was steamer for Genoa. It had merely en decreed that the Italian anar- ists were to work in the kitchen. So, vorked in the kitchen. I didn't care. fact, I came to enjoy it. I saw every ne as if it were a fine painting. hat, I suppose, is one of the benefits a life of the mind—when you are pressed for kitchen work, you can n the kitchen from homeliness into hing of beauty. With patience, all tion becomes dance; all sound, mu- ; all color, painting.

We had a big iron stove, which od about three feet off the floor and s constructed like a long open crate, th twenty burners on each side. Be- ıse it was winter, they were kept rning day and night, in a pavement flame. The gas jets were always ging in green, yellow, and blue, and when I tended pots the pure warmth made me very happy. Sometimes I washed baking pans; I brought wine, eggs, and vanilla from storerooms; and after a few days, when they had become used to me, they let me peel hard-boiled eggs. I was told without explanation that this was a great honor.

Mist came in through the windows, and the snow turned to sleet and rain. The harbor around us steamed like a lake at dawn. I had been in America for two weeks, but I had not seen the land. How fond I became of the enormous, cheery Slavic women who did the cooking. Every evening, they boarded the ferry and returned to the continent. I asked if it was really there, and they laughed, which led me to believe that perhaps it wasn't, and that they themselves were not real. Did the ferry take them into the mist and then disappear? Whatever it did, it would return the next morning with several thousand pounds of Slavic grandmothers, who may have lived only in my imagination but who made me taste sample after sample of their cooking. It was atrocious. But I had to say that it was good—which made them blush like maidens. I began to get fat. I didn't mind this too much, if only because anarchists are always razor thin (a fat anarchist would be absolutely insufferable), with sparkling black eyes. Though I have always wished that they were blue, my eyes are quite brown, and quite soft.

One day, I was ordered to go to the bakery stores and bring back a fifty-pound cannister of raspberry filling. I had never been to the sweet room, so I decided to look around—perhaps there would be a few hundred pounds of chocolate, from which I could break off a little piece. The chocolate was in a vault. I put the raspberry filling on my little hand truck, and then realized that something was out of kilter.

There was a little window, through which mist was spilling like a silver waterfall. Directly opposite, across a courtyard in which stood two water towers, was another little window, revealing shelves of bakery stores. To its left was a kitchen just like ours. I had discovered either a twin building or a mirror. I didn't know which. But I decided for a moment that it *was* a mirror, because as I approached the window and peered out I saw a man who looked just like me, staring back. We faced one another for a long time. Then he closed his eyes. I closed my eyes. I opened my eyes. He did, too. We ducked down just at the same time, but he came up after I did.

"I thought that was the *goyisha* kitchen," he said in Yiddish.

"It is," I answered.

"So what are you doing there?"

"By mistake."

"You ought to come here."

"I'd like to," I answered. "How can I?"

"There's a door at the end of the hall on your right. It connects."

"But it's locked."

"Rabbi Koukafka has the key. I'll get him." He disappeared.

Soon I saw two heads in the other window. Rabbi Koukafka had a voluminous red beard, which made my heart race because it reminded me of the Norwegian woman's red-blond hair.

"So," he said across the gap, "what is a Jew doing in the *goyisha* kitchen?"

"America," I said, and threw my hands up with a gesture of resignation.

"Do you follow the dietary laws?" he asked.

"Of course," I said, trying to look thin by closing my mouth tightly and crossing my eyes. "I haven't eaten for days."

"I'm not supposed to let people through that door," said Rabbi Koukafka, "unless there's a fire."

"By whose authority?"

"The Commissioner's."

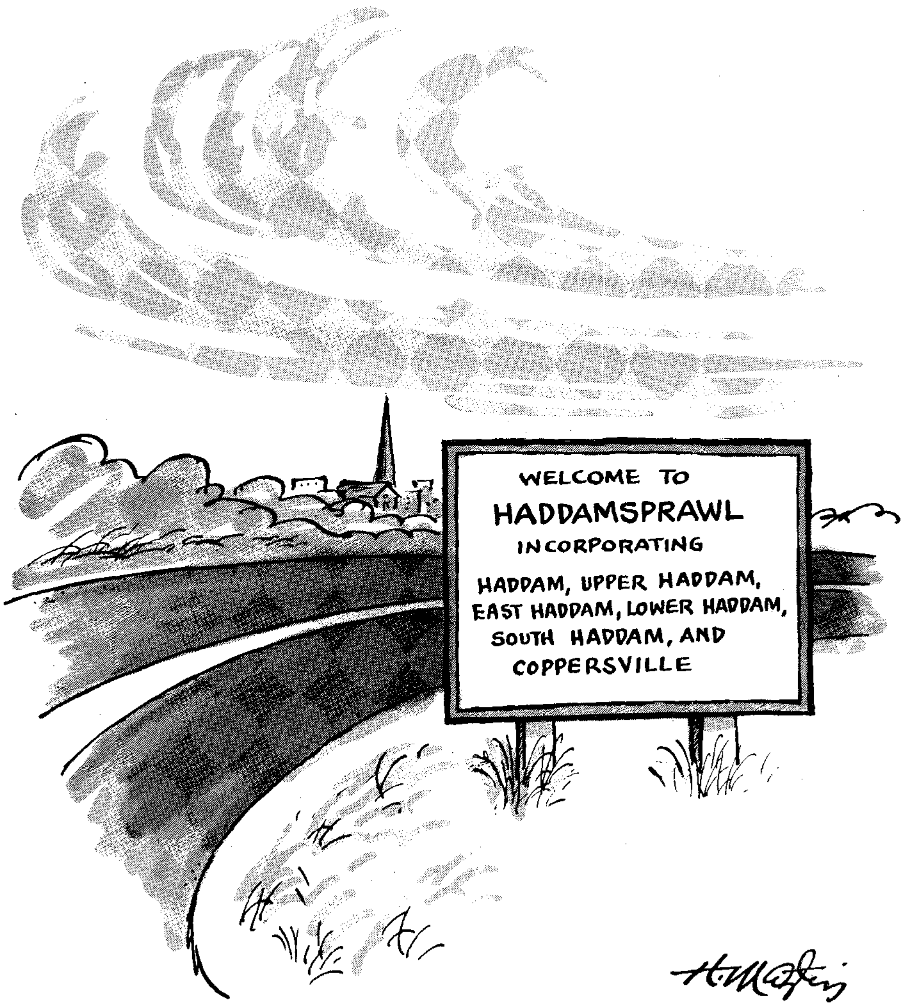
"Rabbi."

"What?"

"Did not God command us to observe *Cashrut*?"

"Naturally."

"Whose authority is higher, the Commissioner's or God's?"



"Ah," he said, about to pull the key from his pocket, "a scholar. But wait a minute. If God wanted the door open, He would open it."

"Rabbi, did God make the ocean?"

"Who else."

"Did He cause ships to be made?"

"Yes."

"And when He wants us to cross the ocean, doesn't He make us get into the ships?"

"Yes, I suppose so, though He could, of course, do it in a multitude of other ways. For example, it is said—"

"But most of the time that's how He does it, true?"

"Yes."

"Now. He caused locks to be made, and He caused keys to be made. And when He wants us to go through locked doors, that means that He wants us to take the key and turn it in the lock. And Rabbi, at the moment, you have the key."

"I'll be right there," he said, "as soon as I wash my hands."

NO Italian anarchists worked in the kosher kitchen, but the people who did wondered how I had come to be in their midst, and how I had come to work in the other kitchen in the first place. The story I told them drove Rabbi Koukafka's eyes to the back of his head. Not even the Rambam could have untangled that web, and certainly not Rabbi Koukafka—who, despite certain talents, was not a paragon of wisdom. The more I embroidered, the more their mouths hung open. At the end, all work in the kitchen had stopped. Eggs were overboiling, drumming the bottoms of their pots. A pan full of something was sending up smoke. But when I finished they wouldn't move. I waved my hands in front of their faces, and said, "*Nu*?"

Rabbi Koukafka took hold of himself. "Look," he announced, "it's too complicated. The fact remains, however, that you've been stuck on the Island for several weeks, and for no good reason. I have an appointment with the Assistant Commissioner tomorrow. I will bring you with me, and the matter will be cleared up. In one more night you will be in America. Meanwhile, you can help us here, and sleep on the flour sacks."

That day, I chopped several million carrots. They were fresh and full of sugar, and I knew by this that there had to be land beyond the mist, although I knew as well that one can dream up a perfect carrot. I began to think of how to search for my Norwegian. Perhaps in New York there were select parts of the forests, or small hamlets on the rivers, where the Norwegians lived. Sure that I would be able to find her during my first hour in the city, I sang for most of the night that I spent on the flour sacks.

On the second day, Rabbi Koukafka and the others came at dawn, and we worked very hard. Dinner that night was pot roast with raisins; my job was to sprinkle the raisins over the pot roast as it cooked. It was exhausting work, but I was not tired. At four o'clock, Rabbi Koukafka and I left the kitchen. I walked behind him through many gray corridors and up many steep stairs, half thinking that I would leave Ellis Island, half thinking that I was bound to stay there forever. We came to the offices of the commissioners, and sat down on a bench that ran the length of a narrow waiting room. In the center of this room was a partition of wavy glass through which one could see only colors and rough shapes. When the bluecoats moved, shimmering, down the translucent bars, it was like a wave sweeping across the sea. While we waited for the Assistant Commissioner, Rabbi Koukafka pulled his own beard.

As it got dark and the mist evolved from white through gray and blue to black, the lights came on and the heat came up. We were quite content to wait—at least I was. Every now and then, beyond the glass, a door would open and bluecoats or petitioners would emerge from it and walk down the hall. It was pleasing to observe this little ballet of rich cloudy colors. And the sounds of shoes on the tile, the latch clicking, and the slight rumbling of the glass were also pleasing. Whenever I heard someone, I looked up. One time, the door opened, but whoever had opened it stayed in place, hesitating. I was curious. A bluecoat came from one of the offices and stood just beyond the partition. He raised his right arm near the glass, and I could see that his finger was extended—pointing down the hall. "You're welcome," he said, and moved off to the left. Then the door shut and a cloud of burnished gold and red began to move slowly to the right.

I jumped from my seat and screamed. I am afraid that I startled Rabbi Koukafka quite severely, but at that moment I was not thinking of him. There was no way through the partition, so I followed after the gold and red, knocking at the glass as I went. She stopped and pressed her face up against it. Her hair through that lens was most glorious, but her face was rather distorted. Even so, it was beautiful.

"What it is?" she asked in what I thought was perfect unaccented English but was really a mesmerizing singsong Scandinavian. I didn't know what to say, but I had to say something.

"You," I said.

"Me? What of me?"

"Are you Norwegian?"

"No," she answered, "*Rather* Danish," and moved away. I followed her and knocked on the glass again.

"Wait," I called, afraid that before we came to the end of the partition she would disappear forever down some dark corridor.

"Come to the end, then," she said.

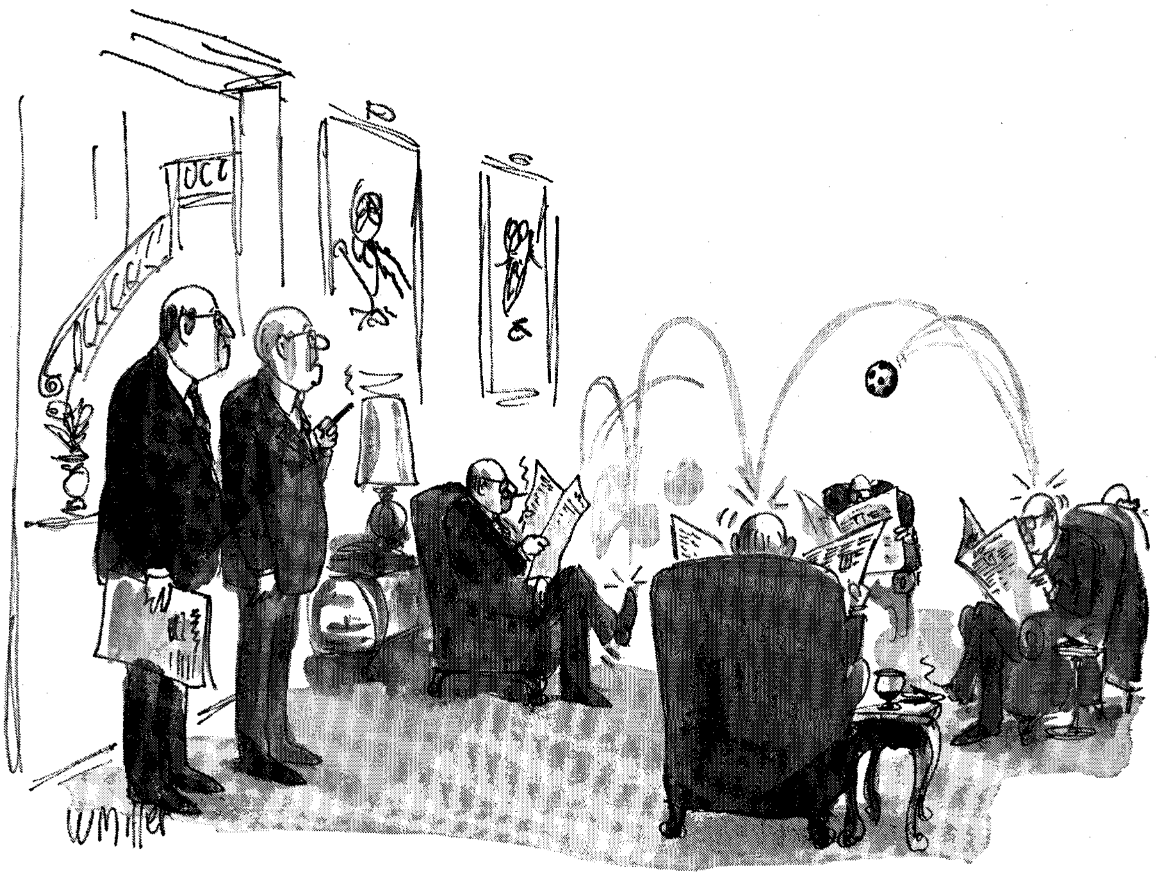
I could hardly believe that she would consent to see me without something translucent between us. Yet there she stood, smiling, and the sight of her turned me upside down, spun me around, and blinded me as if a flare had burst in front of my eyes on a dark night. I didn't lose control of myself, as I might have done, for she reassured me.

"I saw you on the first day," I declared.

"Yes," she said. "I do remember you. You were looking at me in the big room. I thought you were a lunatic."

"Why have you been here for all these weeks?" I asked.

"My husband," she answered, "was not here to meet me, as he was sup-



"I didn't know we had a soccer team."

• •

posed to have been. When the Aid Society found him, he claimed that he had never heard of me, which makes sense—he is married to another woman now, and they have a child. I cannot leave the Island until I can prove that I will not be a burden."

"Oh," I said, not entirely unhappy about the conduct of her husband.

"Who is that?" she asked.

She meant Rabbi Koukafka, who was at the end of the hall, yelling at me to come. "Not the Assistant Commissioner!" he screamed. "Not the Assistant Commissioner, but the Commissioner himself! Come quickly. He who cuts bread in the dark has no fingers."

"That's Rabbi Koukafka. We're going to see the Commissioner. They thought I was an anarchist . . . I'm not. . . . Come with me." She hopped a small barrier that lay between us, and we ran toward Rabbi Koukafka.

"Who is this?" the Rabbi wanted to know. They regarded one another in an incredulous way, perhaps because his beard and her hair were not only the same color but the same length. I have seen similar respectful regard when a relatively shorn sheep meets a relatively hairy goat.

"I am Elise," she said, as the three of us were herded by a bluecoat into the Commissioner's office. Rabbi Koukafka had come to ask for more chickens; Elise had come because I had asked her; and I had come to be released.

The Commissioner was the biggest man I had ever seen—undoubtedly six feet eight inches tall at the very least, and heavyset: not exactly a stringbean. Each of his fists was bigger than my head, and he held the thick slab of mahogany that formed the top of his desk as if it were a sheet of onionskin. His mustache was as big as a broom, and his voice was like American thunder. We had no choice but to tell the truth, since his steely blue eyes would have allowed nothing else. Rabbi Koukafka stated his case.

The Commissioner thought for a moment. "How many extra chickens would that be for each monthly accounting, Rabbi?"

"Are these talking chickens?" I interjected.

"Be quiet," said Rabbi Koukafka. "Uh . . . two thousand, more or less."

"And would these chickens be purchased alive or dead?"

"It would have to be dead, sir, since here we have no . . ."

"I understand. Rabbi Koukafka, you may have a thousand extra chickens."

"Every two weeks?"

"Every month." That took care of the chickens. The Commissioner turned to us.

Elise told her story, at the end of which he shook his head. "You must have someone to guarantee your support. That's the law. Don't you know anyone in America?"

"No."

"What about him?" he asked, pointing to me. "How long have you known him?"

"Three weeks," was her answer.

"Would you," the Commissioner asked me, "be willing to be her guarantor?"

"Certainly," I said. "An honor."

"What do you do?"

A long moment passed while I reflected on the fact that the Commissioner's steely blue eyes had softened as he looked at Elise. "I'm a tailor."

"Well, that's fine. You'll find work in ten minutes. But be careful of the sharks on the Battery when you get off the launch. Once you have proof of employment, bring it here. It will serve as a bond. Then this young lady will be free to enter the United States. You understand, Miss," he said to Elise, "that you will not be obligated to this gentleman in any way whatsoever. Rather, he will be obligated to you."

"Rather," said Elise. ("Rather" was her favorite word. She thought it had about four hundred different meanings.)

"It is settled," stated the Commissioner, sitting back in his chair.

How simple, how fast, how elegant, I thought. But there was one more piece of magic that I wanted from this giant. I asked him about the fog, wanting to know if it was always this clouded, and if it was possible to see America from Ellis Island. What I really wanted was for him to dispel the mist, since he seemed able to do anything that he desired.

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"In January," he told us, "it is usually clear. Lately, however, we have been having the strangest weather—fog and snow all the time; hail, thunder. I don't understand it. But, in answer to your question, of course you can see America from Ellis Island. In fact, the fog today is just low-lying. Come, I'll show you."

We followed him from his office to a set of circular stairs which led into a domed tower. We climbed these stairs until we reached a little room at the top, where the Commissioner undid a latch and pushed open a wooden door.

We saw in front of us an infinite carpet of white fog, and, above, a translucent sparkling mist and a sky of royal blue—except for the bluecoats, the first blue that I had seen in weeks. Then a shiver took hold of me as I saw the city: a rampart of buildings on a great narrow island, windows reflecting the golden light, towers, bridges that stretched over the fog like long doubled harps.

"That," said the Commissioner, "is America."

I saw that Elise longed for it far more than she longed for me. Still, I did not know what might happen, for, as I had found, things in the New World changed from minute to minute.

We looked down at Ellis Island and saw the peaks of the roofs and the gables projecting from the fog bank. Someone (probably one of the "anarchists") was singing an Italian aria. Smoke came from the kitchen chimneys, and a steamer blasted signals from its main whistle. It was coming with more immigrants, among whom I would probably be when I reached the city. Undoubtedly, though, some of them would be delayed.

The steamer began a volley of whistles, the Commissioner shut the door, we descended, and that day I went to America, intending to become a tailor as quickly as possible so that I could fulfill my responsibility to Elise. For she was the pillar of fire that led me through the tangled ways of Ellis Island.

THE NIGHT CLASS

I BOARDED the steam ferry John W. Wadsworth as the sun was setting. We broke through the fog at tremendous speed and came upon open water, where we saw a golden city rising before us. The reflecting windows of a thousand buildings were a leafy bronze color that crawled slowly upward across the gleaming façades. At the center of this was a searing disc of yellow-white fire captured from aloft. In the New World, I discovered, faithful images of the sun were held up to it in an elaborate and extraordinary mirror—and we, having been told of such things as the Pyramids, the Hanging Gardens, and the Colossus of Rhodes, had never been informed of this wonder. Soon I was to learn that the people of the city itself were unaware of what they were accomplishing. For they were lost in a dreamlike complexity which made lesser cities seem like little mountain towns.

I walked straight into a dark forest littered with flashing lights like wild flowers. A little way in, I put down my bag and sat on it to rest. I was cold and dizzy. After all, I had never seen an automobile (except from the ship when we docked at Hamburg, and I thought that the few there were horseless wagons rolling downhill), and here were thousands of them. The buildings were too high for a European neck, such as mine, trained in one-story villages. I did not know where I was going, but only that I was hungry, and that I had to become a tailor.

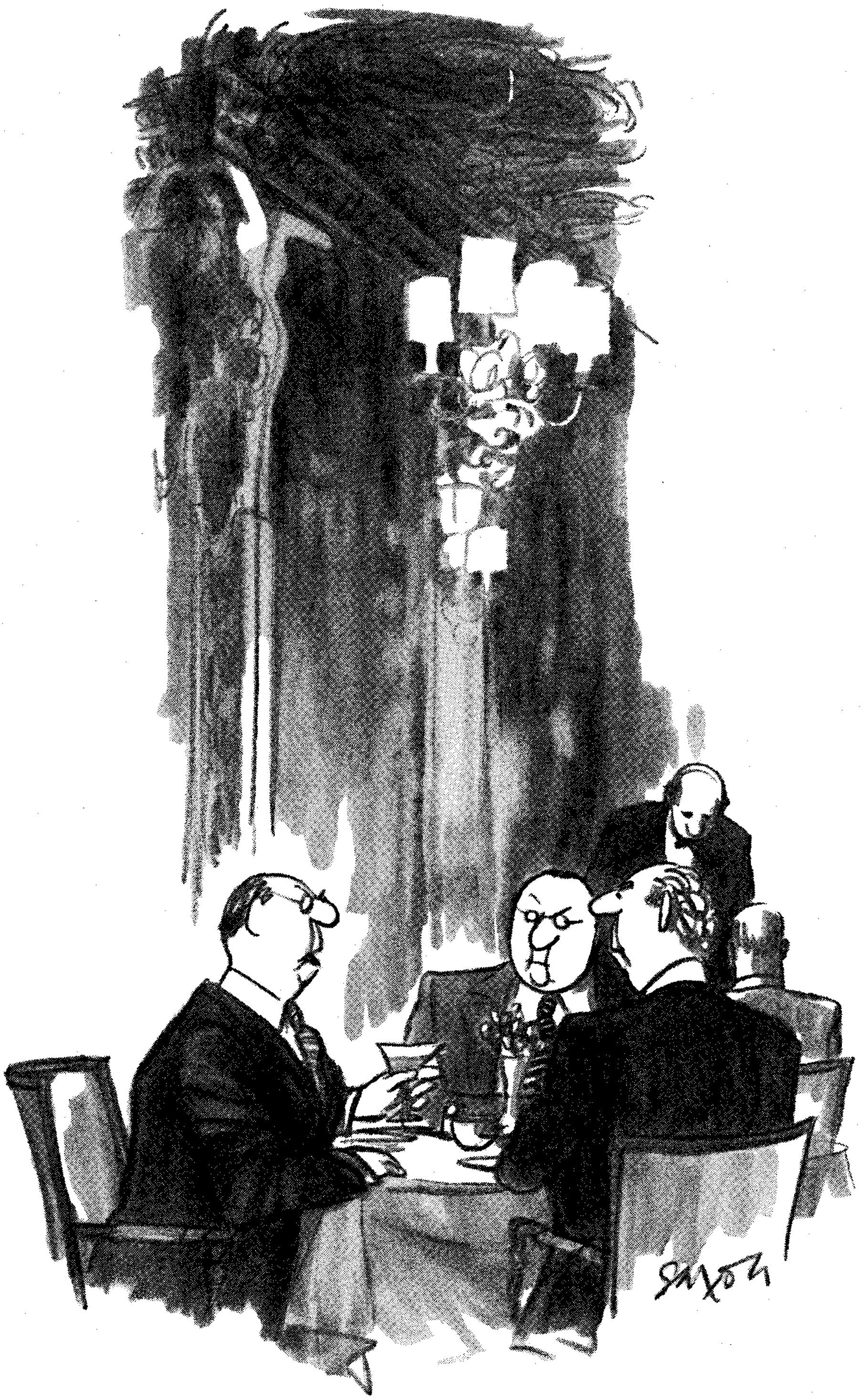
I was approached by a wealthy-looking man. This, I thought, must be one of the sharks about whom the Commissioner had warned me. He was dressed in a dark coat of lustrous wool (in those days, all rich men wore lustrous wool, which came from lustrous sheep); his collar was of sable; and as he moved diamonds flashed from within the folds of expensive cloth that swaddled him and spoke his credentials simultaneously. My determination was of the highest order. I would not fall under his sway, and would ignore him completely. I began to sing to myself in Hebrew.

"You must be Irish," he said. "I can always tell Gaelic when I hear it. It's my native tongue."

I stopped singing, looked away, and resolved not to answer a single question.

"Cork? No. A Dubliner! A Dubliner, like me. It's good I stumbled upon you when I did, for if I hadn't you'd have stayed as hungry as a wolf for the rest of the night."

Still I made no response.



"I'd like to find out who told 'Forbes' I was a nervous bear."

• •

"Cat got your tongue? I know, lad, the trip was rough. You miss the people at home, and you want to go right back. I can understand that. It's cold, isn't it? But it'll get colder in the night. Oh Jesus, will it get cold! At four o'clock in the mornin', even the Eskimos will be poundin' on the doors of City Hall, tryin' to get near a fire."

I looked at him in fishlike silence, which only served to goad him into offering me the entire world—if I would speak. He declared that I was deaf and dumb, at which I gave him a piercing look that made him reconsider. Finally, after promising me a job building dams in the forest, and then begging me to favor his friend the Mayor with an interview so that I could take up my post the following day as a mounted policeman in the Park, he was about to give up. He shrugged his shoulders.

I must say that, though I did not believe him for a minute, I was intrigued by his offers; it was cold, and I had no place to go. The instant I opened my mouth, he would realize that I was not an Irishman and that the singing under my breath had not been Gaelic. So I tried a famous trick that I had once attributed falsely to a noted Eastern *Tzaddik* who did not really exist.

As he was leaving, I held up my index finger, cleared my throat, and spoke. "Ah ha!"

"Now that's more more like it, man!" he said. "I'm glad to see that you recognize me as a friend. I'm glad to see that we have identical views. And how lucky it is that we share the same politics! As for religion, well, that goes without saying." He went on and on, and somehow he led me into a restaurant. And what a restaurant.

It was so fancy that the diners were made to feel as if the waiters were about to beat them with canes, and I was not allowed to enter until they had put me in half a new suit of clothes. So what, I thought, I'm going to be the guest of the Irishman. I was astounded when I saw that in the middle of the room an entire steer was turning on a spit above a huge bed of glowing coals. Just as I was thinking that I had never seen a steer as big as this, a waiter came over, pointed to the mammoth sizzling carcass, and asked if we would like any of the special roast rabbit. I'll say it's special, I thought to myself. It must have weighed at least two tons. After my friend had ordered—by sweeping his hands across the menu in a gesture of victory and acquiescence—and after the waiter had disappeared into the vast and booming floor of ravenous merchants in the company of women with wonderfully exposed bosoms, I cleared my throat again, held up a finger, and (indicating my general pleasure at the surroundings) said, "Ah ha!"

"Right!" he answered. "I knew you'd like it. This is probably exactly what you're accustomed to in Cork. I mean in Dublin. Right. Dublin. You are obviously from the upper classes. I can tell by your demearing." As I surveyed the tables that were like fields of green felt, and let myself drift in the ocean of sounds in the great hollow room, the waiters brought roast rabbit, rich complicated side dishes, bottles of whiskey and wine, overflowing tureens, pancakes that were on fire, and crystal glassware that rang like bells. I was very hungry, and did not notice immediately that my friend took all my food before I ate it, examined it as if it were a new baby, and then salted it profusely. Thus it was always far too salty, even for a Baltic person who has grown up (as my father used to say) astride a salted herring. So, I had to quench my thirst. Wherever I reached—left, right, or center—my hand closed upon a bottle of whiskey or a bottle of wine. I held up a crystal flask as if to ask what it was.

"That? Oh. That's called bourbon."

I drank it like water. Soon I was so drunk that I was kissing the labels. But still, in answer to the questions of my host, I said only, "Hmm," or "Eh?," or "Ah ha!," which served best to catapult him into a tintinnabulation of intoxicating promises, descriptions, and (after he himself had drained a bottle or two) song.

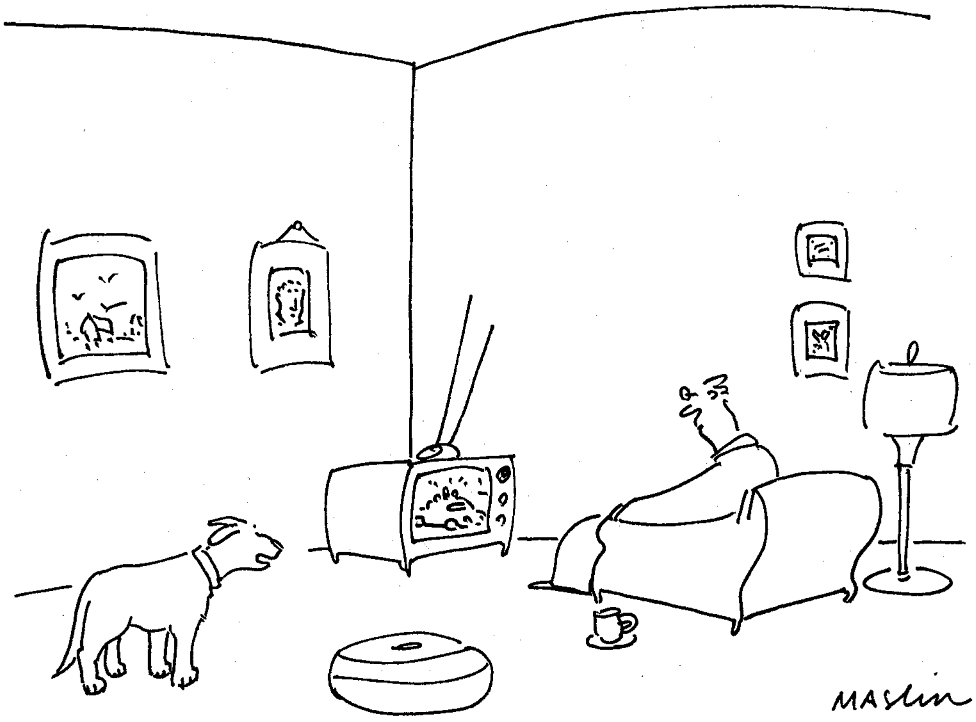
I was, as I learned to say not long afterward, as happy as a clam. The vast restaurant, crackling like a fire under the light and lovely arches spreading above us, became as pleasant as the blue sea around a small boat. I don't know how much time had passed in that paradise when, flying to the outermost reaches of the universe, I cried with joy that I had been right to choose the New World, and then was brought about rather abruptly by the sight of two enormous waiters and a bill that looked like the yearly accounts of my village. The sight of the huge number at the bottom made me shudder. "Give it to *him*," I said.

"Who?"

The table had been cleared of dishes, and I was the only one sitting there. "He'll be back," I answered, regretting that I was drunk, for although I did not know for sure (never having had anything stronger than that grape juice they serve on the Sabbath), I imagined that in such a condition it would be very difficult to run.

I made them wait as long as possible, during which time I heard the headwaiter say, "It's James Casey, couldn't you see, doing the Irish trick on another Jew." Then I was taken up as if on a wave, and tossed out the door. They had taken my coat, my suitcase, and my money, but I still had my pen, my glasses, my razor, and a small briefcase full of books. And because I was so stuffed and drunk the cold was not too hard to bear.

I began walking into the north wind, thinking to get to the other side of it, where I imagined it might be warm. It was as cold as it had been in Europe—perhaps colder. Still, I was unperturbed. I remembered the tale of Rabbi Legatine, who was thrown from a train window in a blizzard onto the uninhabited steppes. All he had was his book of prayer, some roasted chick-



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en, and a double-weight fur hat. But he survived, because—well, that is another story.

THE difficulty of going about in shirtsleeves on a January night in Manhattan is hard to describe. If I had not moved fast, I am sure that I would have frozen to death. No one took notice, for they must have assumed that I was dashing from my rooms or my office to fetch a pitcher of beer or a pot of coffee. I dashed and dashed and dashed, until I discovered that I was running the length of a city as long and slim as a serpent. My efforts in the cold had restored some of my faculties, but I was still stupendously drunk, and my course somewhat wavering. No place would take me in, not even the Harvard Club. The same man in an apron seemed to be in front of every restaurant door, and he made the same negative sign every time he saw me. I lasted about three minutes in the bars, where, it eventually became clear, one had either to buy something or be Irish.

I wondered why it was that in a vast sea of buildings and warmly heated rooms I could find no shelter. As I loped along, I thought of all the empty chairs in large salons, of the empty marble benches by heated pools, of the warm deserted galleries in lovely museums, and of the millions and millions of unoccupied rooms that lay beyond glass as dark and slick as the glistening back of the black ocean fish. If I did not quickly find shelter, I would die. I knew that I could always commit a crime, for which I would be taken indoors almost immediately and given room and board for a time, but that was no way to inaugurate life in a new country.

I gathered my courage about me, and started to pound on a huge oaken door. I didn't know where I was, but only that it was the biggest, warmest-looking door I had ever seen. I thought to beg of whoever opened it that I might work in the kitchen and sleep in the storeroom. I decided to bribe him with my fountain pen—a beautiful Swiss instrument of ebony, with gold fittings—so I took it from my case and was holding it in my mouth as I fumbled with the books that were trying to fall to the ground. There I was, pen in mouth, in my shirt, my hands full of books, when a servant appeared, half in livery and half in his underwear.

I couldn't say anything, because the pen was in my mouth. He jumped forward to help me with my spilling case, and, having rescued my books, he said, "Go right in. They've been at it for about an hour and a half, but it's going to be a long night."

"Where are they?" I asked.

"The top floor. They're all here tonight."

"Oh."

"And you'll be glad to know that Martha is with them."

"Oh yes," I said. "What would it be without Martha? She makes things so—how can I say it—so excellent."

"Yes. 'Excellent' is an excellent word, sir."

"Excellent!"

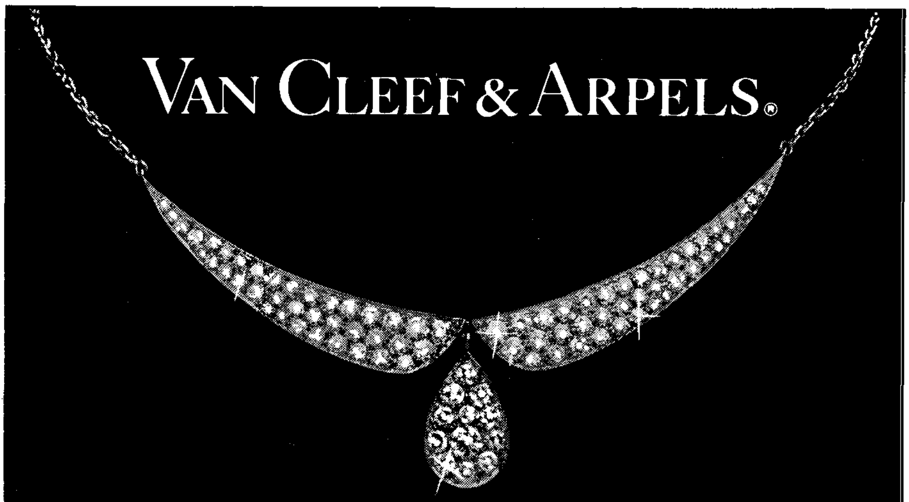
"Very excellent, sir."

I went up the stairs, winding around a large dimly lit well that rose into the darkness for seven or eight storeys. As I made my way, I could see stars shining through a skylight. On each level, different musical compositions were being played in unseen rooms. I didn't know if this was a music school, a boarding house for string musicians, or a dream, but I ascended in the warmth until, on the top floor, I saw a row of strong lights. There was no sense in hiding on the staircase, so I entered the night class.

In a room that echoed from the upwelling chamber music, about forty men formed a crescent before a raised platform upon which stood a woman who, in the light that glared upon her, seemed to have the proportions of a classical statue. She clasped a yellow shawl about her in Roman fashion. Her shoulders and arms were exposed in a blaze of waxy pink and beige and white. I sat down at an easel, just like everyone else, and rolled up my sleeves the way they had done.

It was easy to understand why no one had noticed me. Their model was hypnotically beautiful, and their teacher, a tall wiry man with a mustache and slanted, almost Oriental eyes, was pacing back and forth in complete control. He was the master, and he knew it. They worked intently, for they dared not shatter the magic of his attention and enthusiasm.

In front of me was a big sketch pad on an easel, a box of charcoals, and a three-quarter view of a goddesslike woman bathed in electric light. This was good for at least a couple of hours, and I decided to try my hand at a sketch. Confident of my invisibility, I calmly opened the box of charcoals and took one out. The instructor, who had had his back to me, wheeled around and said, "We're just about finished with the shawl. Why don't you wait." I put down the smooth stick of charcoal. I was not invisible. In a little while, he said, "All right, Martha, let's try the standing pose



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with one arm out a bit as if in motion."

"With the shawl?" she asked, expressing what appeared to be apprehension.

"No."

She undid the clasp and the shawl fell about her feet. I had never seen such a ferociously nude woman. I was so astounded, and so drunk, that I gasped and said, "Oh!" I wondered how she felt, standing in full light, unhindered and unrestrained, in front of nearly half a hundred men, and if she had someone with whom to share her apparent mortification. But, apart from that, how wonderfully and extraordinarily beautiful she was, how lovely, how exquisite—how magnetic! Paying no attention to the stares of the other members of the class, I nearly reeled in astonishment. The beauty of a woman's face is magnified and empowered by the free-flowing shape and color of her body in a way that clothing cannot match. I had never known this for sure, since all the nude women that I had seen had been at close quarters and always in the dark. Now I knew. I thought of falling in love with her, but dared not take such a risk. I assumed, as well, that she was betrothed to the teacher, for he was the pacing tiger—the leader of the band. Nor was he angry. He walked over, put his hand on my shoulder, and looked in my eyes—just as if he were a doctor. The rest of the class began to laugh, but he shot them a glance which, had it been prolonged, might have turned them into brass monkeys.

Then he asked quietly, "Have you never seen a woman without clothes?"

"No, sir," I answered. "Not in this fashion."

He knew from my accent that I was an immigrant. "When did you come to America?" he asked, cocking his head slightly.

"This evening," I replied.

"And you came to my class? Why did you—oh, I see. It's cold out, isn't it."

"Very cold."

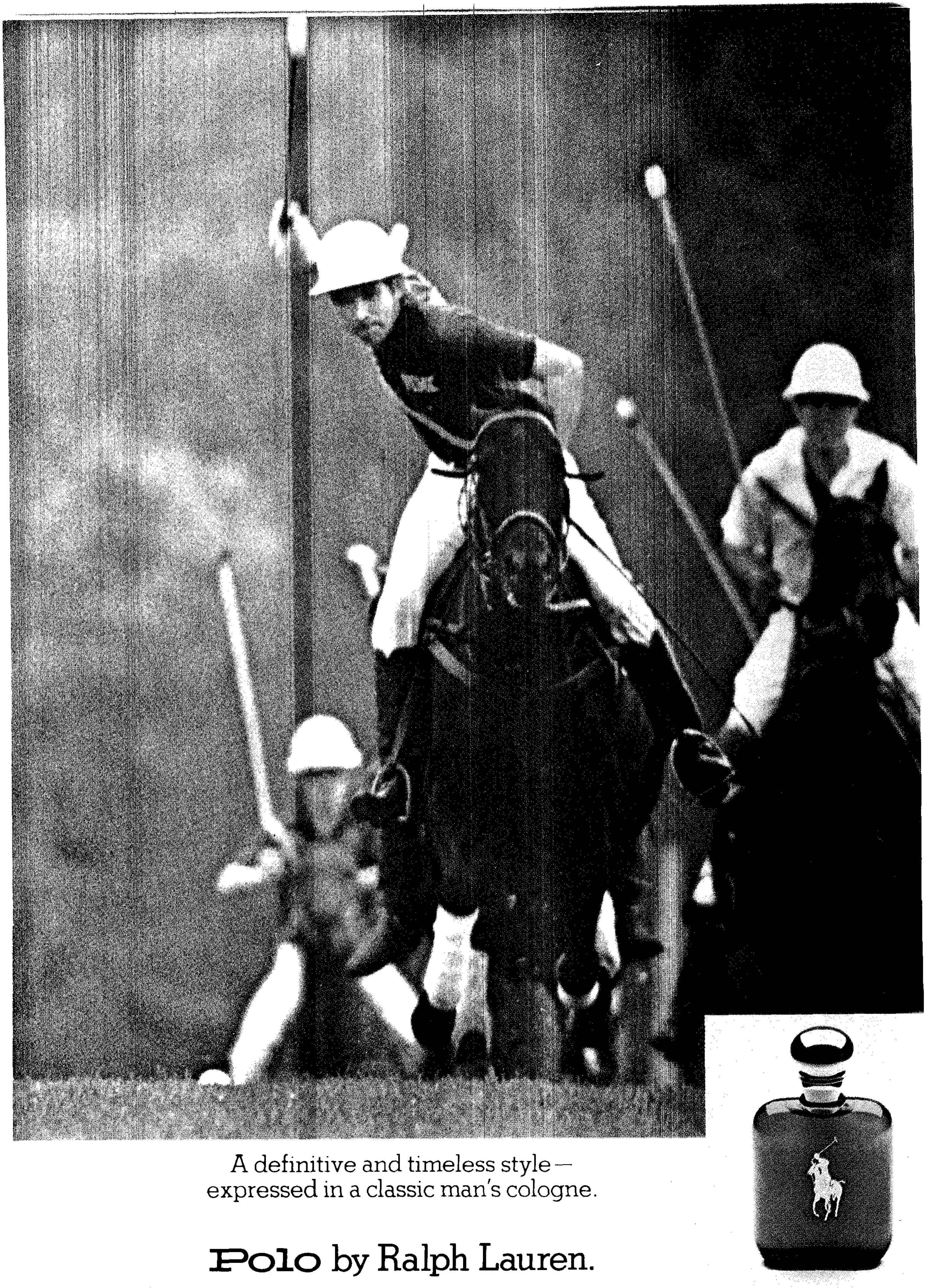
"Well," he said, "America to you now is a big nude woman, and that's just fine. But! You must understand that we approach the subject here as a thing of beauty."

"What else?" I interrupted.

He nodded his head. "Good. Tell me, why do you think we draw from the nude?"

I shrugged in ignorance and looked away.

"I'll tell *you* then. It's very impor-



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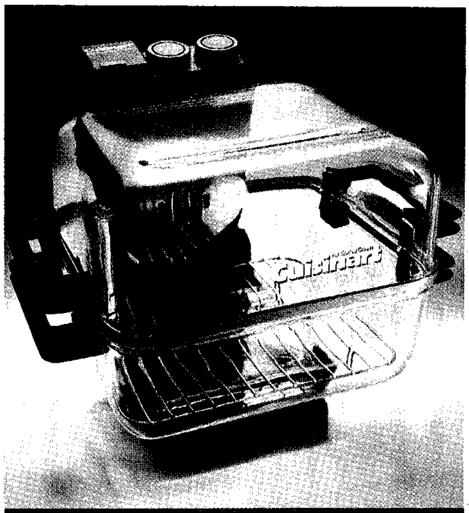

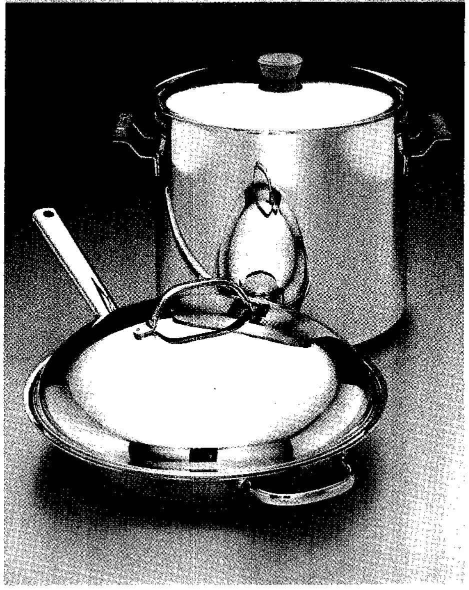

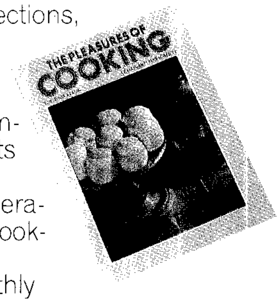

Our bi-monthly magazine, "The Pleasures of Cooking," is like a cooking school in print, containing recipes (many for food processors) that are so well presented that it is practically impossible to fail. The Washington Post (December 12, 1979) called it, "The most imaginative and mouthwatering of any cooking publication."

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For more information, or the recipe for the veal with orange sauce brioche shown above (photo from "The Pleasures of Cooking"), write Cuisinarts, Inc., 411(N) West Putnam Ave., Greenwich, CT 06830.

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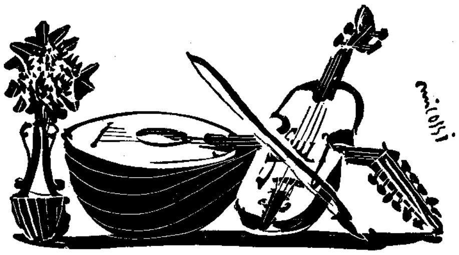
tant. And then you can start drawing, and we'll see what you can do. After class, you can sleep in the studio if you'll help to sweep up in the morning. But you'll have to find somewhere else to go as quickly as you can." He paused.

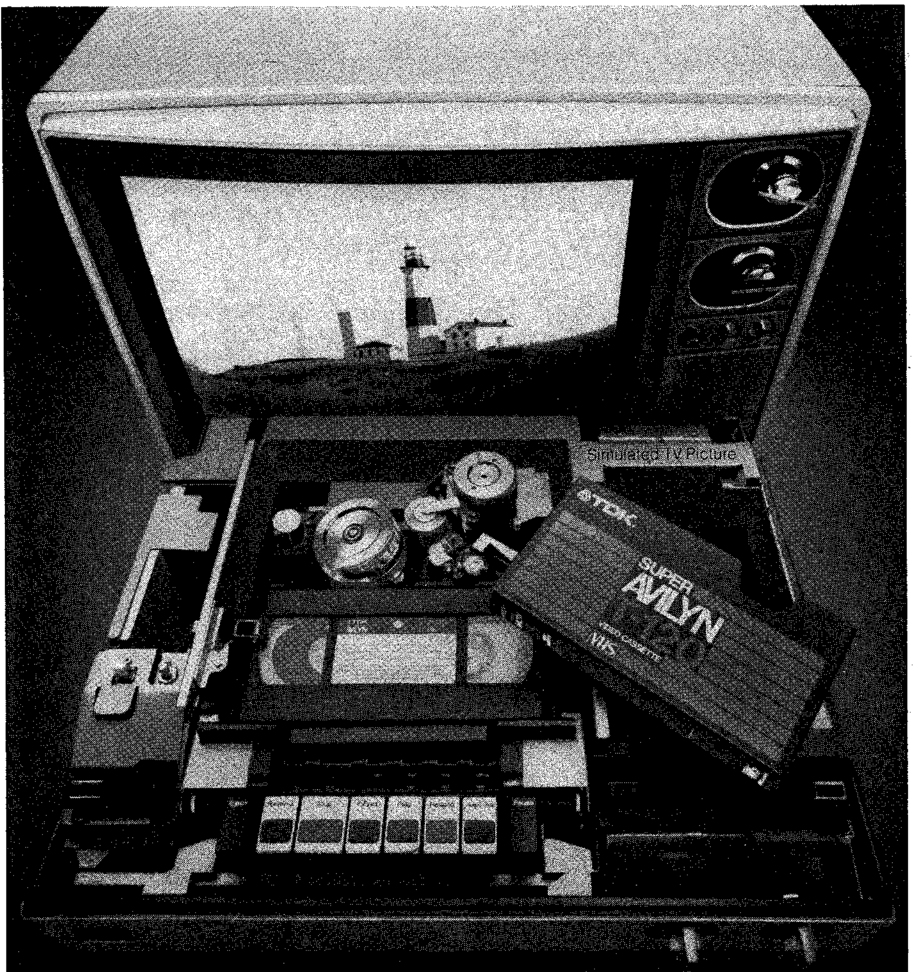
"We draw from the nude," he said, "because the world is full of passionate and confusing colors, all of which can lead us astray. Its forms are so various, its combinations so active, that we often find ourselves in a dissociated dream. We are like that, you see—weak and vulnerable. However," and here he smiled, "there is one thing that we can know—better than landscape, better than the planets, better than mountains or the sea. That is the human form. If you can render it skillfully, you can render anything. Look at her," he said. "She's so beautiful. Have you studied anatomy?"

"No."

"Then take note." And he went on, filling me full of ambition and glory, talking about masses of light and shade, about determining the sway of the body (there was a plumb line, he said, that fell through Martha's ear, her right breast, her hip bone, and her heel), the leading measurements, proportions, the effect of gravity upon the flesh, the subtleties of expression, the motionlessness which held a world of powerful implicit movement, and, above all, the beauty, the holiness, and the Godliness of it.

When he finished, he looked at me with an understanding that I had seen before only in the eyes of the deeply religious, the suffering insane, or children—an openness through which everything can flow. I shuddered with inspiration, and took up my tools. For the next two hours, I exhibited the passion of a great symphony conductor. Whereas the other students worked quietly, touching their own faces now and then as they contemplated what they had done, I knitted my brows, clenched my fists, hummed, groaned, and moved my arms in sweeps of ecstasy. I had never drawn before; I had never contemplated so brazen, dignified, and statuesque a nude; and I had never been marinated





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in a quart and a half of whiskey. The lights shone in gold from under conical tin shades; the wind outside howled as it had done on the sea and on the Isle of Tears; and I drew with the fiercest, tenderest, most genuine emotion. After two hours, when half the students had finished and stood talking by a thundering wood stove, I sank back and spread my tired arms.

How can I explain what I had drawn? It looked like an angry dragonfly with huge breasts. Representations of stars, moons, comets, and great moments of history littered the background. For some reason, the dragonfly was fitted out with aviator goggles and a broadsword. As I stared at this peculiarity, the immense pride and satisfaction I had accumulated while creating it began to drain from me as if I were a tub and someone had pulled my plug. The instructor glided over. I could see that he wanted badly to discover a prodigy. He was anticipating history, and although he was not Jewish (I think), he looked like a rabbi on Rosh Hashanah.

As he rounded my easel, I smiled weakly with one side of my mouth. He stopped short as if petrified. The petrification became disbelief, and then (it seemed) almost fear. He turned to me and asked, "What did you say your name was again?"

I was ashamed, and did not want to give my real name, so I made one up. "Hershey Moshelies," I said, trying to be American, and yet not too American.

He took me by the shoulder (when I was young, everyone always took me by the shoulder—as if it were a bannister or a bath rail). "Look, Hershey. You know, you really can't draw." My head sank in despair. "I mean you *really* can't draw." He looked at my work again, and shook his head in dismay. "Hershey, a *cat* can draw better than that."

I walked down the long gallery and looked at the sketches that the others had drawn. I nearly cried, for they had done Martha so much more justice than I had. What was I doing, I asked myself. Where was I, where had I been, when they were intently rendering? I resolved that in whatever I might come to do I would mind the real beauty of things and pay less attention to my own dreams—which is not to say that I intended to abandon them but, rather, that I intended to use them in a more disciplined fashion.

I returned to the easel, rolled up my picture, and brought it to the fire. As it burned—sword, stars, comets, and all—I felt as if I had been in America not for a few hours but for years. In what other country do lessons and beauties arise, strike, and disappear so fast?

While I stayed in the darkness, generating resolutions faster than the fire sparked, the art students clustered about the stove and talked in fast, idiomatic English. As I watched them, I saw that they themselves were a painting, and I guessed that, in seeing it, I was already on my way, although I did not know where. Martha had put on her shawl and was speaking to them. She seemed to know them quite well. How jealous I was; that is, until they left, a few at a time, and only Martha, the instructor, and I remained in the studio.

Martha sat on the edge of a cot at the side of the room, watching the instructor go to each electric lamp and turn if off. Finally, there was only the rolling red-and-yellow stove-light, and starlight coming in through the ice-covered windows. The instructor moved in shadow as he put on coat and scarf, but Martha remained on the edge of the bed, the shawl having slipped to her lap.

"Good night, Martha," he said, and then vanished into the darkness.

I was hidden deep in the shadows, and I thought that he had forgotten about me. As he opened the door to the hall, a dim square of yellowish light appeared, and then disappeared.

Martha shielded her eyes as if the stove were the sun, and said, "Where are you?"

I moved into the light. The moon had cleared a cliff of dark buildings, and now it silvered all the windows in a blinding glare. I realized that I was shaking. The loft was dancing in firelight, flickering in black, orange, and white. She was only five feet away from me, sitting straight, as white and nude as alabaster.

"Is your name really Hershey Moshelies?" she asked.

"No."

"I didn't think so," she said.

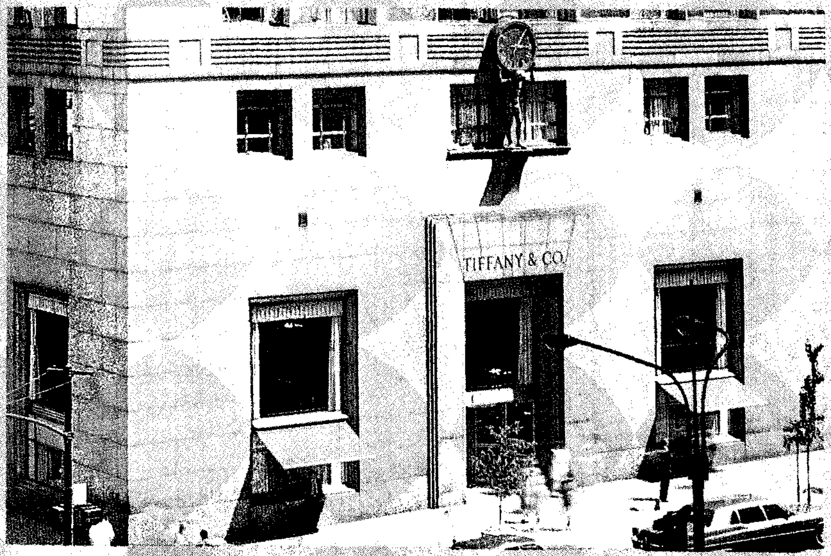
"Why?"

"Because my name isn't really Martha."

Then she held out her hand, and took me into her bed.

A CROOKED STICK

IN the night class, and afterward as the loft had danced before my eyes in stove-light, I had forgotten the cold on the street. Though in



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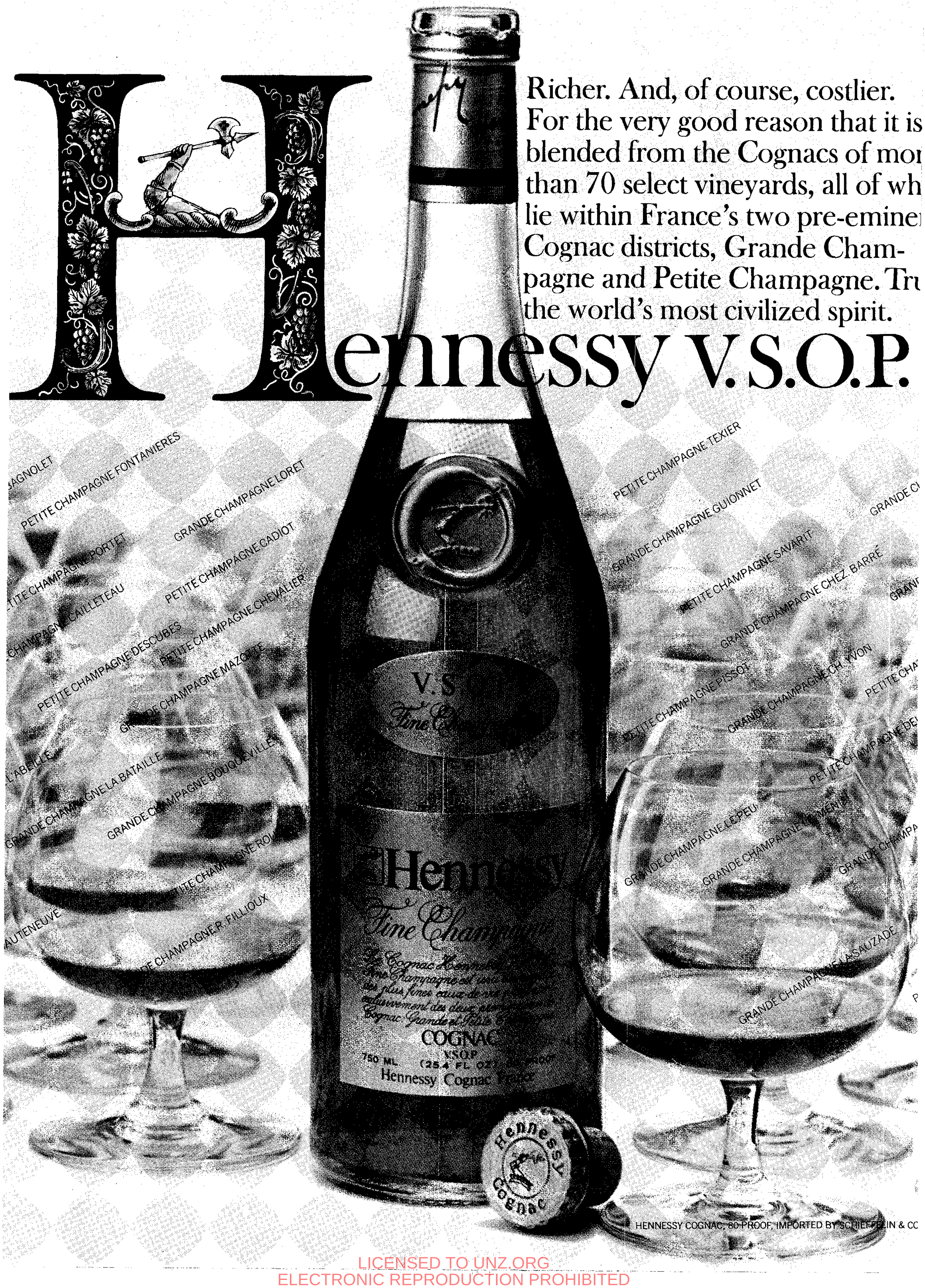
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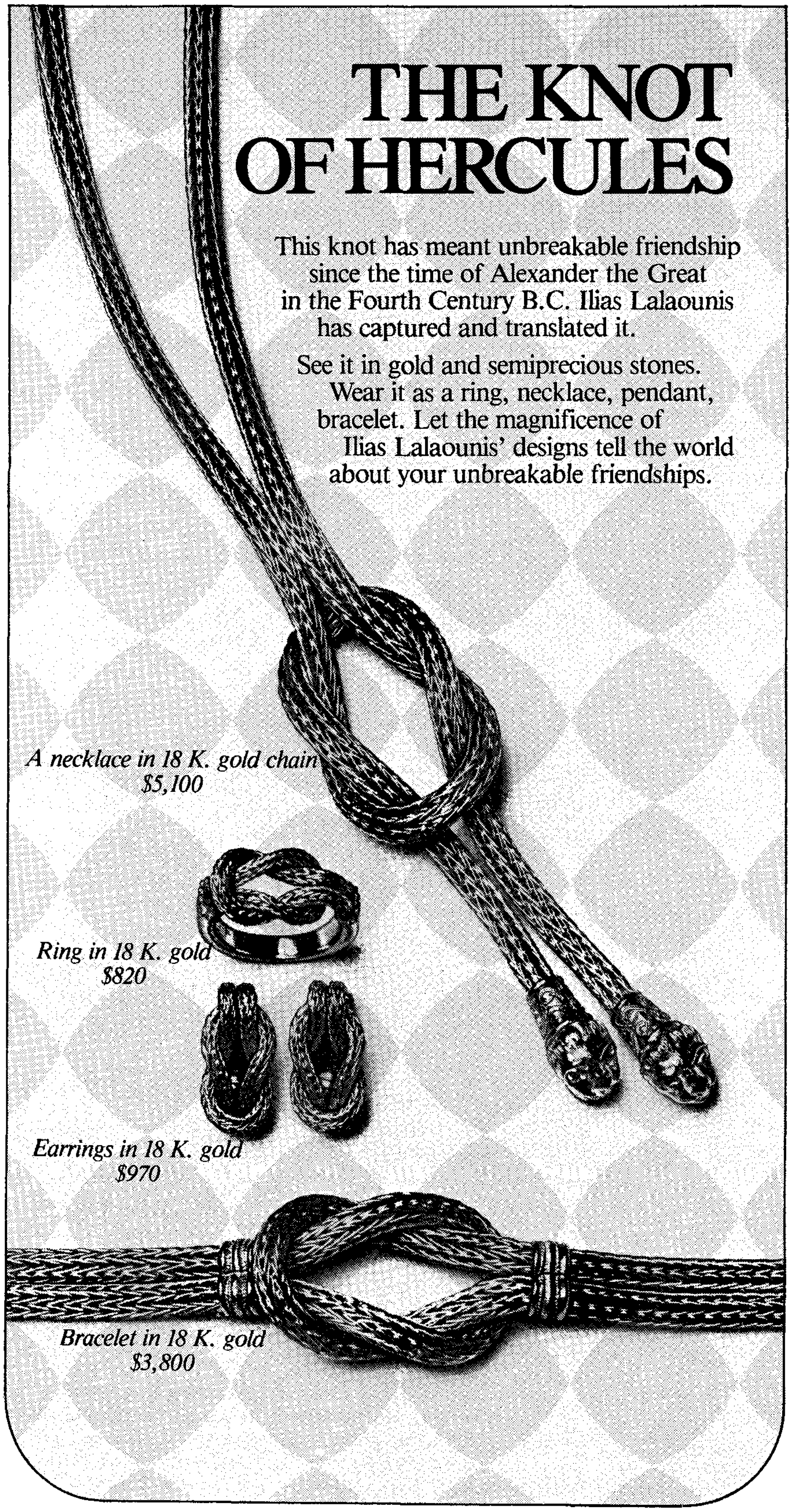
Martha's warm bed I had no need to think of the frigid January lying in wait outside the ice-covered windows, perhaps it was in the back of my mind.

At seven, she jumped out of bed and began a ritual of looking in the mirror, washing, and the application of mysterious creams and oils, which she applied not only with her hands but with towels, cotton, little brushes, and strange womanly buffing things on sticks, none of which I had ever seen before that morning. "What are these pompadores and things?" I asked. She refused to answer, because either she was too absorbed in the daubing and stroking, or she could not believe that I did not know, or she didn't want me to know. I have never been able to fathom the uses and complexities of the little tubes, jars, cylindrical brushes, Arabian tools, and Oriental implements that women use, and I imagine that it is because they do not actually make any sense whatsoever.

By eight, she was pulling herself into a fortress of clothing that she would have to dismantle an hour later when she started work at the Brooklyn Academy of Fine Arts ("What is Brooklyn?" I asked) as the figure upon which would be based the realization of a five-ton marble statue entitled "Liberty in the New World." As she laced up her boots, she spoke at triple speed of how difficult it was to be a nude model. No one knew her name—her *real* name—she said, just as no one knew mine. She made a lot of money, and it was all in the bank, waiting out the few years until she would return to Ohio as a rich woman, the honor of her family. Her eyes said that she would never go back, ever, but I didn't challenge her. I merely asked about Ohio, and was told that it was the place in America which produced the majority of fine-arts models. I believed her, and, as I learned later, it was true.

She left at a run. Her footsteps on the stairs went round and round and down and down, as if she were running on a corkscrew, until a door slammed in a miracle of banging glass which did not break, and I was left alone in the studio, sitting on the bed. The stove had gone out, and when the wind rose to match the morning industry of the city's six million hands I decided to fling myself onto the street as Martha had done. To be flung out or to fling oneself out of doors seemed



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to be the pattern of daily life in this country.

But before I could jump through the lintels, the caretaker arrived and put me to work with a broom. He took me by the shoulder (I was so sick of that already that I almost punched him) and volunteered to get me a job. I didn't understand his eagerness to help me, and he was vague about what I was going to do, but I was grateful nonetheless. He used the telephone to call his cousin, who was going to get me the job. I had never seen a telephone, or, in fact, heard of one (we were cut off from many modernisms; my education had been strictly rabbinic, and then, after I went my own way, classical). When he began to scream at the box on the wall, standing right up against it, I could not decide if he was a lunatic or if I didn't know something that perhaps I should have known. After he was done, I asked him if the machine on the wall was a talking telegraph.

"No," he said sarcastically. "It's a pepper grinder."

"Then, then why," I asked sheepishly, pointing at it, "why did you talk to it—"

"Him."

"I'm sorry. To him"—I looked at the telephone again—"to him, as if, as if . . . *he* were alive?"

"Talked to what?"

"To him," I said, indicating the telephone.

"To *he*," said the caretaker authoritatively.

"To *he*," I repeated.

"I didn't talk to he. Do you think I talked to he? You must be imagining things."

"I apologize," I said, and started to back off.

"Apologize to he," said the caretaker.

I made a low bow to the telephone, and went to sit quietly by the window.

After a short time, the cousin (who said that his name was Herman Lerker) came in, carrying a wool jacket for me to wear. The two men exchanged a few words, and we were off. We ran down the stairs and hit the street at a fast trot, just the way I wanted. Everything was alive with morning, and I saw for the first time that the city was blue and gray. The colors and textures of the building stone were unfamiliar, like a new kind of cloth that one has never before seen, and the light was magically cold and revealing, so that paintings, prints, and drawings were suggested at every turn. For the city held winter like an armature, and was filled with the subtle and reluctant beauties of commercial civilization—that is, color, form, and movement which innocently combine only to rear up like a lashing wave. I was impressed, too, by the health of the horses. Never had I seen such full-bodied, shiny-coated, sweet-faced animals. (They flicked their thick brown tails like buggy whips.) I was told that we were to join a street crew in Brooklyn, and that I was to be an assistant fire tender.

IT was snowing in Brooklyn—a fitting expression of the easy silence that clasps the borough and contains it like a crystal palace. We travelled along a tree-lined street bordered by fields and gardens; the trees were young and yellow and beginning to accumulate dry snow in a thicket of arches. As the snow began to swirl in occasional halfhearted squalls, one could now see far in any direction, and I was reminded of Rabbi Legatine. I hadn't eaten, and was still giddy with amazement from the night before, but I was ready to work, to redeem Elise from the Island.

We came to a line of wagons and construction machinery. Twenty or thirty men were using pick and shovel a little way down the street, now visible, now whited out by the snowfall. I was taken inside a tarpaper shed mounted on a wagon. There, I met the crew boss.

"Absolutely perfect," he said when he saw me. "Couldn't weigh more than a hundred and twenty pounds, and he looks strong, too." I didn't know what he was talking about, nor did I understand English measures, but I was delighted to receive a compliment. "What's your name?" he asked, ready to enter into a tattered logbook whatever words I spoke.

Rabbi Koukafka had said that Jews were not wanted for manual labor. Furthermore, I had had outstanding luck as Guido da Montefeltro and as Hershey Moshelies. I thought that the unfamiliar tumult in which I found myself required an active defense, at least in the beginning, since, for me, America was a dreamworld. And I had customarily (perhaps habitually) been willing to do my share in the nurturing of confusions. Therefore, I thought for a while, and (with what I assumed was deceptive nonchalance) arrived at a name for a heroic and dependable American worker.

"Whiting Tatoon," I said, staring

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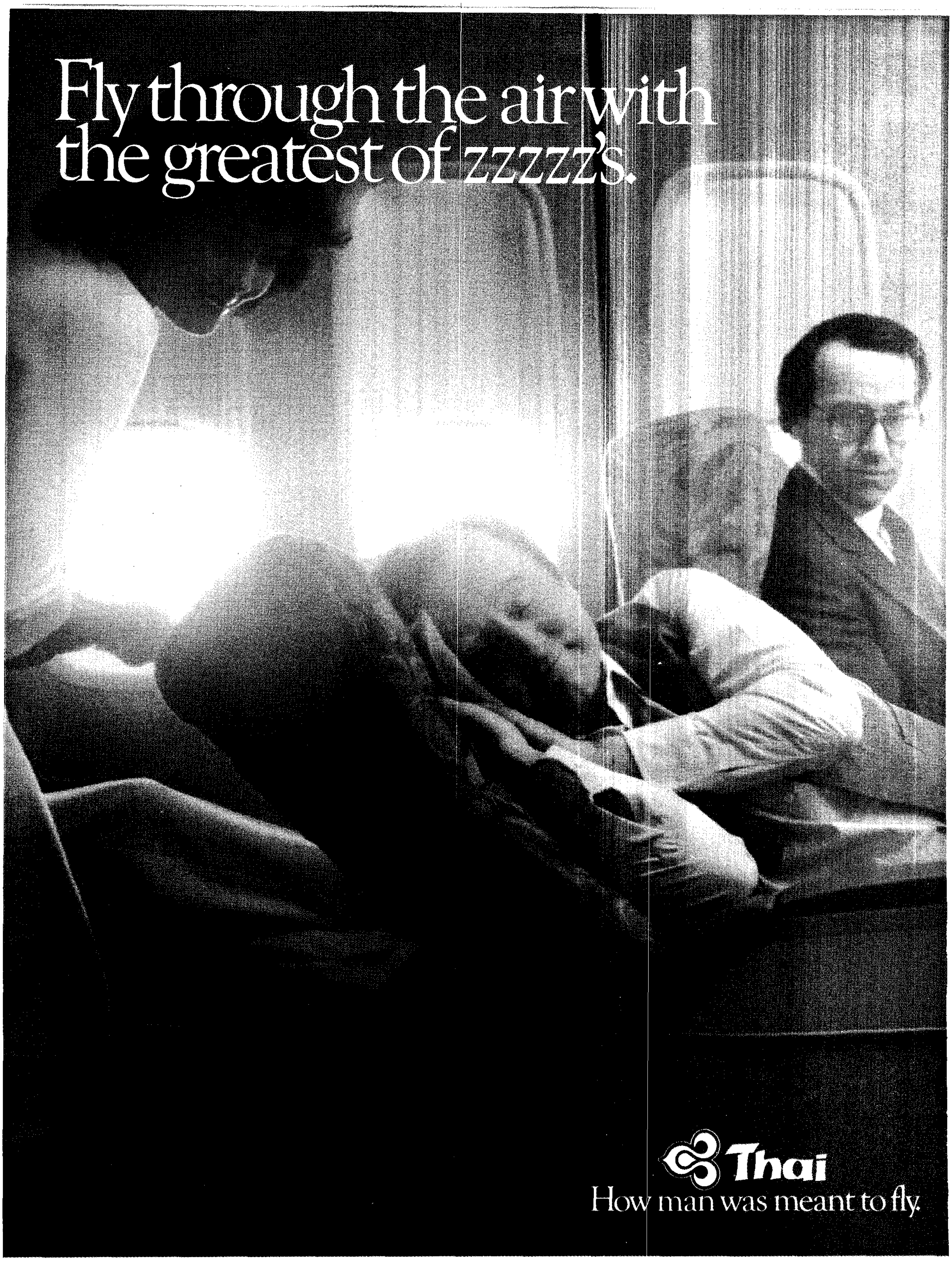
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toward the blue Pacific. (Actually, I was staring toward the gray Sheepshead Bay.) The crew boss wrote it down.

"O.K., Herman," he said. "Take Whiting out and show him what to do."

I was introduced to several men in the snow.

"This is Whiting Tatoon," Herman said. "Our new fire rider."

"Pleased to meet you, Whiting," declared one of the men.

"Hello, Tatoon," said another.

I was very proud. In the blink of an eye, I had become Whiting Tatoon, fire rider (whatever that was). If only my family had been alive and I could have written to them. I pictured myself returning to Ellis Island and being announced to the Commissioner: "Whiting Tatoon, fire rider, is here." I was then led to a stupendous machine, the function of which I could not discern.

A steel ring roughly ten feet across formed a base for three graceful legs supporting a tall cylindrical tank about twenty-five feet high. Projecting from the bottom of the tank were six evenly spaced nozzles. I climbed an attached ladder to a platform facing a maze of dials, levers, and valve handles. Herman took about an hour to teach me how to operate this machine. Its function was to melt the frozen roads so that the crews could dig them up. I was told that when everything went right the machine could do several miles a day. I had only to make sure that I made the road hot enough, but that I did not boil it, for then the mud and macadam would run right off the shovels. "How does it move?" I asked.

"You drive it," said Herman. "That's why you have to be light. It won't go with a heavy man."

As I was about to start it up and begin work, I saw Herman running away. I called out to him and asked where he was going.

He turned and yelled, "Just don't let it explode."

It looked dependable enough. The pressure was up. The gas/fluid mixture was balanced. The valves were clear. I sparked the primer flame and fired each of the six jets. At first they came on gently and burned comfortably orange. Before moving the main throttle, I strapped myself to the platform and leaned out like a window-cleaner. Then I moved the main lever, and the fire swelled into plumes several feet long. The lever was only on 2, but it could have been pushed to 10. Even

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at 2, I had to take off my jacket and my shirt. The heat rose past me as if I were standing upside down in a waterfall of flame. I moved the lever to 5. The fire roared. Almost as tall as a man, the plumes were white and silver inside, yellow on the outside. They sounded like a storm at sea, and the pavement below them was boiling.

When the lever reached 7, the steel ring left the ground and the entire machine became as light and delicate as a feather on the wind. With slight shifts of my weight, I could make it go this way or that. If I touched the lever lightly, the plumes roared up and the machine would rise. I wondered what would happen at 10, but contented myself with swaying back and forth over the road in even sweeps, applying a bath of heat so that the men behind me (who seemed intent upon keeping a good space between themselves and the machine) could do their work. After three hours of this, I realized that I had been airborne all the time, that I directed the thing as if by second nature, and that, as long as I was alert to my own movements, there was no danger of tipping over.

We had lunch in the tarpaper shed. The workers were freezing cold, and held their hands around their tea mugs for the warmth. I, on the other hand, sat comfortably by the door, shirt off, drinking ice water. What a job! I wondered why no one else did it, and was grateful for my luck. I couldn't think of anything more exciting or pleasurable than to fly about all day on six plumes of flame, turning and swaying, and singing in the snow, while I followed a path that I had laid down in my imagination. Why, I asked myself, was this not the most sought-after job in the world? In the shed, the workers looked sullen and mean, and made me feel as if I were a king interrogating the lowliest of his subjects, saying, "Why won't you be a king? I'm a king, and I love it. Why aren't *you* a king?" They didn't want to talk about it, because, indeed, they were afraid to be fire riders.

Of what were they afraid? Did they fear that the machine might explode? That it would tip and crash? That they might be tempted to move the lever to 10 and soar into the sky? In questioning them, and by intuition, I discovered that although they feared all these things, they were most afraid of the *fire itself.*

Somehow, perhaps through accident or ignorance, I was not. I loved to drive that machine, and I can still feel it roaring and swaying. I was the fire rider, the one who directed the flame, the man who flew. It was a good lesson, and I enjoyed it immensely.

I am glad that I enjoyed it immensely, for it did not last long. We got back to work after lunch. I repressurized the apparatus and started it up. Lifting slowly off the ground, I discovered that I felt extraordinarily at ease. I could maneuver it with the utmost precision. I could even make it dance. For an hour or two, I heated up the road just as I had done in the morning, but then we came to a crossroads of cobbles. The men would have to pry these up, and all I had to do was fly over them once or twice to melt the ice between the cracks. As soon as I had done this, I turned the corner onto a wide snow-covered street. I was alone, and had to wait twenty minutes for the others, so I flew down the road. How easy it was! I pushed the lever to 8, and sped along five feet above the ground, as fast as an express train. Tilted forward slightly, the machine was as steady as a stone pier. I moved the lever to 10.

The machine exploded with a crack and a roar. My head bent back from the acceleration. Wind and snow blinded me, and then I saw that I was flying above fields, trees, and houses. As I passed over a skating pond, the children fled in all directions. (What a pity that I frightened them.) I was sorry that I had ruined such a wonderful device, and sorrier still that my career as Whiting Tatoon, fire rider, was over. But perhaps it was for the best, as I next found myself in a place of such strange and yet familiar beauty that it was (in its way) a balance for having ridden fire.

I AWOKE in a snow-covered garden, among many gnarled and blackened fruit trees lined with ice and powder. This was so like a Baltic orchard, complete with walls to keep out the wind, that I was not sure that, after a long drinking bout, I had not dreamed my trip to America while lying half conscious among the fruit trees. And the fact that I do not drink only served to make me suspect that perhaps I had. Though my face was reddened from the explosion, I could see no evidence of America. As I tried to get up, two hands gently pushed me down, and someone said, "Don't move. We're calling the rabbi."

"Oh God!" I said as I saw my rescuers. They were Hassidim in round hats and old-style coats. They

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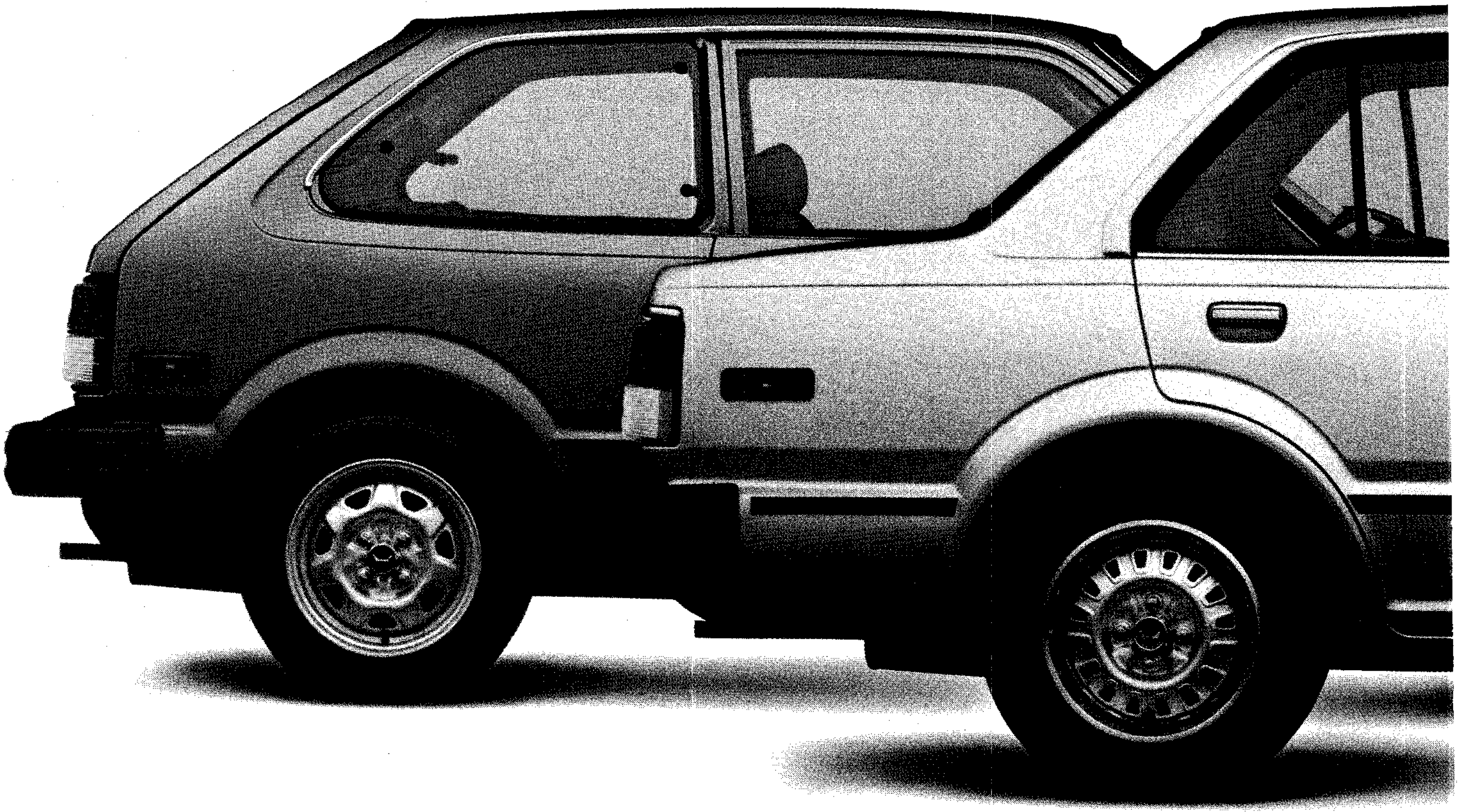

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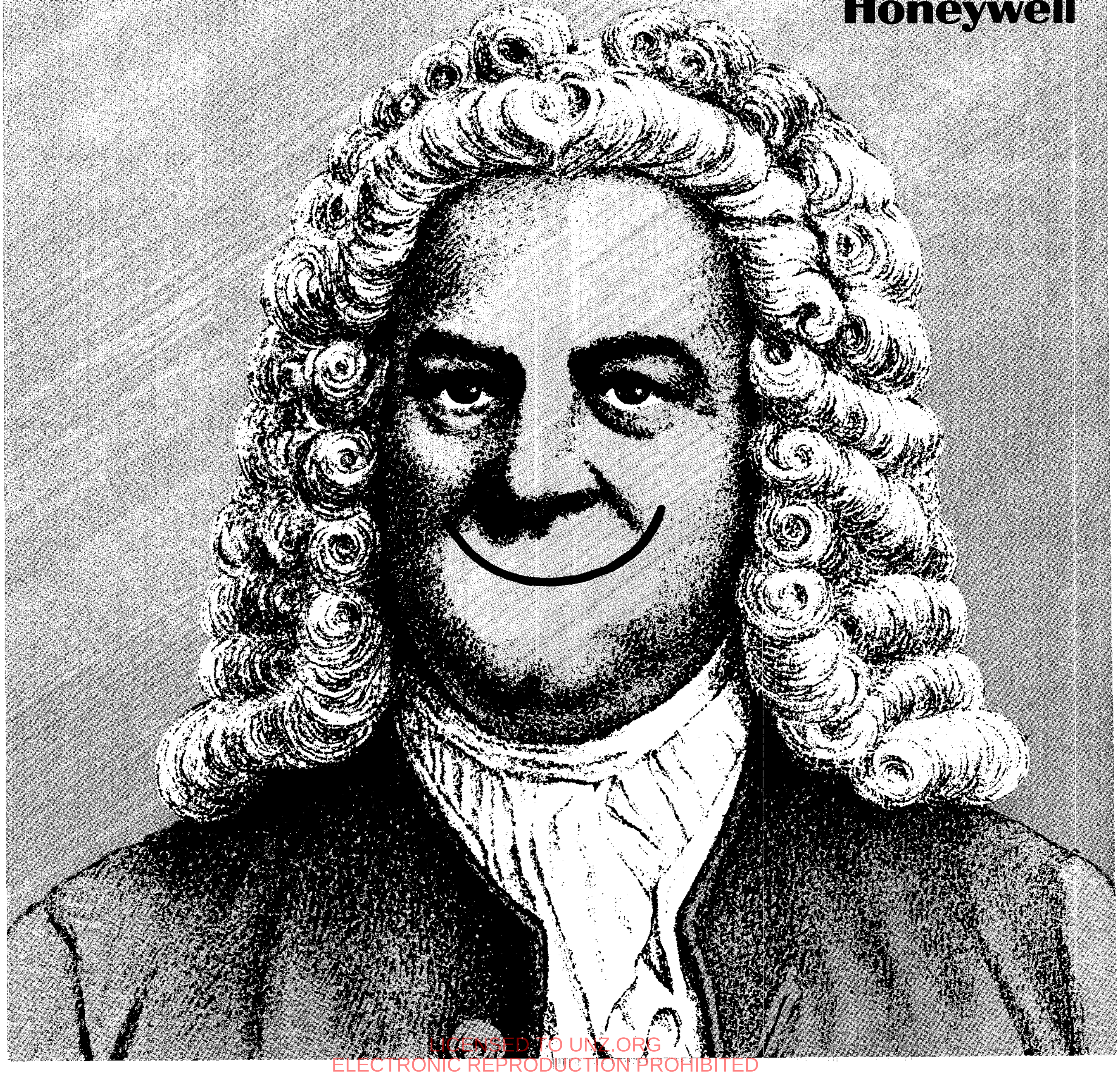

had about them a certain animated quality which made me think that underneath their heavy black clothing they were made of engines, springs, and rubber. There were three of them, adolescents with ridiculous silken beards. Energy glowed from them as if *they* had fire-burned faces, and when they spoke in their squeaky voices it was like birds in the morning.

Undoubtedly, I was home again, and had only dreamed of America. "No!" I screamed, and closed my eyes with all the muscles of my face, trying to emulate sleep. "I want to go back!"

"*Meshugah*," I heard one of them say.

"*Meshugah*," said the second one.

"*Meshugah*," confirmed the third. "I hope the rabbi comes fast. *He'll* know what to do."

"What rabbi?" I asked.

"The Saromsker Rabbi," they said proudly. "Rabbi Figaro."

I turned to the three boys. "First of all," I said, with tremendous authority, "I myself made up the Saromsker Rabbi, when I was on the Island. Secondly, no rabbi in his right mind could be named Figaro."

"Who said," boomed a strange and enormous voice, "that I am in my right mind?" (It was Rabbi Figaro, of Saromsk.) "God can use even a crooked stick, for nothing can make Him fall. I am Rabbi Figaro, of Saromsk. Whether I am in my right mind or not is an uncomfortable question that will have to be deferred. For now our sages within the palace are debating matters of far greater importance. For many weeks they have been considering the question 'What is laughter?' "

"What is laughter!" echoed the three boys.

"And in the weeks to come they will look into the allegation that children live in a different dimension!"

"A different dimension!"

"In the fall, they discovered why bread rises."

"Why bread rises!"

"And this summer, with the aid of a great glass bell and an air pump invented by Rabbi Pupkin, they will find out what fish do at night!"

"What fish do at night!"

He turned to the three young men. "Where did this *meshugah* come from?"

"From the sky," answered one of them.

"Do tell!" boomed Rabbi Figaro, in derision.

"Truly, Rabbi, he came flying from

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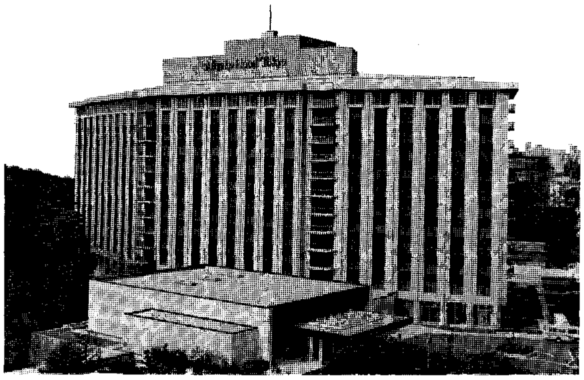

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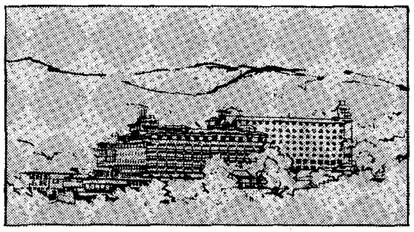

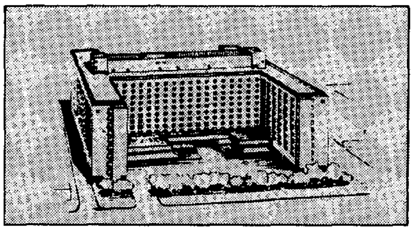

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clouds. Look. You see our three sets of footprints, then Moishe's going back to get you, and then Moishe's and yours coming here? Do you see any others?"

The Rabbi looked around. His neck was as thick as a bear's, he was barrel-chested, and his eyebrows were like black rugs hanging over the edge of a cliff. "No. Are you sure you did not carry him here?"

"We didn't! We didn't!" they said.

"Maybe a bird dropped him."

"Wait a minute," I protested.

"I didn't mean it that way," said Rabbi Figaro. "I was thinking of a great big bird, as big as the palace, that might have picked you up—just as the fish swallowed Yonah, and just as Rabbi Mocha was carried away by an elephant." (I had heard those stories, of course.)

"What palace?" I asked, since he had mentioned it twice already.

"You're facing the wrong direction."

I turned from the fruit trees and saw a great palace—well, let us say, a small palace—all of brown stone, with leaded windows and slate roofs. Sweet smoke issued from twenty chimneys; lights blazed from within; children in Hassidic dress dashed across catwalks spanning the gaps between high-windowed cupolas; and music drifted down as Rabbi Figaro pronounced his judgment: "Take this *meshugah* inside. The least we can do is to give him some dinner, since tonight is *Erev Yom haDvorah*. It is an opportune time for him to have fallen from clouds. Who knows? Maybe even a bee brought him."

They took me inside, but not before I had asked what country we were in. Fully expecting to hear a Baltic sound, a waterfall of skinny Cyrillics, I was much relieved to listen to the perfectly balanced vowels and consonants that smoothly make "America." "And where are we?" I inquired.

"In Brooklyn," they answered. "At the palace of the Saromsker Rabbi. Where else?"

As I entered the great hall of the Saromsker palace, every eye was upon me. Although I did not realize it until much later, I was almost completely covered with soot, my hair was bronzed and curled like the hair of a goat, and my eyes glowed from my face like egg whites.

"Who is that!" someone gasped.

"Sh-h-h! That's the *meshugah* from clouds," was the answer.

I had been Guido da Montefeltro,

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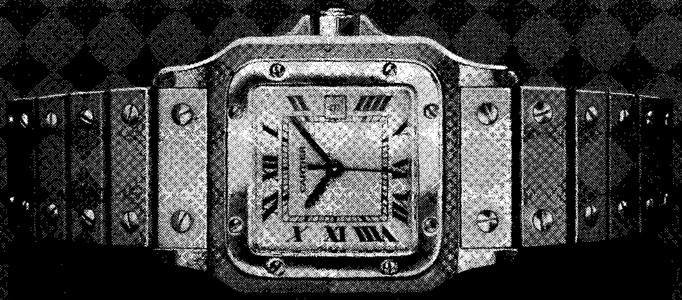

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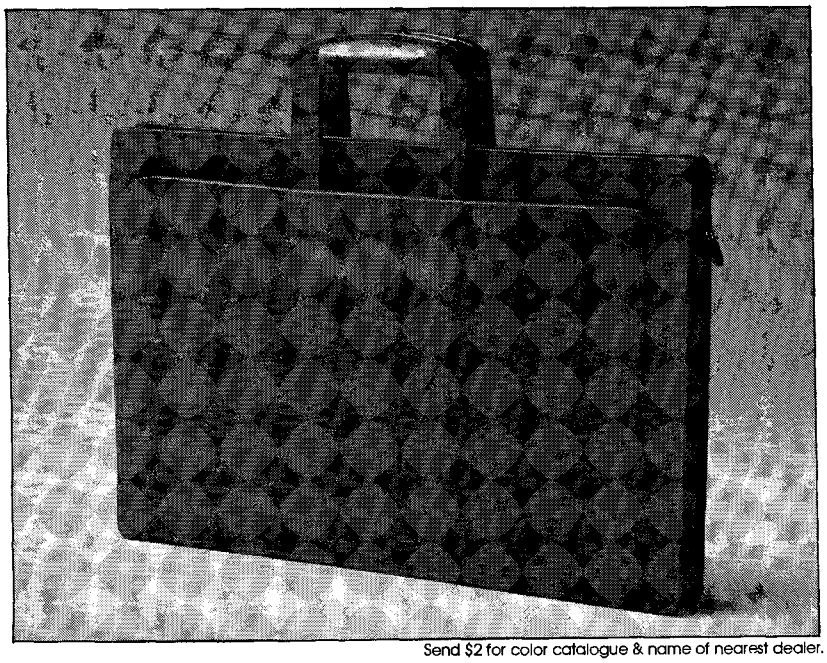

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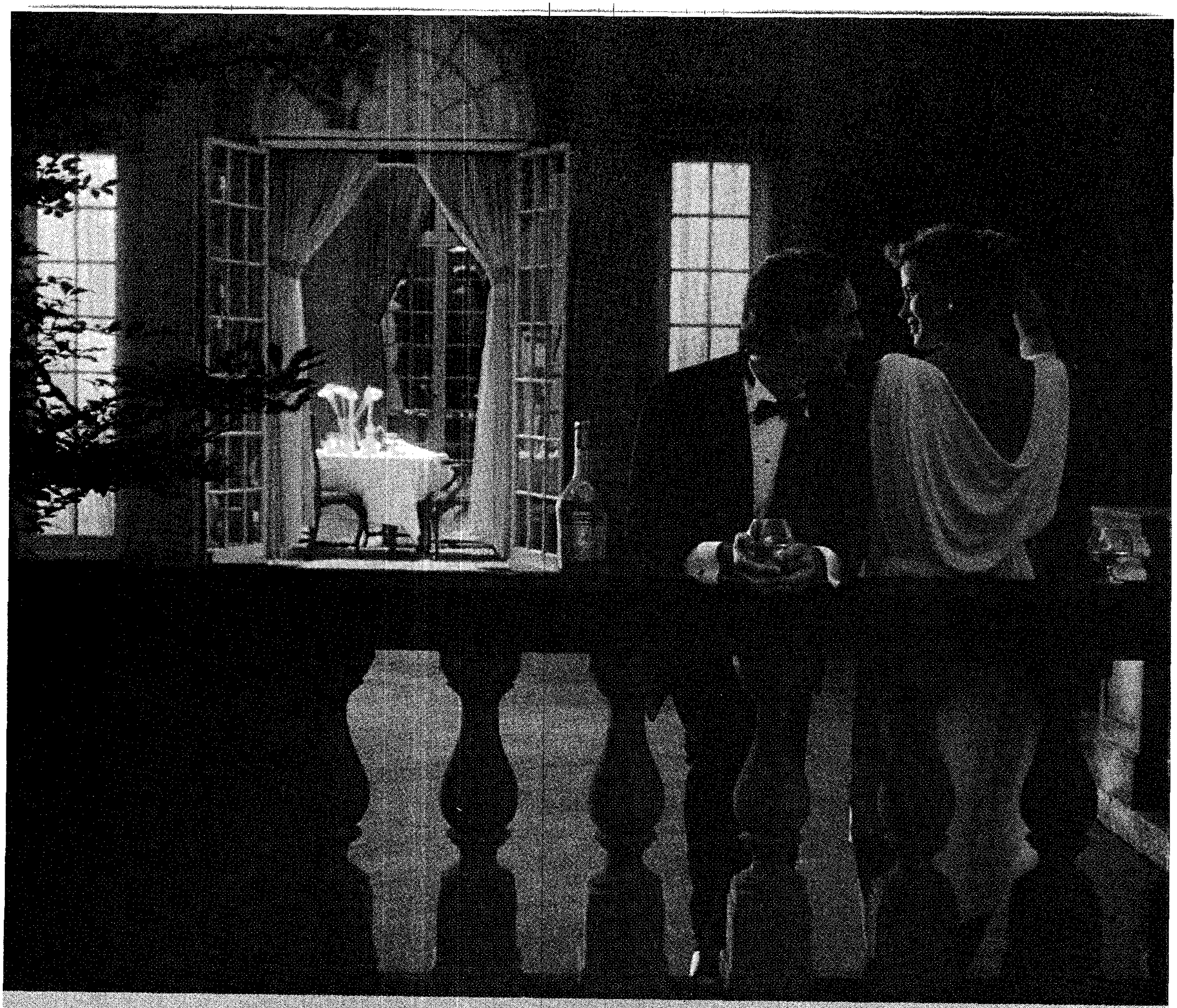

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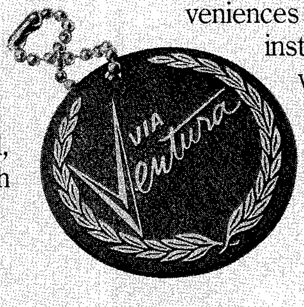

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Hershey Moshelies, and Whiting Tatoon. Now I was just plain *Meshugah*, or, at best, The *Meshugah*—the "the" being in my case a title of honor similar to Doctor, Rabbi, or Sire.

Since everyone expected me to be insane (the children grew silent in my presence, and regarded me with shifting eyes), it was hard not to satisfy expectations. Perhaps there is that in me very deep which *is* slightly lunatic. In fact, it may be why I had to leave Plotsadika-Chotchki in the first place: I disputed the rabbis' claim that madness is the same as nudity, and was then accused of both. Only in Plotsadika-Chotchki, whose inhabitants are blessed and cursed with a strange motility of mind, could someone stand fully clothed and be accused of nudity. I had on long underwear, a heavy winter suit, my warm overcoat, fur boots, gloves, a scarf that nearly obscured my face, and a hat past which I could hardly see. "We have concluded that you are nude," pronounced the representative of the Rabbinical Court, as my two eyes peered out of a mass of wool in which I was practically entombed. But that is a different story.

In the palace of the Saromskers, all I had to do to confirm their suspicions was to clear my throat when asked a question, laugh at an inappropriate time, move awkwardly, roll my eyes, or say something disconnected. For example, a kindly matron with two front teeth that pointed in opposite directions, like the legs of a briskly walking man, asked me how long I had been in America.

"I am knee-deep in the intense light of blazing fruit" was my answer.

"I don't understand," she said meekly.

"Of course not. You know nothing of the strange rhythm of blue adults."

"Oh," she said, moving away, "please excuse me. I must tend the gefilte fish."

"Yes," I replied. "Do go to him. They are such delicate creatures, and they give you everything they've got. It's a *mitzvah*, you know, to rub them all over with salad oil."

This was a good game—the price of my dinner in that excellent place.

How joyful it is to discover a really enormous room. They are, certainly, a mark of civilization—their widening proportions quietly draw out the soul, and the dark and gentle borders which agitate and swirl beyond one's sight allow a scrupulous, shielded, infinite perspective. No wonder cathedrals and great churches are built to be silent

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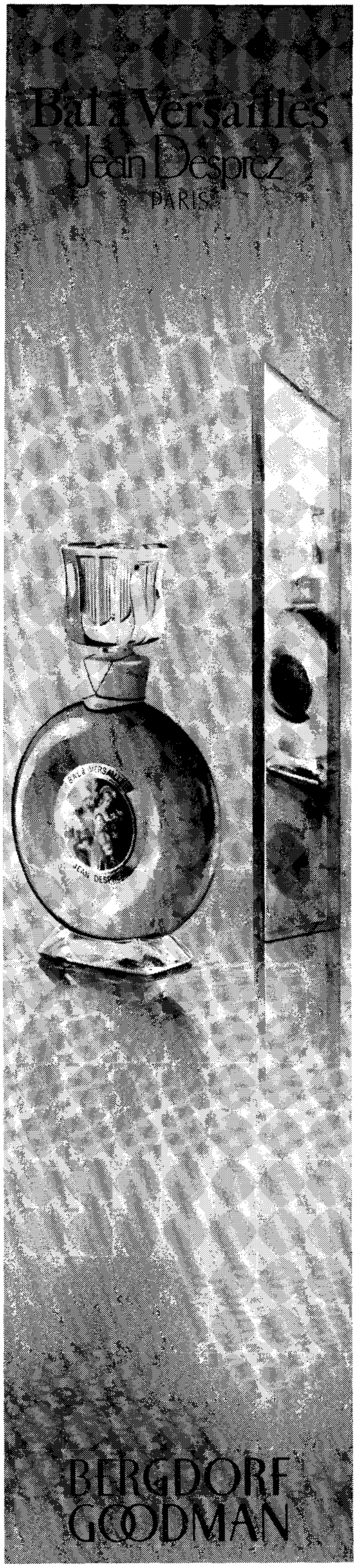

and airy. For us, the Jews, the great rooms were mainly of the imagination, of longing, though some actually did exist—examination halls, libraries, and houses of assembly. They were comparatively small, but the borders of darkness within them were able to strike up conversations with infinity. So with the great hall of the Saromsker Rabbi. Everyone was there, in an architect's dream, a Renaissance canvas through which glances shot in a hundred directions and random motion balanced out in satisfying symmetries.

"The bee!" screamed the Saromsker Rabbi, Rabbi Figaro, a genuine *meshugah* himself, perched halfway up the wall upon a little platform draped with gold-embroidered red velvet. "God bless the bee! I will tell you why, and then we shall feast and dance in his honor.

"The bee hardly ever rests; but when he does it is with a humble, puzzled look which seems to say, 'I was almost sure I had more to do.' The bee is a peaceful, efficient machine, a carrier of great heavy buckets on hanging airborne legs.

"Rabbi Texeira, who was very holy, was a beekeeper. He spent five years digging deep into the ground. Of course, everyone thought he was crazy, especially when he passed four hundred feet, but he kept on digging until, at six hundred feet, he struck a source of endless steam. This he took two years to tame and pipe to the surface. 'So?' the people said. 'What can you do with a hot pipe?' That was in the summer that Rabbi Texeira began to build his much deplored and seldom understood glass house. It took five more years to complete, nearly bankrupted everyone, and, in the end, it covered several large fields. Long before that, however, they had lost hope for Rabbi Texeira of the red beard. After all, his glass house had no floor, and the rainwater flowed in because it was built on a slope. Then Rabbi Texeira planted acres of flowers within it, and, to everyone's amazement, they grew in winter, because he heated the house with the steam he had dug. Rabbi Texeira's bees were able to work year round, producing three times as much honey as they had done before. Because bees love work, they were grateful and never stung him, so that he didn't have to dress as a beekeeper. The village sold vast amounts of honey and grew wealthy, and then became even wealthier by selling fresh flowers in the middle of winter. Invalids quickly recovered in the sweet summer air of the glass house, and young men and young women were married there—after falling in love while working together amid the wild flowers as snow fell and blizzards raged outside. So prosperous did the village become that the Cossacks decided to seize it. One cold day in March, two hundred of them on wet black horses charged from the north, silver swords drawn, icicles on their mustaches. The Jews gathered at the synagogue that they had built in the glass house, held up the Torah, and prepared to die. As they watched the horsemen roll like thunder down the last hill, they said, '*Shma Yisrael, adonai eloheinu, adonai echad*,' because they had no weapons and did not know how to fight. Then their hearts raced, the hair on their necks stood as straight as thistles, and they cried and trembled in awe. *Five hundred thousand bees* rose in a yellow-and-black cloud from hundreds of hives, dipped under the walls, and assembled in a solid mass outside. They rolled toward the horsemen, with the sound of ten thousand engines. Two hundred bees would easily have been enough to drive them back. But half a million! Half a million bees were a match for all the armies of Europe assembled together. The Cossacks fled in terror. When word of what had happened reached the Czar, he realized that this small village had become the military center of the world, and from then on they were allowed to live in perfect peace and tranquillity. The village grew as Jews fleeing pogroms came for shelter, and soon it became a small autonomous republic. Rabbi Texeira, instead of being a king, simply tended his bees, picked flowers, and made sure that the children were acquainted with the early history of the place.

"Rabbi Nachman, on the other hand, was afraid of bees, and used to hide in a butter churn from May to September. It didn't take very long for him to lose his mind: the churn was small, dark, and hot, and it smelled of old butter. One August, as Rabbi Nachman was suffering intensely and looking forward to emerging in September (when the air was relatively bee-free), he had a dream. He had many strange dreams—as a man might if his knees touched his shoulders from May to September—but this one was a revelation. In it he was taken to Heaven in his butter churn and rolled up to the feet of God. God was very angry, and, like a turtle,

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Rabbi Nachman hid deep inside the butter churn. 'Do you think that I couldn't get you out of there if I wanted to?' asked God, terribly irritated. Rabbi Nachman was afraid to answer. 'It would be so easy. I wouldn't even have to break it open. All I'd have to do would be to put a thousand bees in it, just like that.'

"Rabbi Nachman shuddered.

" 'All right. Stay there. Why are you afraid? Don't you like music?'

" 'Yes,' peeped Rabbi Nachman, from deep inside the churn. 'I like music.'

" 'Don't you like humor?'

" 'Yes,' peeped Rabbi Nachman. 'As a youth, I was fond of humorous circumstances. I particularly liked wry expressions, mistaken identities, and circumstantial confusion.'

" 'So why don't you like bees?'

" 'I don't understand.'

" 'Why don't you like bees?' God shouted, and the world was clapped by thunder.

" 'I hear you, Majesty, I hear you,' said Rabbi Nachman, trembling.

" 'I created bees the same day that I created music and humor. I made it so that bees are the visual manifestation of both. Transcribing symphonies into bees, and vice versa, is most amusing, and a good joke is nothing more than a bee in disguise. Can't you see that?'

" 'I see that, Sire,' answered Rabbi Nachman.

" 'No, you don't,' sighed God. 'I'll have to invent a way.' And then God looked at the churn, which exploded from Rabbi Nachman, its pieces shattering into the silence of the universe. Rabbi Nachman found himself naked at the feet of God, and he had to shield his eyes because the light was too bright. 'Rabbi Nachman,' said God, 'you are now a bee on earth.'

"Suddenly, Rabbi Nachman found himself several feet above a mountain meadow, flying in a hill-hugging elipse, looking for the brightest flower. He was a bee in Germany, in 1266. At this point, his wife rattled the top of the churn to tell him that it was dinnertime, but not before he felt with magnificent intensity what it is like to be a single living note in music; and to trace lines long ago predetermined in the air; and not before he realized that a coat of yellow-and-black fur, two lantern-like antennae, and buzzing wings are the basic materials of humor. Because . . .

"Anyway, Rabbi Nachman awoke with the fluorescent tracings of a bee's life shining brightly in his eyes. He

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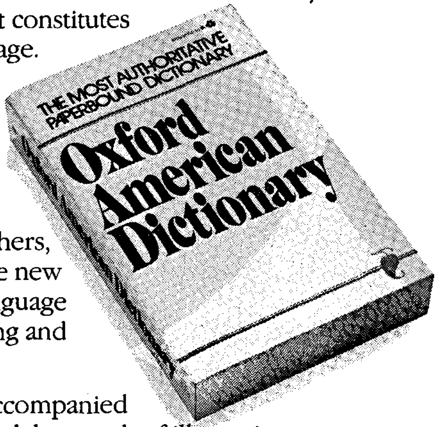

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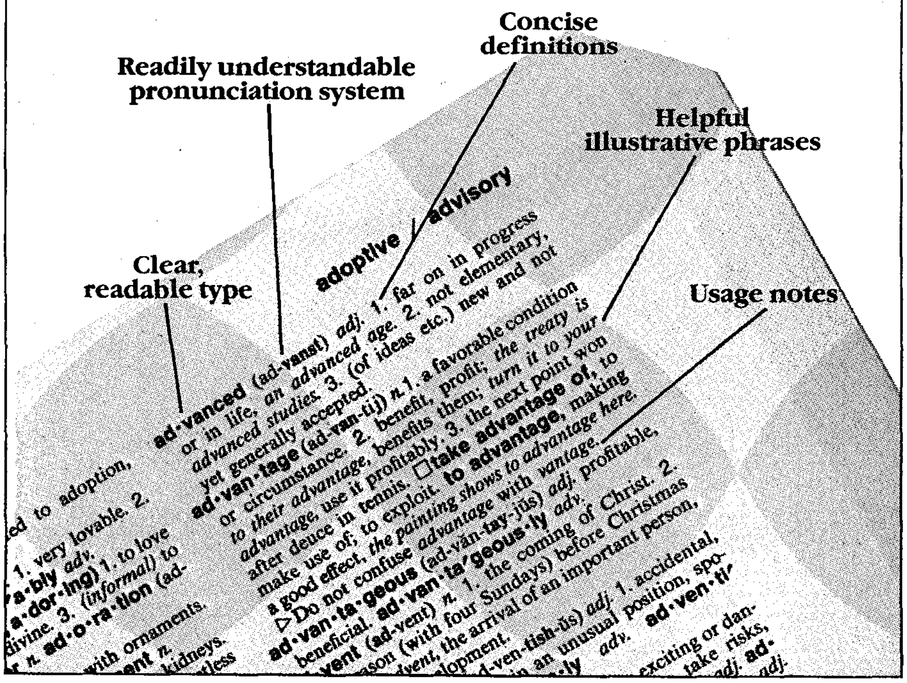

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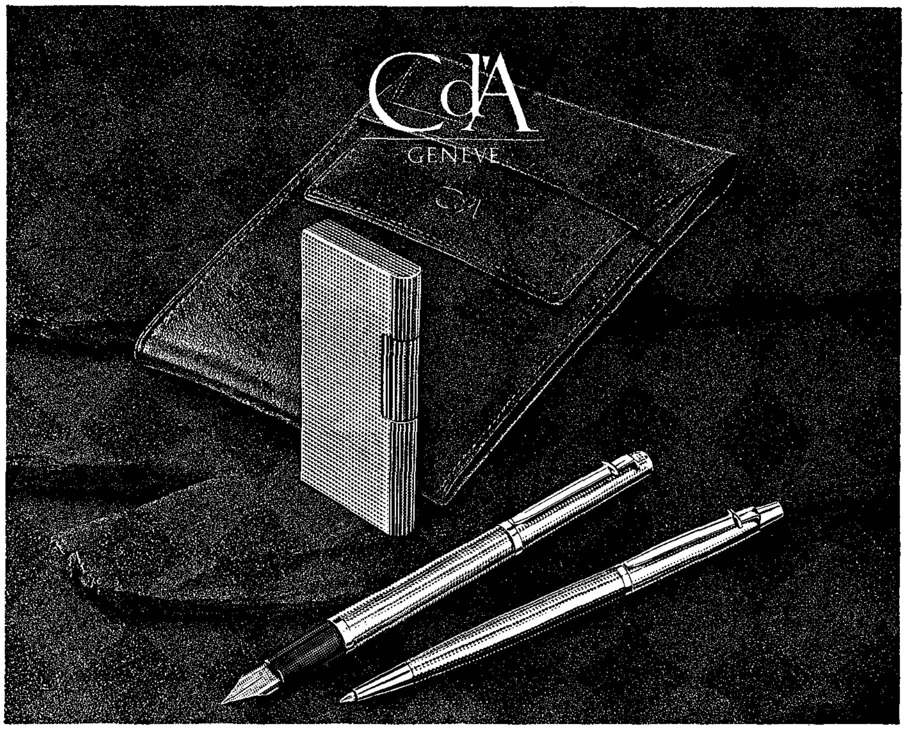

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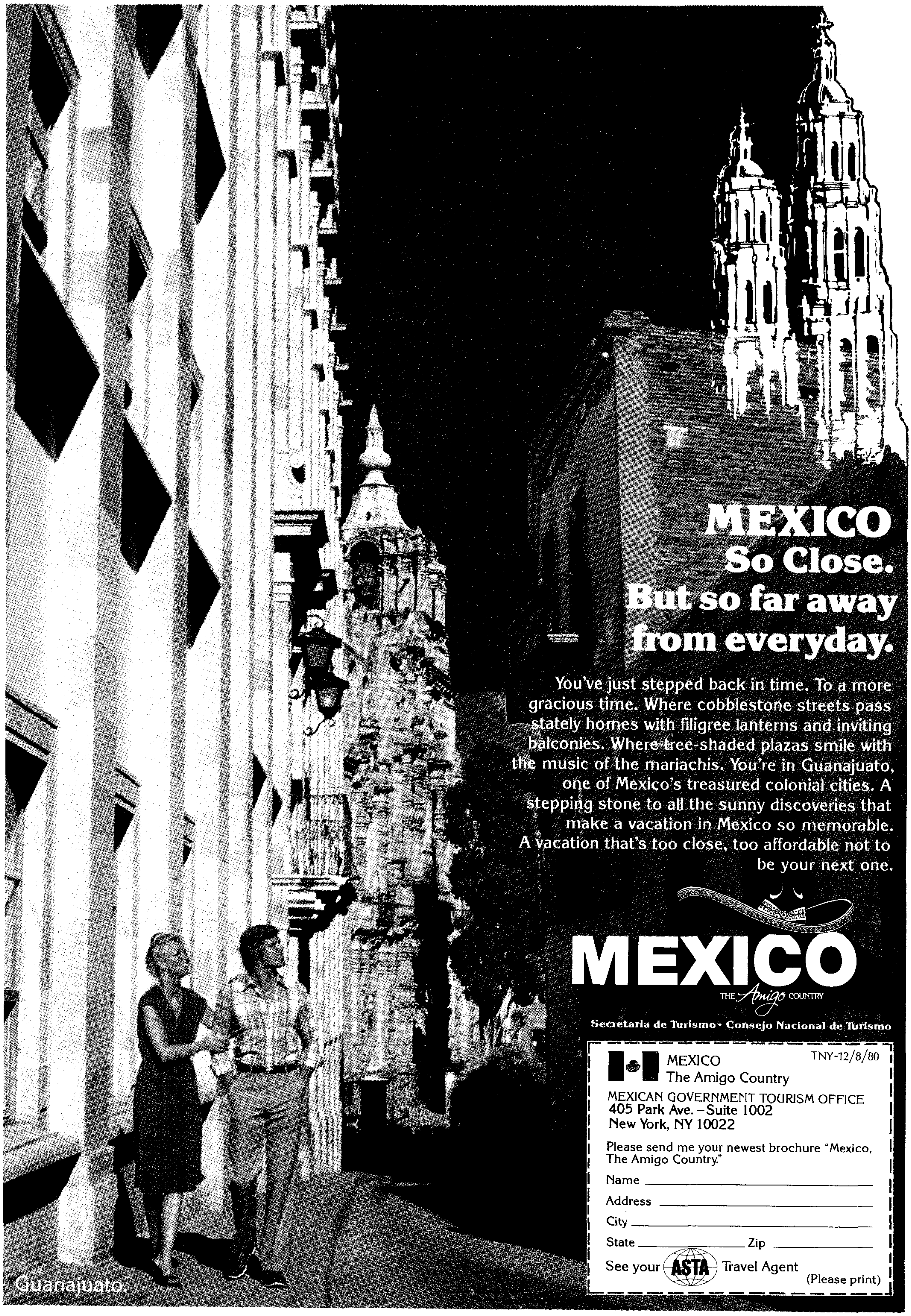
knew that the bees fly in parodies of the celestial spheres; he knew that their hive dances are religious in intent and have nothing to do with informing other bees of where good flowers are, since all bee flight is solidly predetermined (besides, they can talk); and he knew what a bee feels at the edge of the forest on a perfect summer day in Bavaria in 1266. He came out of his churn, and moved right away to become an apprentice beekeeper.

"And then there is Rabbi Pintchik of Birdislaw, whose daughter Katrina fell in love with a bee. But there are a hundred thousand stories about rabbis and bees, and a million stories about people and bees—about those who have loved and hated them, those who have thought that they were bees, those (such as myself) who were born understanding the bee language, about mistaken identities (they do look alike), heroism in defense of the queen, the art and industry of bees, their devotion to justice, sad stories of persecution, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.

"I can only say one thing," said Rabbi Figaro in a storm of emotion, "which is that if there is a child in this room who has trampled a bee under his boot, he should be deeply ashamed. I know that there is such a child. I suggest that he make amends by being good for the rest of his life, and by creating good works—not just for bees, but for people."

Rabbi Figaro climbed down a long ladder to the floor. Every child was silent, because most children have, at one time or another, trampled a bee under their boot; and their parents, too, were full of remorse. When Rabbi Figaro reached the ground, he did a little dance that took just a second. It was a very strange dance indeed. "Enough!" he screamed. "All is forgiven. God bless the bee!"

THE men, women, and children fled from the room through a profusion of open doors and passages that led into darkness and up flights of stairs. They disappeared like water which runs down a sluice, leaving me alone to be confounded by throbbing echoes. Although the men had gone in one direction and the women in another, they had vanished through so many doors that I did not know where to go myself. But then a skinny, bearded young man with Jewish lost eyes peeked crookedly around a beam and gestured for me to follow. I hesitated at first, but when he said, "Come



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to dance for the honor and blessing of the *Dvorah*," I followed, as dizzy as a loon, through a maze of wooden stairs and hallways so rich with age that you could have boiled them in a pot and made a delicious broth. At the end, we emerged into a bright and Oriental vaulted space washed with milky white light.

Though night had fallen hours before, in this room—as long and wide as a seagoing ship—the sun shone through a mosaic of translucent honey-colored tiles. White rays shot down from a high dome, generating the fume of light in which a circle of black-coated men danced under webs of golden chains. To me, they looked like black bees swarming in a flour mill. The white light was blinding and full of thunder, as active as surf, laced with gold, and so thick that the dancers were sometimes lifted off the floor in its froth.

All these men in round hats or fur hats, beards, and silken black coats were packed together in the vastness of the hall as close as the grain in wood. Several hundred rhythms came from several hundred groups, arms linked, pressed together; the smell of sesame oil. It was powerful—a caldron, a crucible, a furnace. And I trembled when I saw that in the galleries the women were pressed against the grilles, a thousand or more, pushing as in labor, so that their extraordinary energy could rise in a straight beam through the turbulence above them. The dancing was an engine, drawing light through the eyes of each soul into a cylinder of tightly bound rays that went up past the dome. I had heard of this in the East. They used to say that the great synagogues of Asia were like this. But I had never seen it.

I do not know how long it lasted, but, in the abbreviated motions of the dance, I was taken back to my family —who had long since perished—and I was grateful to God for shattering time and allowing souls to rise and float in the air like boats upon the water. I could not stay there, for I had things to do and a promise to keep. However, when I left, I carried the memory of that place as if it were a diamond in my pocket.

HAVA

AFTER passing through many villages in Brooklyn, the trolley came to one of the great Manhattan bridges, and started up the ramp. The roadways were entirely taken up by Hassidim. We were nearly

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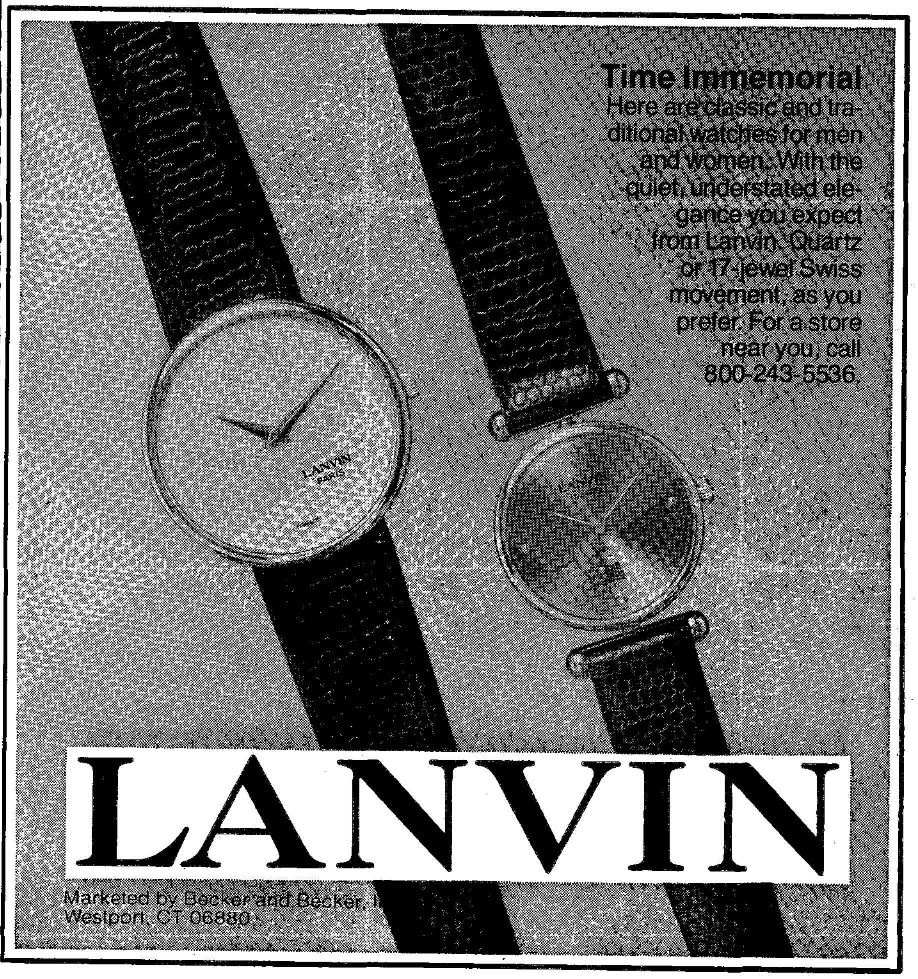

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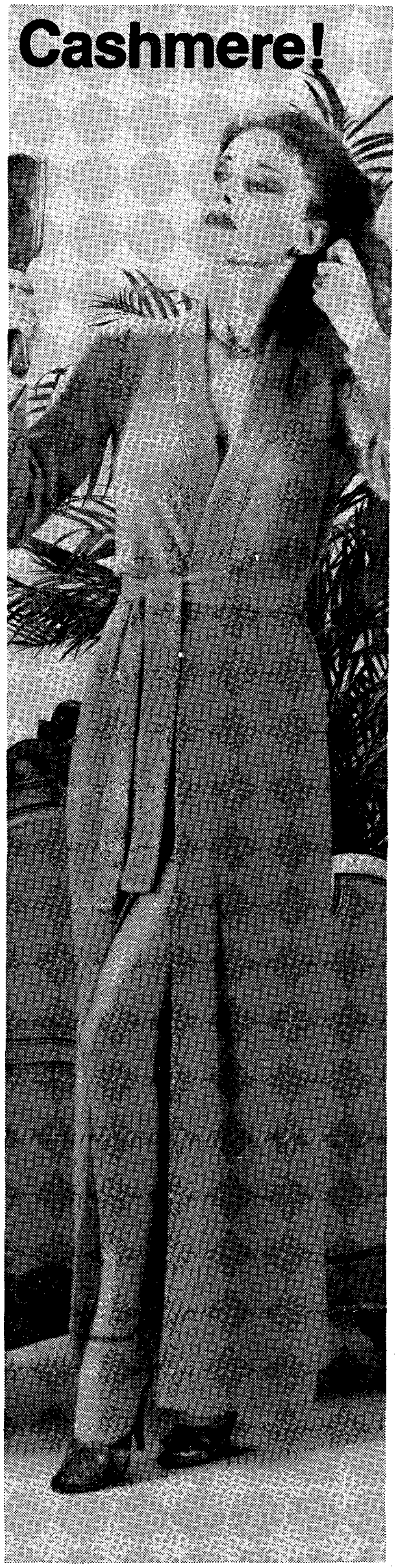

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floating on a sea of black coats and fur hats streaming across the bridge, and as far as one could see tens of thousands of the strictly Orthodox were inching into Manhattan.

"Is it like this every morning?" I asked the conductor.

"I'll say not," he replied. "It's quiet now, almost dead, because last night they had a feast and danced until the light. Couldn't you hear? All Brooklyn shook." (I repeated that phrase to myself after he said it: *All Brooklyn shook.*) "They're tired now, so they walk slowly and pray. And Rabbi Figaro and his bunch aren't here, either—they're the troublemakers. You should see what it's like after they've got a good night's sleep. They link arms—tens of thousands of them—and they *dance* across the goddam bridge, hopping from one foot to the other. They block traffic completely, and sometimes they lose themselves in the dancing and stay up here until noon. The cables stretch and zing, the towers start to bend, and the roadway gets like a rubber whip."

I was not too impressed by this, for I knew that they were wry dancers, entirely capable of shaking a big bridge. With the picture of God opening the Red Sea emblazoned upon their memories, why would they be afraid of falling into a little river?

"The Mayor sometimes comes out here and pleads with them through a megaphone. 'Please, don't do that!' he says, but they just applaud him and continue to dance. What a tactic! They know that he's a politician. Ten thousand people start to cheer him, and he melts like butter, forgetting what he came out to do in the first place. And they send him gifts of honey. They always send honey. I see the trucks in front of City Hall, with bucket brigades of Hassidim conveying the honeypots up to the Mayor's office. They know what they're doing. But, if you ask me, it's a bribe. What I say is that we didn't get rid of Boss Tweed so we could have honeypots, you know what I mean?"

Toward the Manhattan side, some of the Hassidim were awakened by an icy breeze, and started to snap their fingers. And then some of them began to dance, pounding their boots in the snow. But it never caught on, because they were too close to the workplace.

The workplace! That is indeed a strange description, for lower Manhattan was more like a music hall than like a place to work, even though they worked from dawn until long after dusk, and they worked hard. But it was all music. There was little in the way of material things, but there was freedom. Everyone was in love with freedom, and it is one abstract quality which, somehow or other, always manages to love you back.

And it was a very holy place, too. So many wise men and scholars were walking quickly back and forth from one *shul* to another that everywhere one looked one witnessed dreadful collisions which led to long Talmudic disputations on who was in the right and who was in the wrong, and if there were Biblical analogies, and what this or that great rabbi would have said or done, etc., etc., etc. These would be reported at great length in the papers under headlines such as "RABBI SIDELMAN OF BREST LITOVSK COLLIDES WITH RABBI BALUGA OF SLOVANIAN HERMONIA," or "LATEST REPORT ON ZOGBAUM VS. GORDON: WHO TURNED THE CORNER FIRST?" Most of the signs and posters were in Yiddish and Hebrew. And, because of the great number of young women, I felt continually buffeted by explosions of rushing beauty—even as, in passing, the Orthodox girls averted their eyes the way they had been taught to do since childhood.

"All right," I said to myself. "I've been in America for almost a day and a half, and nothing has happened to me. I've got to find a job, a real job, not one where I get blown up and shot in an arc over Brooklyn. I know how to work with my hands, so why shouldn't I? A pen is not the only thing in the world." I suddenly became very sentimental about my beautiful ebony-and-gold pen, but, after all, in my village I had done a hundred different kinds of work. I spent six terrible months turning sheeps' intestines inside out to make sausage casings. (I will not tell you where I had to put my hand each time I did this.) To survive while writing essays and poems I had been (among other things) an attendant in the house where we kept our *meshugayim*, a "gypsy" dancer, the one who looked out for Cossacks (many hours in a tree), a baker's helper (that was a good job), and a seller of chicken necks (we used to eat even the feet). I reminded myself not to take lodgings in back of wherever I might work, but extra money for Elise, should she need it, since I believed that she was destitute.

I soon found myself in front of a bakery. I stopped short, remembering the time I had spent as a baker's

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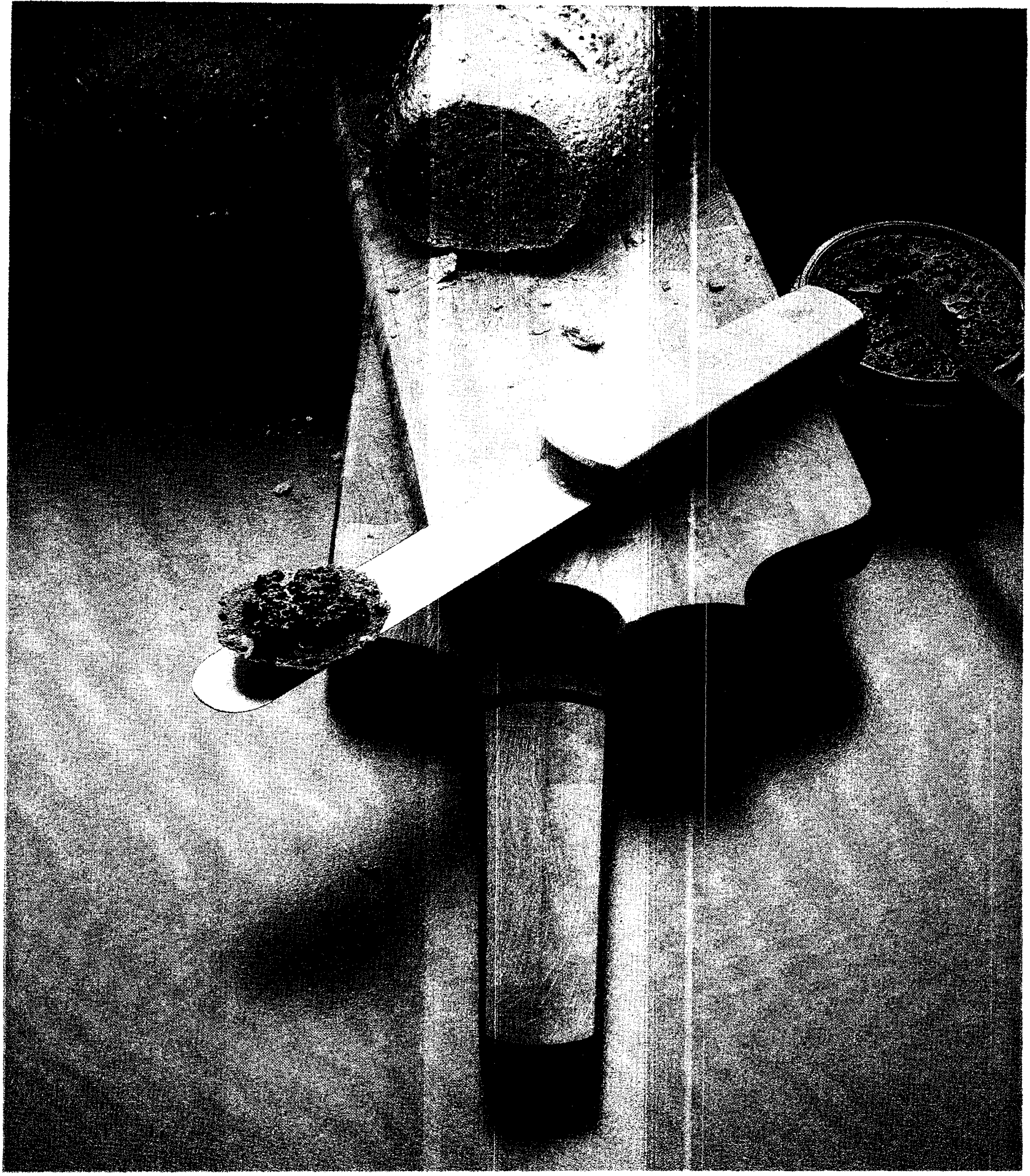

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helper, remembering the joy of stuffing hot sweet rolls into my mouth, one after another, just like King David, while basking in the heat of the oven, though not actually *in* the oven itself. The bakers used to sing when they prepared the dough; I knew these songs, and had a good voice. I also knew some excellent variations, which my cousin Leib had learned in the Caucasus, that made the bread twist around itself as it baked, forming a great variety of strange Oriental shapes, according to how one sang. Before *Shabbat*, I had always sung the Caucasian songs to braid the *hallah*. In America, where they could eat as much *hallah* as could be baked, and where there was as much wheat as was needed for baking it, I thought, this skill might be highly appreciated. I decided to demonstrate to the bakers that I could sing their plain bread into fancy shapes. But, being an intellectual and an entrepreneur, I was not content with simply walking in and offering my services.

When no one was looking, I crept down the stone stairs that led to the bakery, and dashed into the back, where I hid among the sacks of flour. The bakers were busy forming thousands of plain loaves—that I would now tie into knots and coil like snakes. But I had forgotten that I had been scorched and singed in the explosion, and that my clothing was shredded into tatters. Although no one on the streets seemed to notice or care, I looked like a blackened satyr, or, better yet, a roast lamb. My hair was curled, singed, and bronzed. My eyes glowed from my face.

Those fat little bakers, all ten of them, froze and then trembled when I jumped out from behind the sacks of flour. Some were standing with their hands in dough. They did not move. Some had just pulled their wooden pallets from the ovens. They did not move. Some were bent over. They did not move. When I started to sing my Caucasian songs (which were good, but rather squeaky) and prance about for added drama, they took me for the Devil. Because they were *Galizianers*, they had never heard of singing to bread, since *Galizianers* do not bake like Litvaks (and do not sculpt their bagels).

I thought that they were so moved by my performance that they were transfixed. But when I finished and invited them to inspect their loaves they stampeded toward the door. Though I called to them, they were

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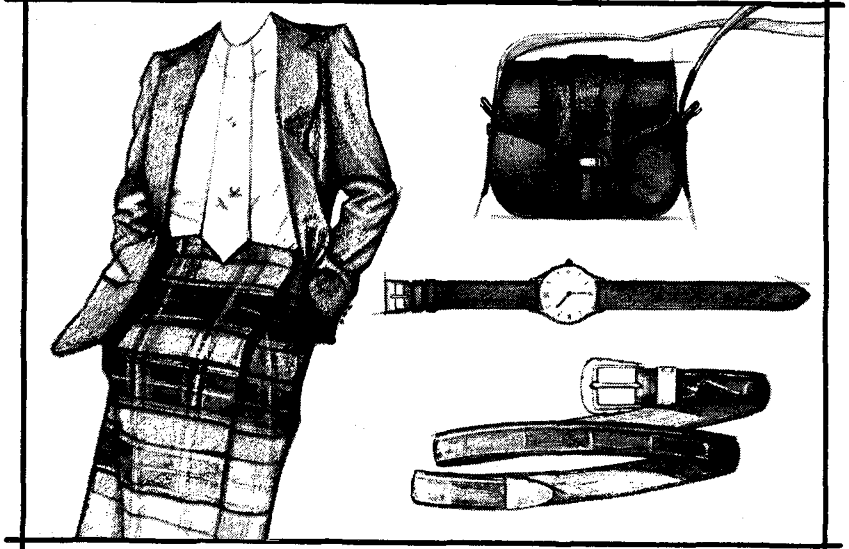

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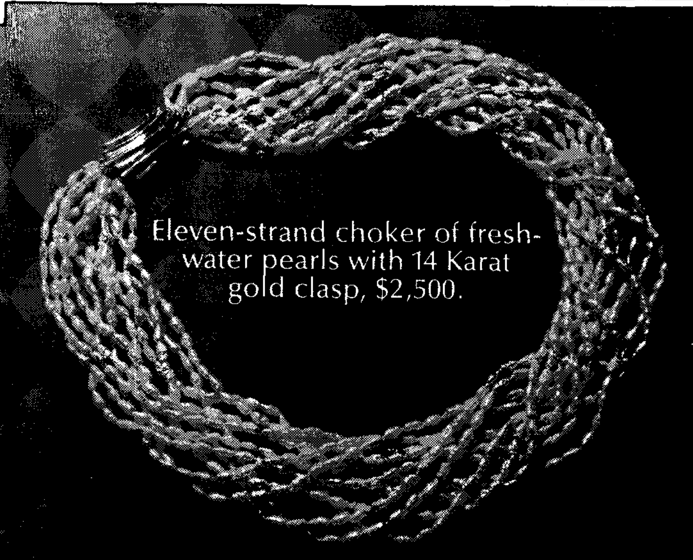

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gone like a shot. Being an experienced baker's helper, I set out to remove the newly twisted loaves from the ovens before they burned.. I had to do the work of ten, so I rushed around like a madman, always with hot bread in my arms. Never had I worked with such speed, and the hot *hallah* pressing against my chest made my heart want to go to sleep.

Finishing up in a sweat, I sank down on a sack of flour and slept. A short time later I awoke to find myself within a tight circle of a hundred rabbis, all davening, with Torahs held aloft behind them or in their arms. A hundred rabbis together in one place —what an experience! I jumped up in surprise and nearly made them faint, but they kept at it. With so many rabbis about, my first impulse was to ask a question.

"What's all this?" I asked.

"You should know," answered the Chief Rabbi. "You came from Hell to corrupt the bread of the bakers."

"I did not. I came looking for a job, from Brooklyn."

"What's the difference?" screamed someone in the back, before he was ejected.

They all looked at one another. "From Brooklyn," they cried with lamentatious wails, thinking that they would have to move their palaces and congregations to another borough. "Not Brooklyn!"

I soon convinced them that I was not the Devil, but the bakers would have nothing to do with me, and I was quickly out on the street again, still without a job.

IT was not so easy. The lower East Side was not only a place of wonder but a confusion, an anarchy, a chaos of whitened sound. Walking from street to street, I felt as if I were being carried inside a breaking wave. It was cold, and the light and motion overwhelmed me in much the same way that I had been overwhelmed by Elise's coloring, for things that are bright and deep quickly become my masters and mistresses, and lead me into dreams.

I was standing on Essex Street, warming my hands by a fire in a trash barrel, when a man tapped my arm. I thought he wanted to get closer to the fire. But, no, he waddled up with a proposition. "My name is Barvaz Gadol," he said in Yiddish. "I'm the foreman of a sewing loft. This morning, two of our tailors resumed a fight that had started in Odessa many years

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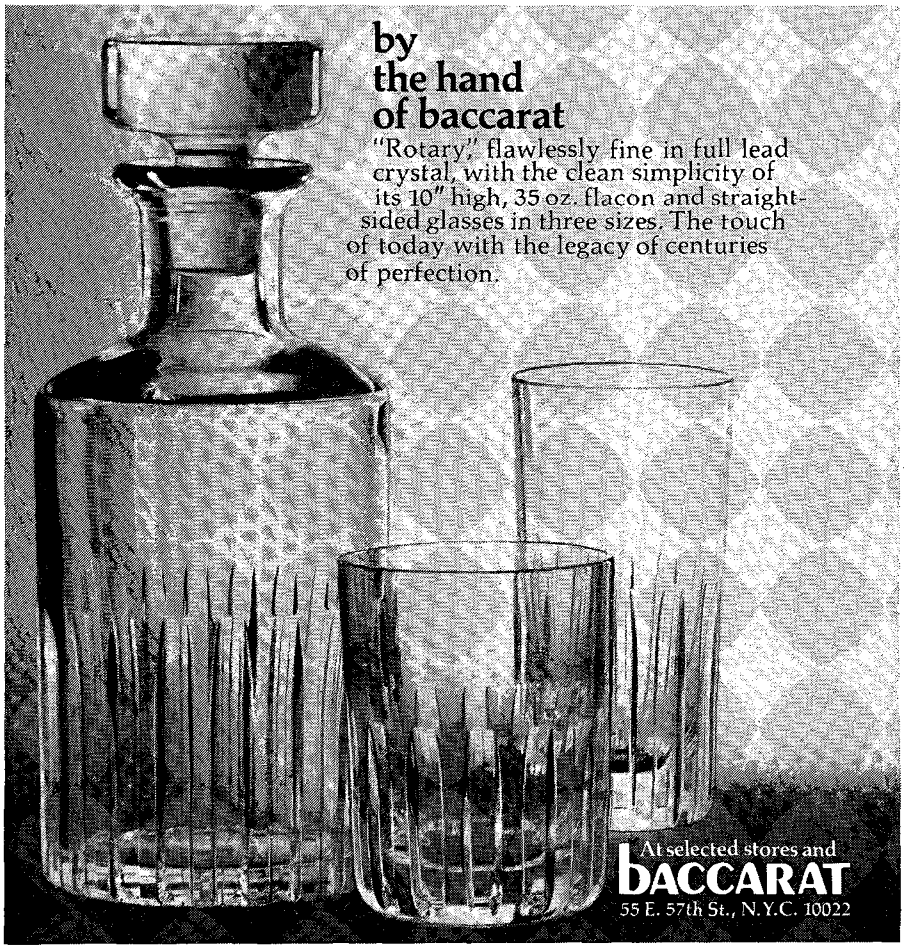

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before. Each asked that I dismiss the other. I begged them to forget the quarrel and go back to work. But they were adamant. The other was at fault. *He* had to go. So I fired them both. I was afraid that they would stab one another with scissors—our scissors are like swords, because we make heavy coats. You look to me like a tailor. Is that so?"

Naturally, I answered in the affirmative. And, since I had never held a needle in my hand, I upped the stakes. "My specialty," I said, "is heavy material—greatcoats, Alexanders, winter capes, Bornholm hunting frocks, underwear for polar explorers, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. You see these strong hands?" I held out my hands.

He peered at them. "They don't look so strong to me. How long has it been since you've worked? And how did you get so sooty and shredded? Bornholm hunting frocks?"

"I was in a small explosion—nothing to worry about. The last time I worked as a tailor was before I came to America. I have been staying with the Saromskers."

"The Saromskers! Do you read the holy books?"

"Of course." That, at least, was partially true.

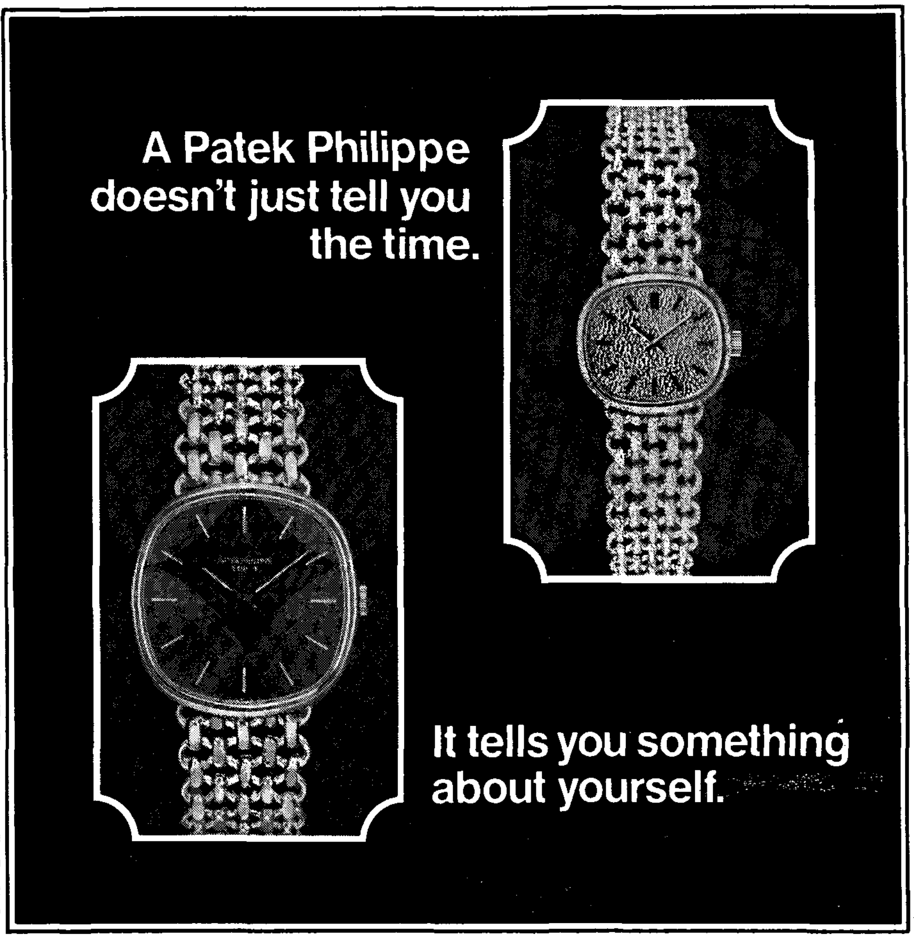
"Then come work for me," he said. "I'll give you a new suit of clothes and a ticket to the baths. You'll be paid well, and you'll have time to study."

I guessed from this that he was desperate for a skilled tailor. "How much time, and when?"

"As much time as you want, whenever you want. I am a religious man."

He did give me a ticket to the baths (they were the perfect union of Rome and Jerusalem, because they were half full of Italians and half full of Jews), and when I had finished bathing he arrived with a new gray suit. I was shaved, bathed, well tailored, and warm. And though I was not a tailor, I was too tired to care.

IN the sewing loft, a hundred tailors worked machines and sewed with silver needles, stitching sleeves and binding furs, and singing softly to themselves the quiet Eastern songs that Jewish tailors sometimes sing. Fox pelts were hung from beams, in long, brown, glistening rows between bolts of English cloth and cutting tables where shining steel met fragrant gabardine. I was taken to a bench, as everyone looked up, and tools that I had never seen were put into my hands, as if to mark the reunion of old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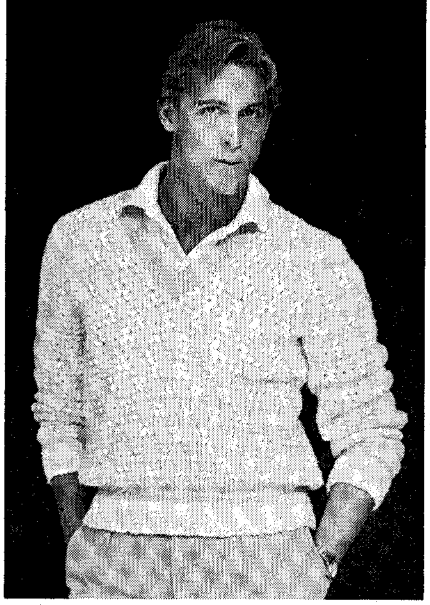

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friends. Barvaz told me what to do. I nodded as if I had understood, and he left. I had sewing implements and pieces of cut cloth: how I was to construct a winter coat out of these things was a considerable mystery.

I looked to my left and saw a little tailor with the face of a goat. He was humming, lost in another world. No wonder; he was blind and worked entirely according to touch. I looked to my right. There, sewing in rhythmic motions which seemed like (and could have been) exercises of the dance, was a beautiful young woman. I swallowed and looked away in puzzlement. She was shockingly beautiful—so much so that I immediately associated her with the stage portrayal of a fictional ideal. Yet such women can be real, they exist in fact, and they deserve a hearing as much as anyone else, for they, too, are flesh and blood. She was the kind of woman who frightens men, because they assume that she is too pretty for them. I, too, might have assumed that, but I was in a tight corner. After the initial shock (through which, I freely admit, I almost did not pass), I paid no heed to her beauty.

"What do you do?" I asked her, in Yiddish, holding up a tray of needles and thread.

"I'm a tailor, just like you," she replied, tentatively offended. "Only I'm called a seamstress."

"No," I said.

This made her angry. "What do you mean, 'no'?"

"I mean, what does *one* do?"

"What does *one* do?" She was now perplexed.

"Yes, what does *one* do?"

"In what circumstance?"

"Here!" I said, pointing to my tools and cloth.

"One sews," she said, warily.

"But I don't know how! Teach me what to do, or they'll fire me."

She went back to her sewing, and then turned to me. "You escaped from someplace," she said bravely.

"I did *not*."

"You work for a newspaper."

"No."

"Why is there ink on your hand?"

"I have been known," I said, "to touch a pen. But I don't work for a newspaper."

"You're dressed like a lawyer, not a tailor. Why are you here, if you can't do the work?"

"*You*," I said accusingly, "should be on the stage. Why are *you* here?"

"I have strong ideas about the stage" was her reply. "The stage is vanity and stupidity, and I hope that I am neither vain nor stupid. At the moment, at least, since I don't know English, I'm perfectly happy to do this work."

In less than a minute, we had become enemies. It was horribly frustrating. I studied her from the corner of my eye (which made me seem cross-eyed). She was tall, her arms were long, and her hair was smooth and black—as shiny as the pelt of a seal. Her cheeks were so spacious and her cheekbones so high that when I studied them I thought of mountain snowfields. Her nose was long and straight, her shoulders and breasts finely formed, and her voice was the sort of voice with which the blind fall in love.

"I need a job as a tailor," I explained. "Not permanently—only for a certificate of employment, so that I can get someone off the Island."

"Oh," she said, "I see."

I thought that she would have nothing further to do with me, but it was not long before we had embarked together on a course in tailoring.

She was a good teacher. First, she made me aware of a lot of unrelated techniques, listing them in a hurry, demonstrating, and calling for imitation. "That's fine," she would say, and go on to the next thing. In this way I learned how to sit, how to end a stitch, how to thread needles, how to "lock up" my work, etc., etc. We then tried a system she devised whereby she would do most of the work on a coat and I would struggle along on what she assigned, so that in the end—with me pushing as hard as I could while she labored twice as much and corrected my mistakes—we could finish the work of two. I did my best, but she did most of it. Because of this, I insisted on giving her my pay.

"How will you eat?" she wanted to know.

"I can go without eating for a few days," I told her. "I'm like a camel. You must take my wages, since you will have done the work."

"Nonsense," she said. "I won't take anything. Let's keep on sewing. If we don't, we won't get it done."

We managed this way during the first afternoon, and did a passable job. She struggled to do double the work that she normally did. I helped her as she helped me.

She was generous without the slightest guile, and I fell in love with her as I had never fallen in love before. As she revealed herself to me, her physical beauty paled in comparison

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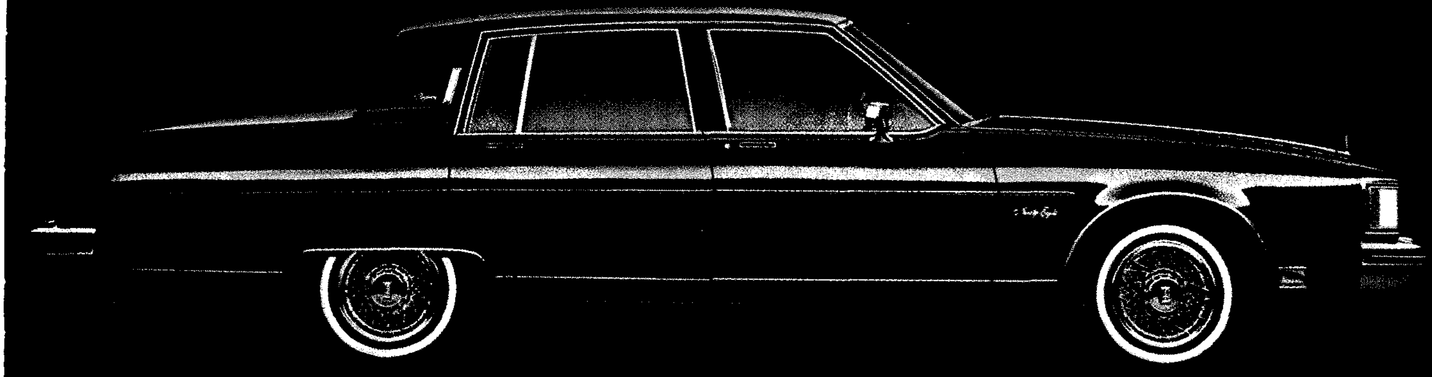

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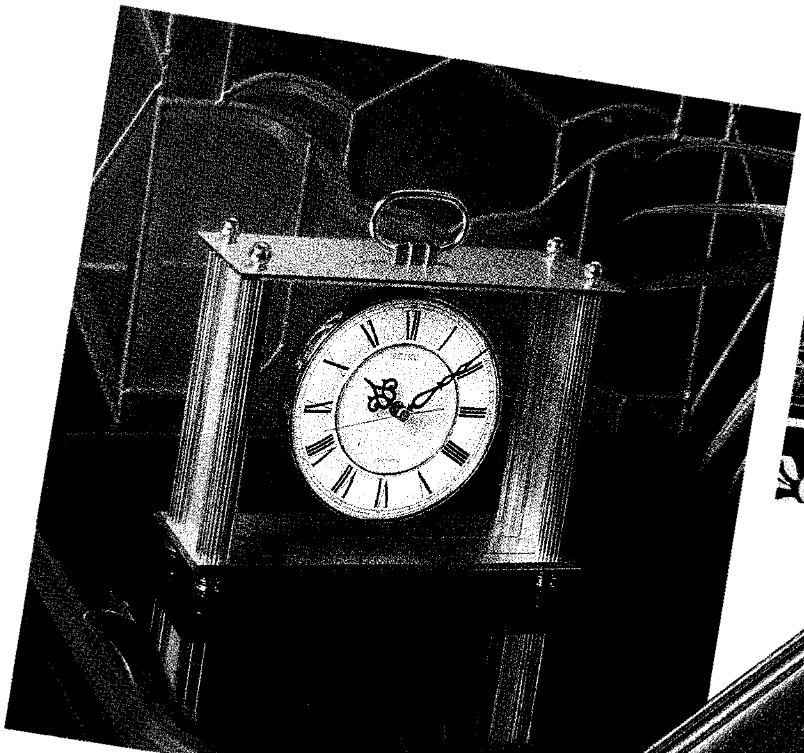

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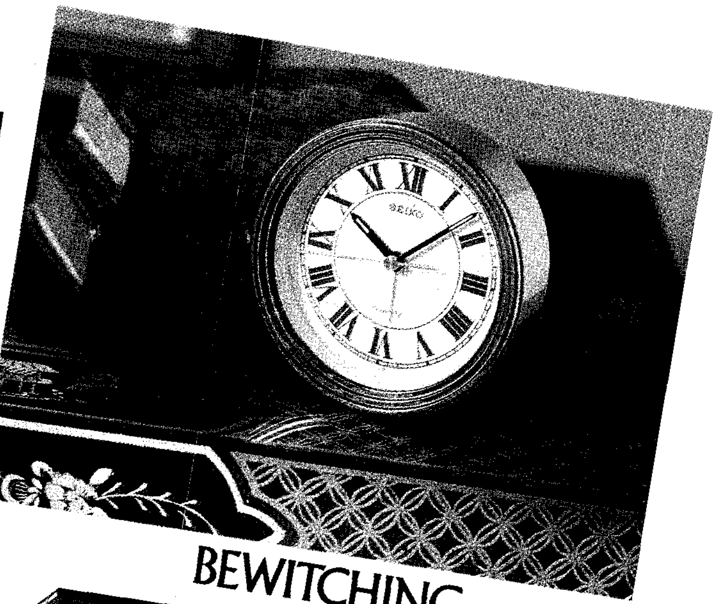

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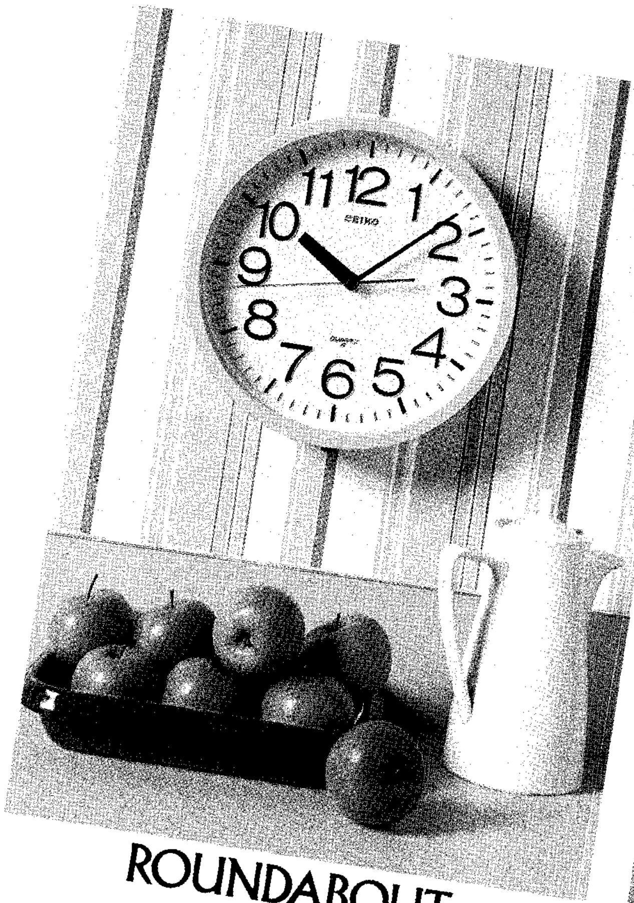

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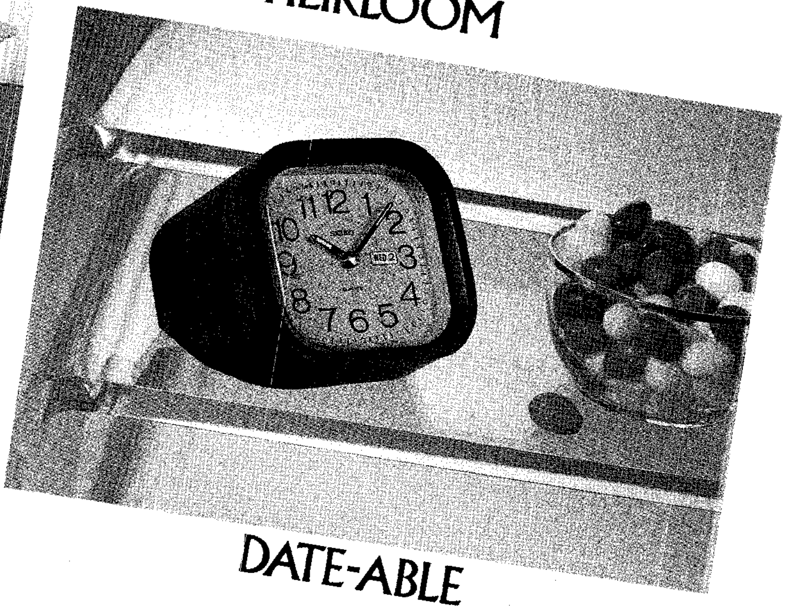

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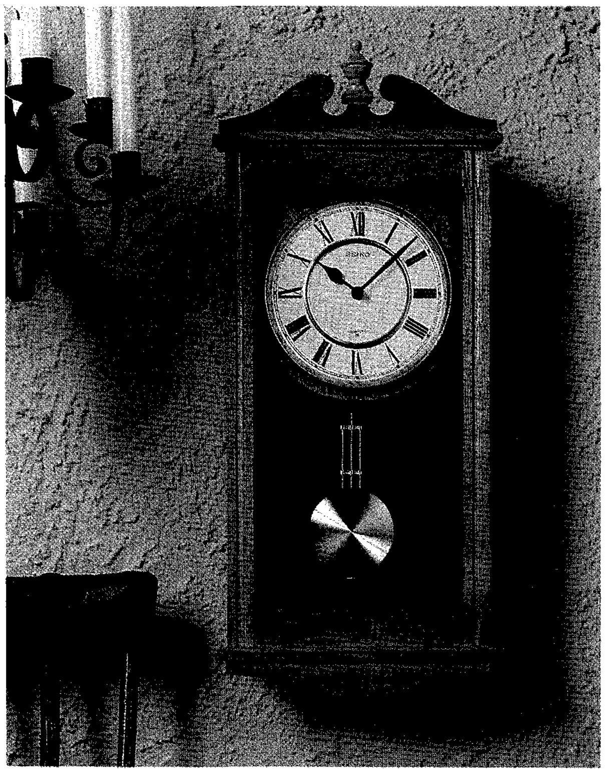

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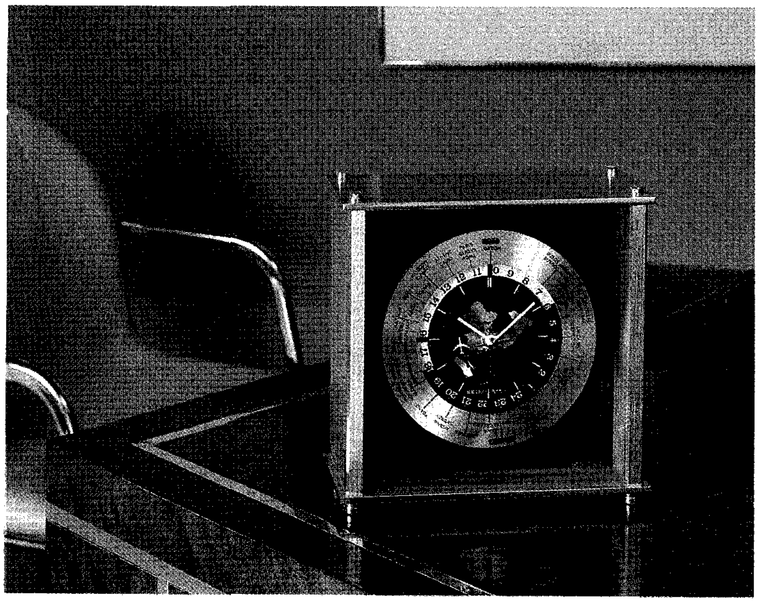

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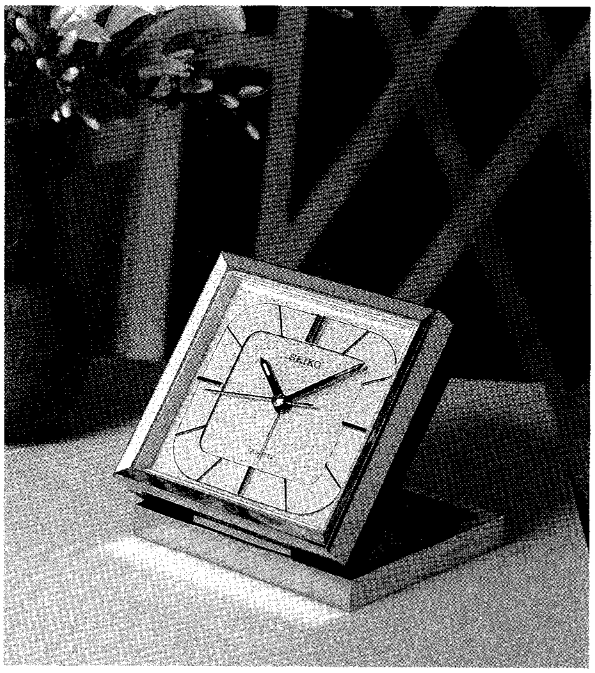

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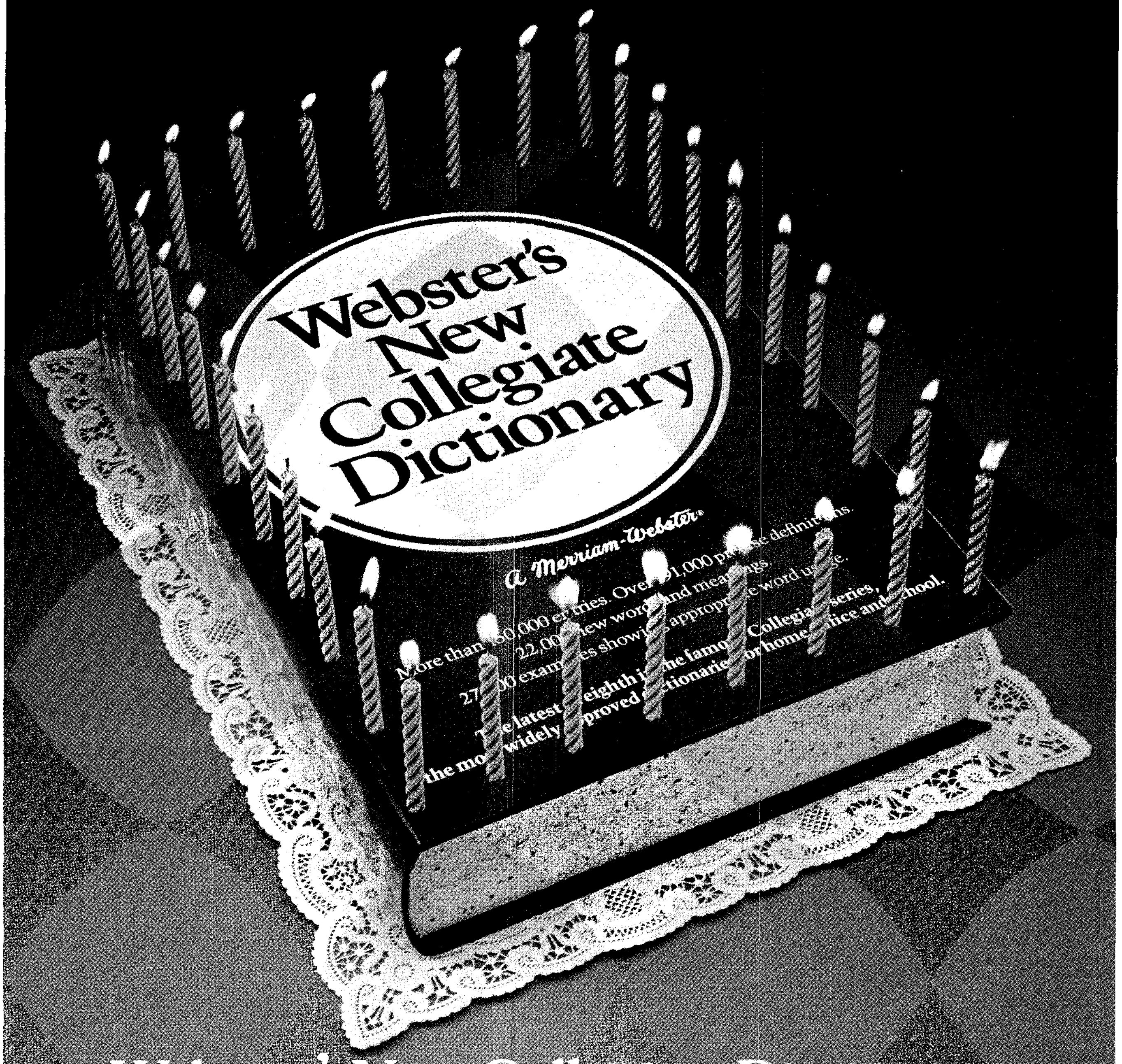

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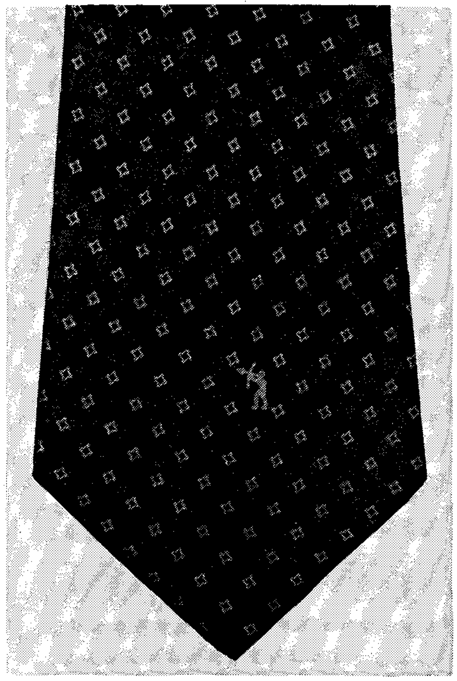
with what she really was. I began to think of Elise only in terms of paying back the debt I owed her for guiding me on the Island, and because I had promised.

And then something happened with this woman (who would not tell me her name, which—I found out from someone else—was Hava). You must understand that we are a nation whose most profound respect is for old men, the *Tzaddikim*—whether they be rabbis, or tailors, or farmers, or whatever. Perhaps it is because they have had the time to live and to study, and that, embodied in them, is what we revere. I have always seen in them the line of my life both forward and backward; I am deeply solicitous of them; they have a special hold on me—as if they were what I really should be, as if I saw in them the holiness that one can see in a child, as if each one were my own father, as if they were unnervingly close to God. I don't know. All I do know is that they can easily break my heart.

Hava, you see, with her silver needles flying, bent over the rich and heavy cloth, working intently not for herself but for another, drew from me the reverence and the love that I had known only for the *Tzaddikim*. She became for me, in her justice, a symbol of all that I had loved and all that had ever moved me. Hava, in selflessness, became the recollection of my village, the winters there, the light that came to us suddenly from the clouds when in our frailty we thought only of the dark. Hava became all the beauty of the hart that I had seen, when a little boy, leaping over our house dizzily into the blue. Hava became everything that was good and beautiful. Perhaps one might think this was too much credit for a human soul, and such splendid attribution could only have led to disillusion. But she was those things, and more, radiant even in qualities of imperfection. With the simplest of actions she elicited from me the deepest emotions. I watched her, with her silver needles flying, working intently—not for herself, but for another.

I DID give her my wages. I pressed them into her hand. This turned out not to have been entirely contrary to my self-interest, for although I could not have predicted it, she took me home with her, since I had no place to sleep and nothing to eat.

Almost trembling, we wound our way up the stairs of the tenement in



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which she lived. My hands were swollen from needle punctures. All I had had to eat (after eating far too much the day before) was a twisted bread that I had taken from the bakers, and five glasses of tea, which might have made me tremble anyway.

I dreaded the ordeal of family scrutiny. The one time that I had been taken as the prospective husband in an arranged marriage (the bride didn't know me; I didn't know her; I had no choice; I was only sixteen), the girl's father picked up a chair and tried to smash it over my head. What could I have done to offend him so? To this day, I am in ignorance. All I know is that I was dressed very carefully, my hair was slicked down, and I was wearing my uncle's .25-carat-diamond stickpin. The bride turned out to have been a sweet blond girl as skinny as a violin string, but her father went into a rage, screaming, "Another fat boy! Yet another fat boy! I'll show him!" (I was almost as slender as his daughter.) As my cousin the very incompetent matchmaker and I ran from his front garden, he appeared at the window and fired a duelling pistol at us. But that is another story.

Hava had no family: she lived alone, and had dared to take me in. Just before she opened the door, she told me that her parents were still in Russia, and her sister and her brother-in-law, with whom she had come to America, were in Milwaukee. For an entire hour, we talked nervously about Milwaukee, although neither of us knew a single thing about it.

Then she heated some boiled beef with carrots and celery, and she served not only bread and horseradish but wine. Across the airshaft was a music school in which a student quartet was sawing out lovely Viennese *quazerkas*. Even though these students were to real musicians as a chicken is to a nightingale—I thought at first that they were Chinese trying to learn Western scales—the wine that we drank turned them all into Joseph Joachims. I could not have been happier. Everything was going perfectly. Two days in America, I thought, and I am a drake (I think I meant duke). It is true that we were in a single cold room in a tenement, but the food was excellent; I had a job (in a way); and there was this woman, Hava, who was searingly, painfully beautiful. As the wine and I told her, she was "a veritable merry-go-round of dizzying attractiveness, numbingly tantalizing, perfectly and smoothly alluring." I

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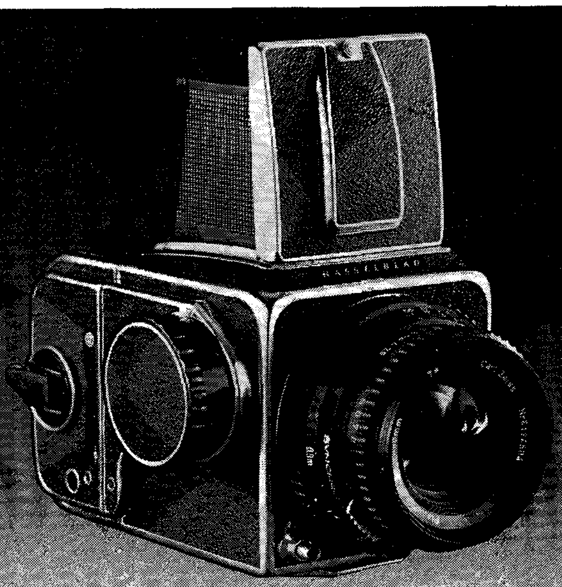

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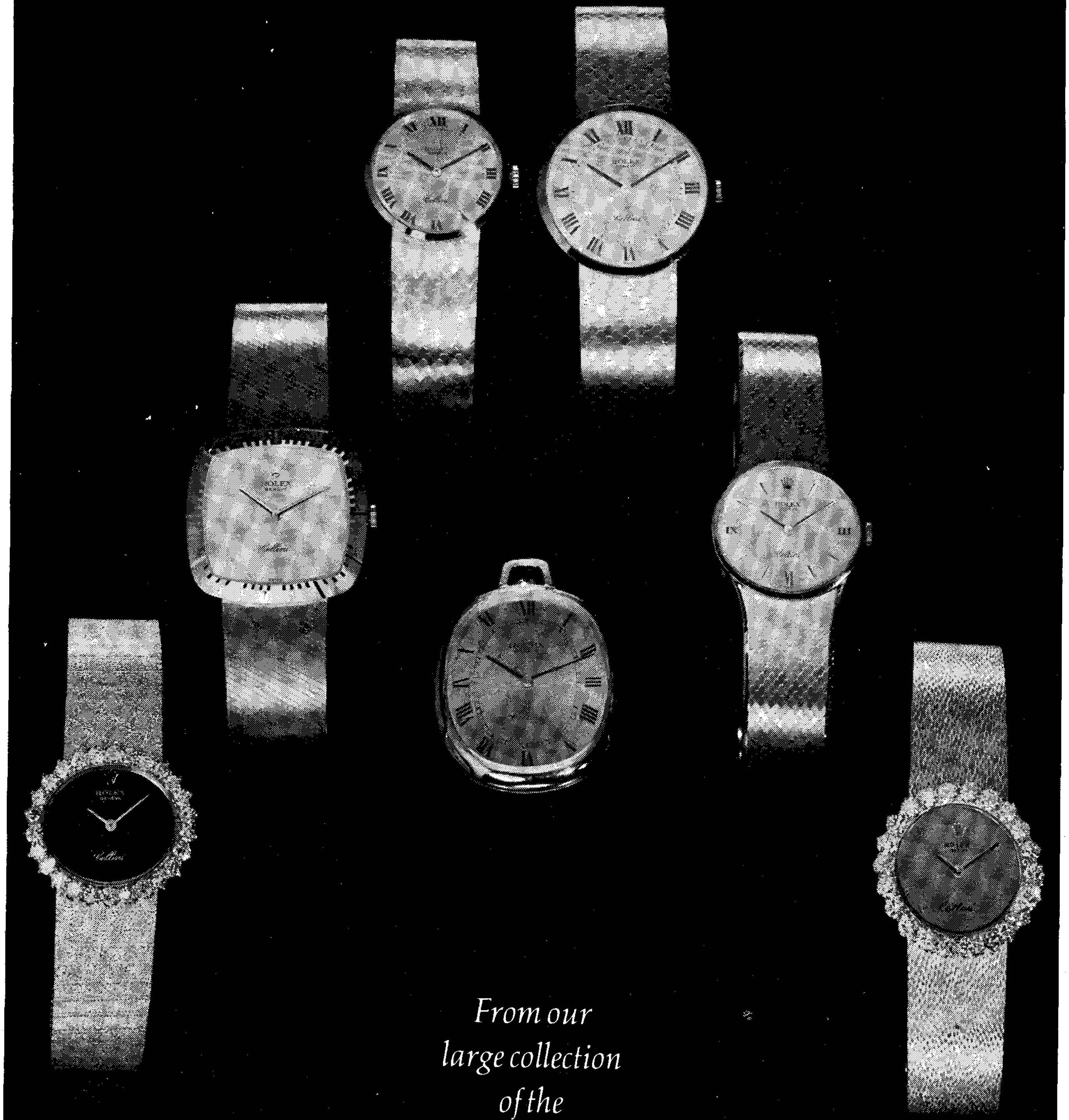

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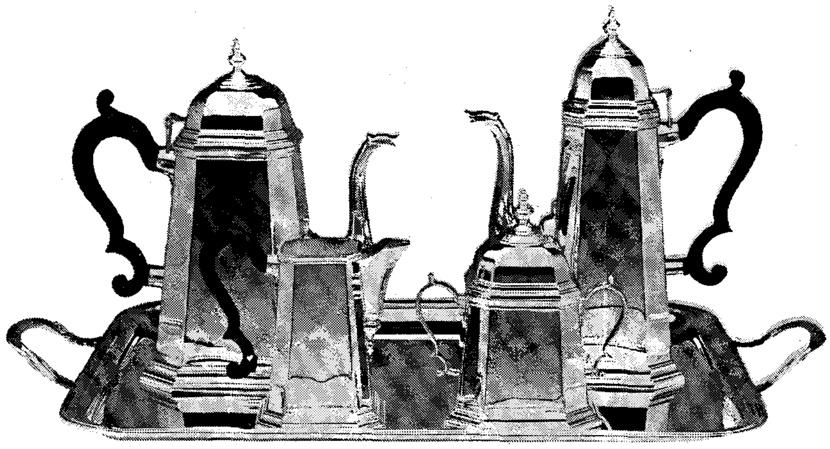

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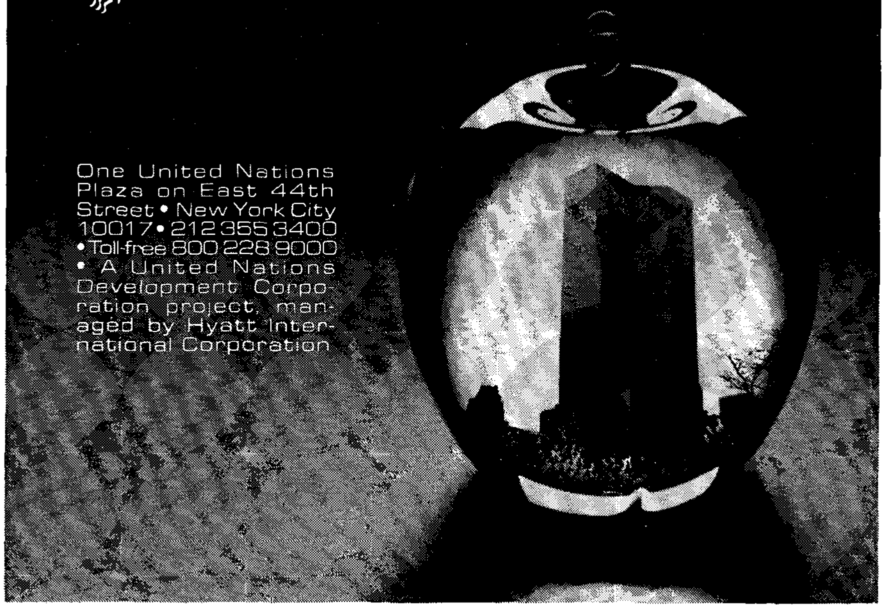

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was practicing English, and, like every immigrant, I had been hypnotized by polysyllabic Latinates. Nonetheless, she blushed like an adolescent and stared at her plate. After all, she didn't know English.

As she washed the dishes, I swayed back and forth, fodder for the violins. When she finished, she dried her hands and put on some sort of lotion that smelled like roses. Most women let down their hair when they go to bed. Hava did the opposite, and her arms at work became terribly visible, as did the flowing concave arches of her shoulders and neck. The symmetry of this viscous telegraphy, as smooth as silken ribbons, took from me my remaining will and self-possession. I was in the *primum mobile*. Then she pointed at the ceiling.

I wanted to please her, so I too pointed at the ceiling. What did I know. I had read that, in America, the Eskimos rubbed noses.

"Up there," she said.

"Up there," I repeated like an idiot.

"That's where you'll sleep."

I looked up. "On the ceiling?"

For an instant, I imagined that she could, by a single prayer, make me as light as a balloon, so that I would tuck comfortably against the ceiling, there to dream all night of the bed below and its occupant—as inviting as an Alpine meadow in bloom (without the bees).

"No, not on the ceiling, my dear man," she said, with such affection that I would have been willing thereafter to sleep in Hell for her had she desired it. "On the roof, where you will find a tent and a cot. Any"—her Yiddish pronunciation of Annie—"a consumptive who lived across the hall, used it for taking the air."

"Tell me something, Hava. What happened to Any?"

"Poor Any died."

Once again I cast my eyes to the ceiling. "What about the germs?"

"What are germs?" she asked innocently.

It was a joy to sit on the edge of her bed, close to her, holding her hand in mine, explaining the theory of bacteria and germs—a theory with which, I might add, she was really quite taken. Still, at the end of my dissertation, she pointed to the ceiling.

I stayed on the roof for two hours. It was actually several degrees below zero, and Annie had left only two blankets (no wonder she died). I eventually got so cold that I climbed down the fire escape and knocked on Hava's

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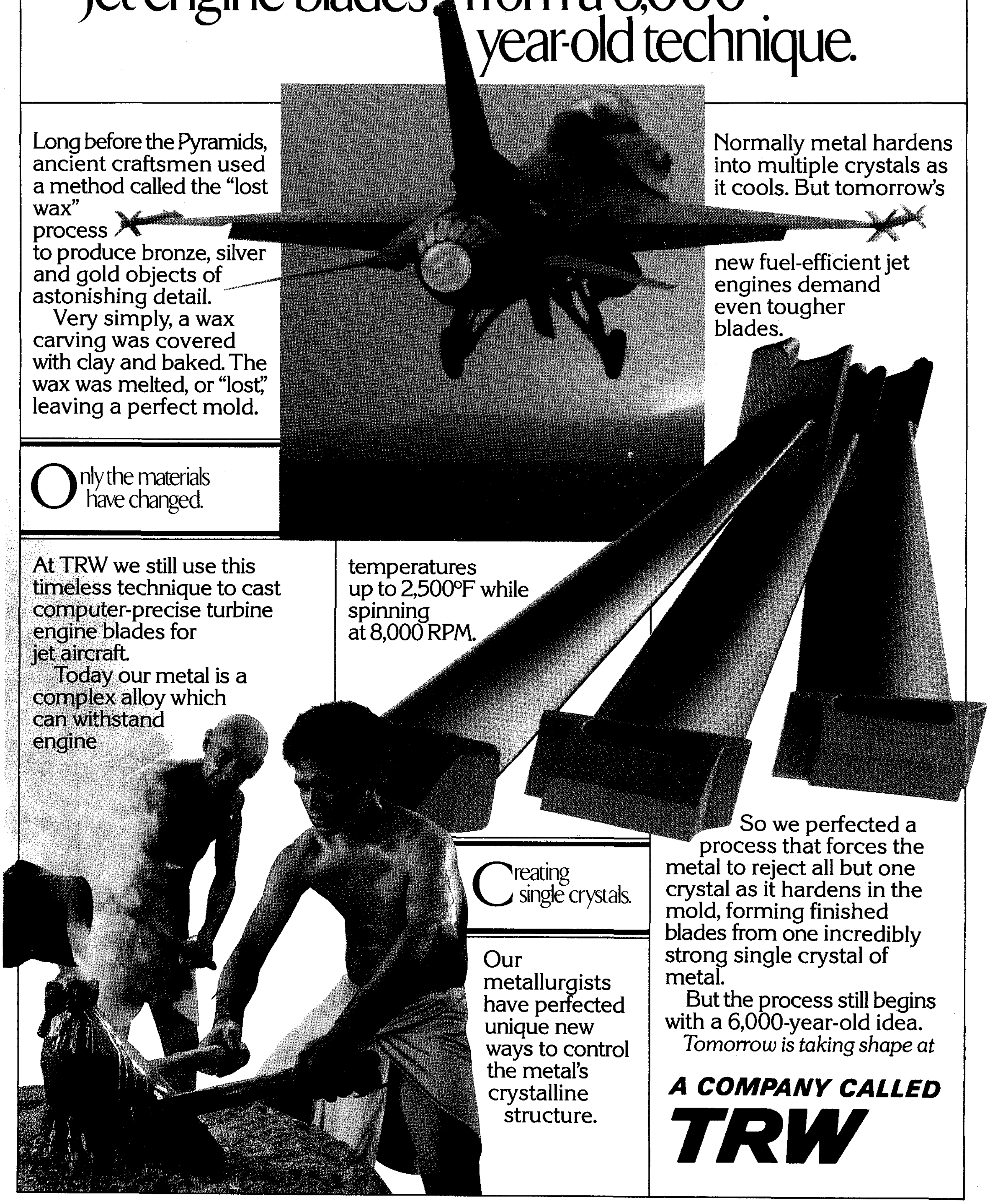

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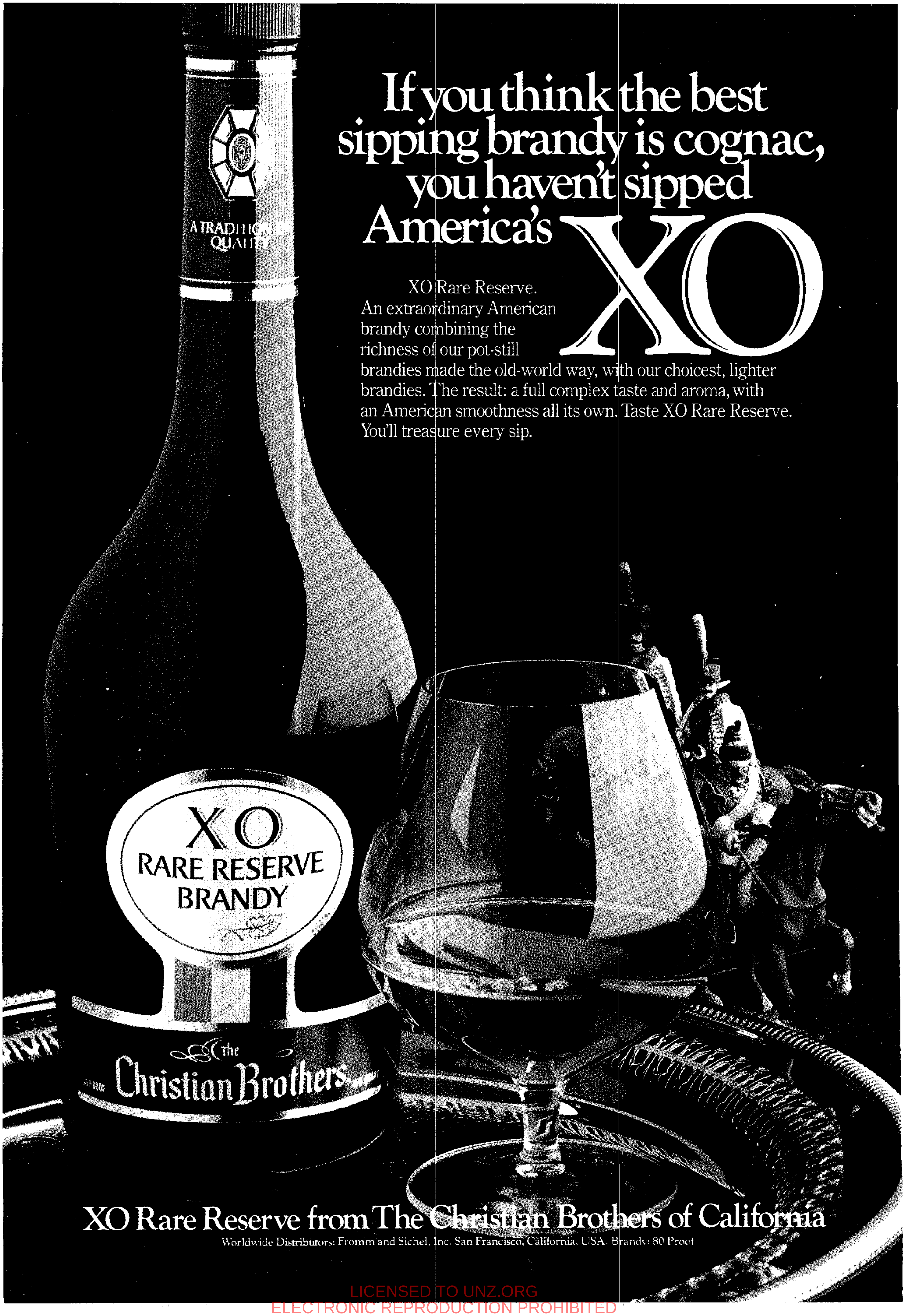
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window. She got up from her bed and turned on the lamp; she was wearing a snow-colored gown.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

I could see through the glass that she was delightfully warm. Her skin was rosy, a color that the Russians call "blood and milk."

I was too cold to answer, so she opened the window and I fell in, crashing onto the floor like a block of ice. Then Hava's true humanity surfaced as she helped me into bed, drew the covers over us, and, to banish the chill, embraced me with legs and arms and everything she had. "We have to get up early," she whispered, "so sleep now."

I awoke in the morning with Hava in my arms. Snow had blown in through the open window, and a snowdrift slept at the foot of our bed, just like a white cat.

WE soon discovered that splitting the rent in two makes life much easier. And since I was able to shop in the morning, she no longer had to settle for wilted and damaged vegetables, and meat that would have been passed over even by its mother. As a reward for leaving, I received a certificate of employment from Barvaz, who had found a real tailor—an old man of great skill—to sit next to Hava.

When my hands—infected from the needle punctures—healed, I picked up my pen. Within a week, I had written an eloquent plea for the oppressed Jews of Turkistan, and I was paid a great sum (all right, not a great sum but a good sum) by the *Jewish Daily Forward*, which published it under a banner headline. There was a box in the middle of the article, which the editor used to solicit contributions for the Turkistan Emergency Fund. He wrote, "To give to another without reward is the only way to compensate for our mortality, and perhaps the binding principle of this world." At the time, I still was not quite sure of what he meant.

Since I was paid by the word, I had been very careful to make my survey of the conditions in Turkistan not only dramatic but complete. This necessitated not a few interpolations, estimates, and inventions. I was immediately attacked by a lot of sanctimonious literalists whom I led rather easily into a dizzying thicket within the paying pages of the *Forward*, which made them regret that (and wonder if) there was ever such a thing as Turkistan. I had been accused before, even in Russia, of insulting the truth. Some had gone so far as to call me a devious liar. How ridiculous! Truth is not anchored to the ground by driven piles. It can float and take to the air; it is light and lovely and delicate. It is feminine as well as masculine. It is often gentle, and, sometimes, it can even make a fool of itself—but when it does it calls down God (who protects weak creatures), and suddenly its foolishness becomes a blazing, piercing light.

I was soon able to earn a decent living writing for the *Forward*. I bought a vest in which to carry my fountain pen, and a watch chain—although I did not have a watch. I began to study English very hard, and Hava was soon able to work less: from eight until four. When she came home, we would have tea and biscuits and then go to the Jewish turnverein to exercise—she danced and swung Indian clubs, and I took up no-contact boxing. After the turnverein, we would go to the baths, and after that we would go home to read or play chess. At the end of February, we were married in a synagogue on Chrystie Street.

Living together as we had was rather unorthodox. But it had not troubled us, because America never seemed entirely real. For me, America was always very much like a dream. And when New York ties you up in its net, how can you know for sure what is real and what is not?

I suppose I could have gone on that way forever, and left the past to take care of itself. But one morning, in March, I awoke in intense sadness. I had been so busy and so content that I had forgotten Elise. Perhaps it was because I was afraid to return to the Island, fearing that the clouds would once more descend and I would wake up having just come off the boat, with the night class, the palace, and Hava only dreams.

I didn't want that, but I dressed and shaved, tucked the employment certificate and my fountain pen (the badge of my real profession) in my vest pocket, and set out for Ellis Island, apprehensive that I might never return. In anticipation of being trapped there once again, I ached for Hava. It was a risk that had to be taken. Mainly for Hava's sake, I wanted to be a man who kept his promises—and there is only one way to do that.

THE waters of the harbor were translucent and aquamarine; they ran thick with shards of ice and white

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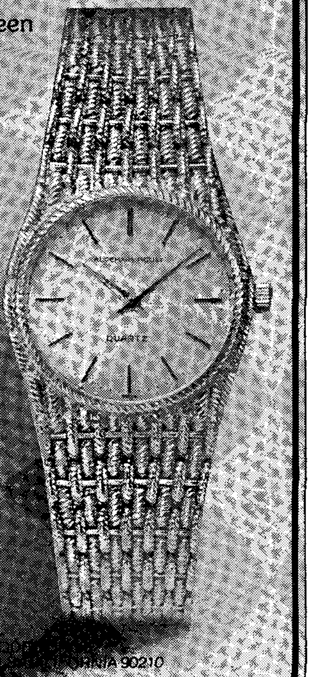

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islands as big as polar bears. Ellis Island lay in the distance, its Byzantine domes and blood-red roofs glowing in the morning sunshine. The sloop in which I sailed was loaded with inspectors, officials, and sacks of mail destined for ships not allowed into port. Having passed through already, I knew the power of the Island and feared that I would be possessed. It is a lair of the deepest emotions, where hope has died and flourished, where those who love one another have been separated forever, where anything that can happen to a soul has happened, all in full view of the Battery. It is like a sinking ship just offshore, watched by those who have landed; a court of the world; a purgatory; the turning place of dreams.

Once I had set foot again on Ellis Island, I knew that I had come to one of God's places, and that those of us who had been there were tied to it forever. I passed through warm kitchens, and halls decorated with signal flags. I went into the great room, and saw the same people still winding through, silently walking up the long stairs, their eyes glistening in gray light. But this time there was no underlying surf-like noise. It was totally silent, and I thought I was deaf. They climbed the stairs without a sound; there were no voices; everything was light and cloudy in tones of gray and brown. In that unearthly place, people spoke and nothing came from their mouths.

By the time I reached the hall in front of the Commissioner's office, I felt as if I had never left the Island, and the silence held me deep within its saddened chambers. What a shock, then, when I knocked at the glass and it rattled loudly in my ears.

"Don't knock so loud," said a bluecoat, who had jumped up to get the door. I was awake now, but only half out of the dream. "What do you want?"

He knew that I was not subject to the laws of the Island. I had a pass in my pocket, but I never showed it to anyone, coming or going, since they could tell from your eyes whether or not you were bound to the Island. I asked him about Elise, and if he remembered us.

"How can I remember anyone?" he said with irritation. "Everyone's the same here." But he did take me in to the Commissioner, who—no longer a giant—sat behind his desk just like any other high-level bureaucrat. He received me politely, but I could see that he wanted to be busy. I asked if he remembered the time that we had gone with Elise into the tower to see Manhattan rising over the clouds.

"Of course I do," he said. "She died."

I was struck as if by the blast of a gun at close range, and only through the severest discipline did I manage to press him for the details.

"Not long after you left the Island," he said, "a ship small enough to dock in the launch slip came in out of the fog. It had sailed from Constantinople, under the flag of a well-known shipping house. But something about it struck our inspectors as out of the ordinary—there were only a third as many people on board as usual, and yet these were poor people who normally would have been packed like rice into the steerage. They were bothered as well by the faces of the passengers as they filed off the gangway and headed for the reception hall. Only when all were inside, waiting on the benches, and several collapsed onto the floor—in itself a common occurrence—did the inspectors make the connection with what they had observed beforehand.

"These fellows are smart, you know. They have to pass a rigorous exam. When they figured it out, they acted immediately. Several of them raced to the hospital, and the rest went on board the little steamer. They found exactly what they had expected, but even then it shocked them. Corpses were lying all over the place, next to the barely living bodies of men, women, children, and the sailors themselves—more than five hundred dead and dying. Typhus. The boys at St. George must have been asleep: for, somehow, the ship had passed the quarantine.

"The living were put in isolation, the ship itself taken out to sea and sunk, with all the bodies on it left in place. But to get this done someone had to go on the ship to bring out those who were still alive. The doctors and inspectors asked for volunteers from among those interned or waiting. Several who went aboard and who later cared for the survivors caught the disease and died. I suppose it was in the handling; I don't know about those things. But Elise, that pretty red-haired Danish girl with whom we went into the tower—yes, I remember—was one of them."

Half in a daze, I left the Commissioner's office and went outside the main building. Sitting on the quay in a

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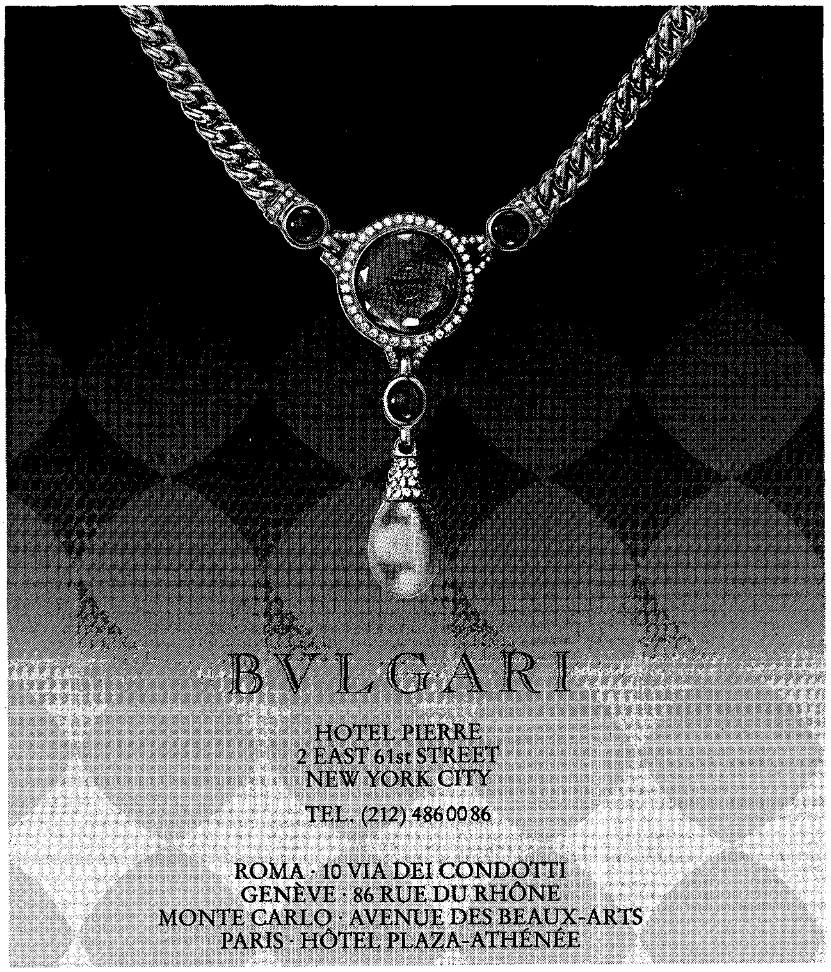

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weak spring sun, I watched the ferry pull in and out a dozen times, and still I was not moved. I could see Manhattan, Brooklyn, the Narrows, and the Island itself. In the silence and tranquillity of one privileged or damned (I did not know which), I watched small ships and lighters bringing to the piers of Ellis Island a flood of new immigrants caught in a dream, people who had left their homes and everything they loved to come to a new world.

Unless they were wiser than I had been, they probably did not know that a new world of new dreams is a fierce and demanding thing, that it takes from you as much as it gives, and that their difficult voyage was far from over—for the city itself is like wild surf, and lessons are hard to learn when one is breathless in a cold and active sea. But they must be learned nevertheless. For hardened hearts and dead souls are left to those who do not understand that we sometimes do grave damage to those whom we love. Hardened hearts and dead souls are left to those who harm an innocent and then do not embark on a life of careful amends.

I was not certain of my responsibility to Elise, for I had fulfilled my promise; I had only delayed. But that was no comfort. I remembered how beautiful she had been, like a rising light, as she had ascended the staircase and helped me to see. And then, watching the hopeful immigrants newly arrived at Ellis Island—one of God's places, I am sure—I realized that part of my life was forever ended. I was no longer one of them, and I, too, was able to cry halting, choking tears, as the dream subsided in favor of what is perhaps the binding principle of this world.

I GOT home just before Hava returned from the sewing loft. When she came in, it was almost dark. She saw me sitting near the window. What lovely eyes she had in the half light. She lit the lamp, and it came up bright and strong. Hava!

—MARK HELPRIN

•

". . . if while skiing,
you fall and hit your
head and are
unconscious, even
momentarily, you
must take yourself off
the slopes, and you
must see a physician."

—*Skiing.*

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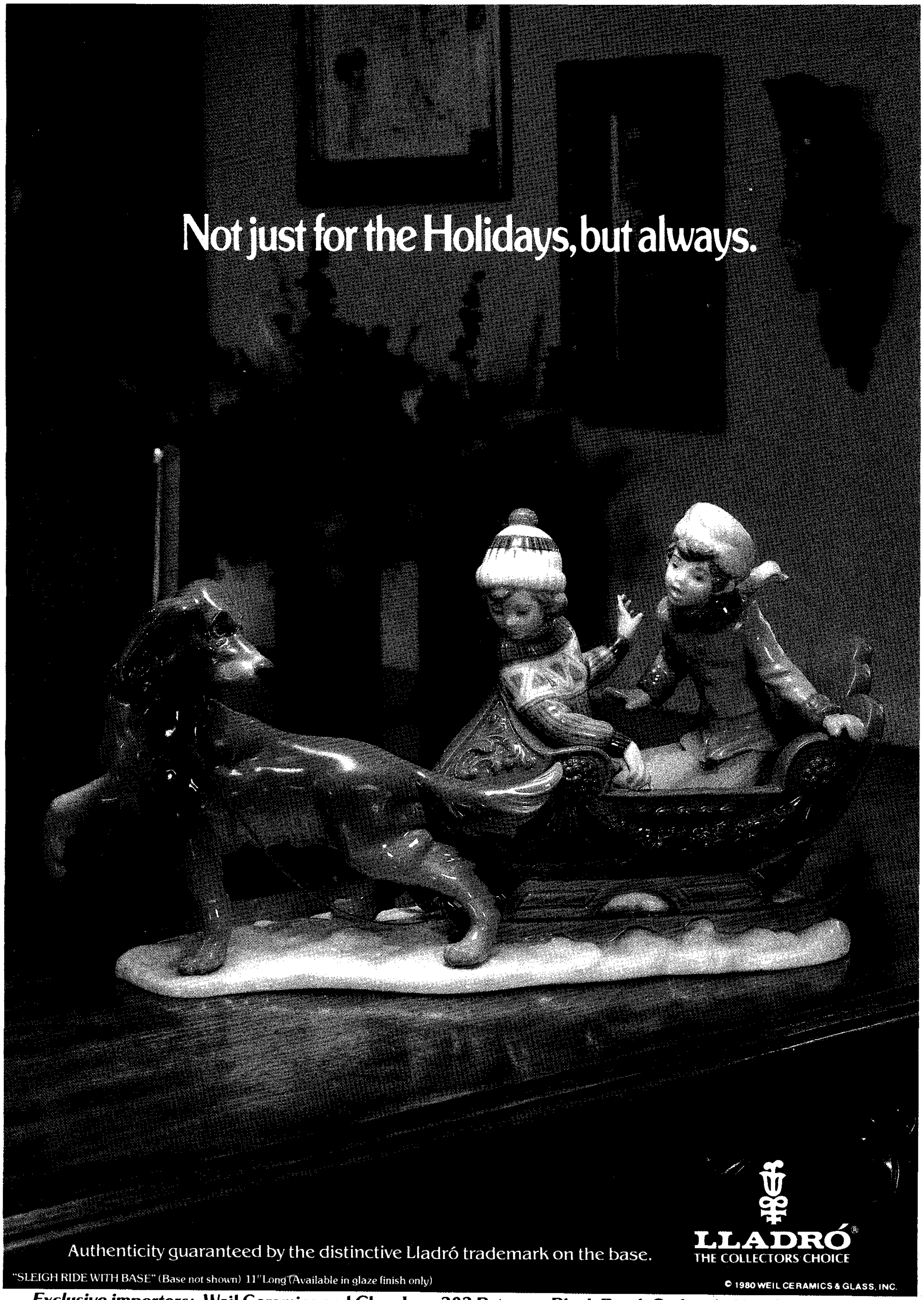
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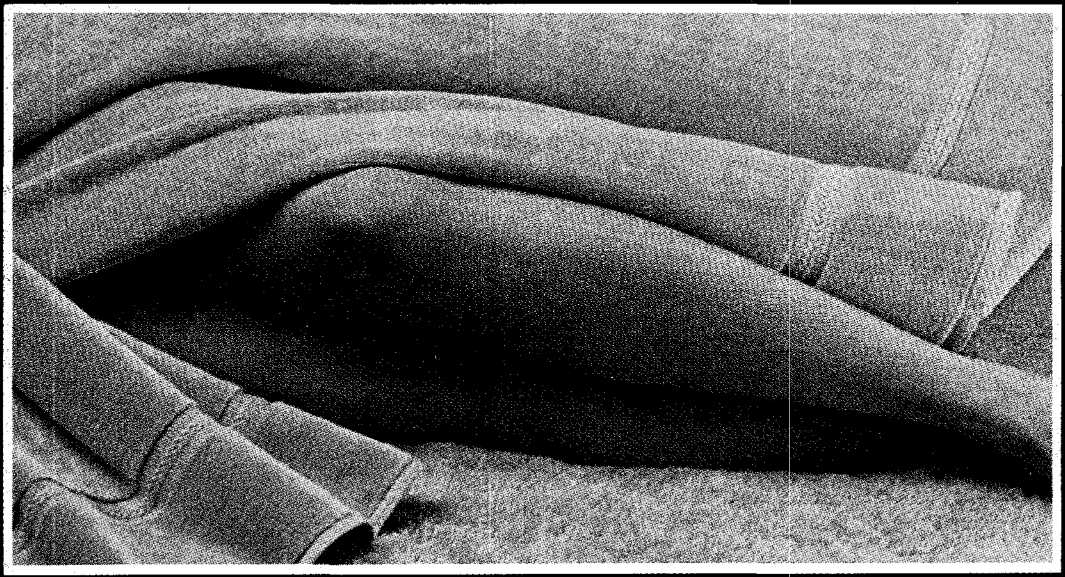

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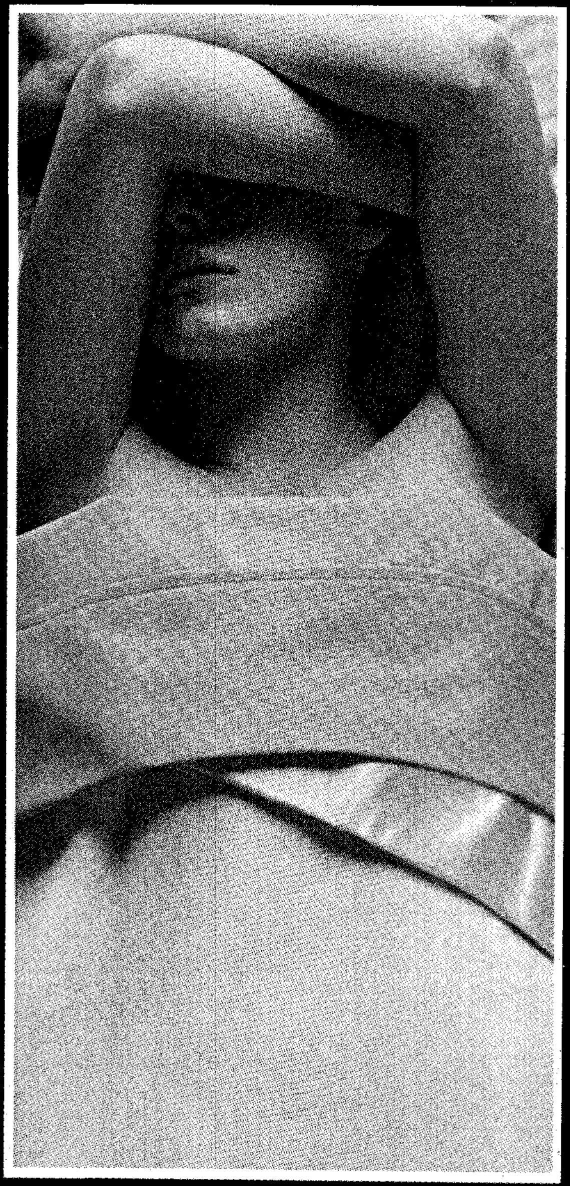

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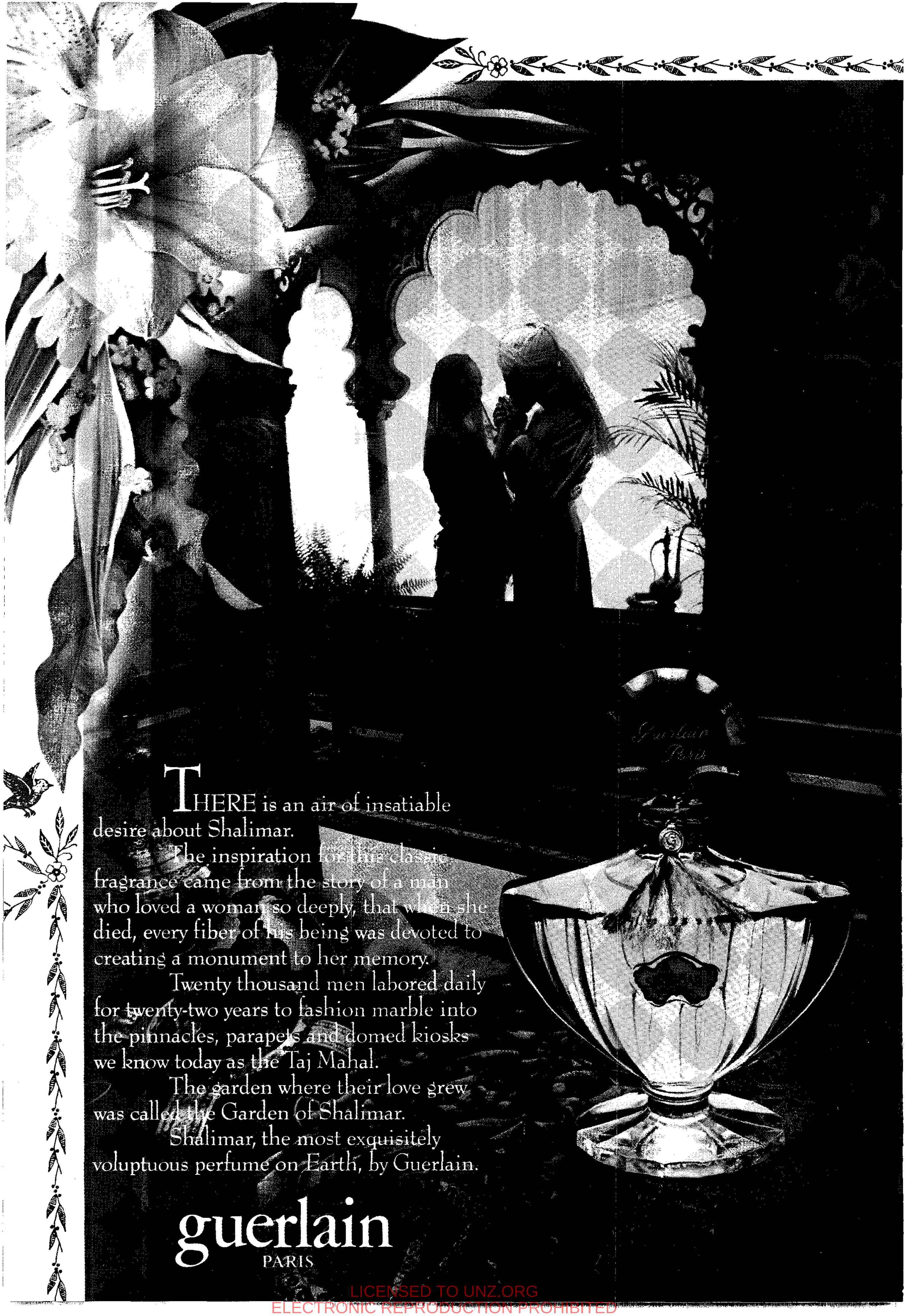

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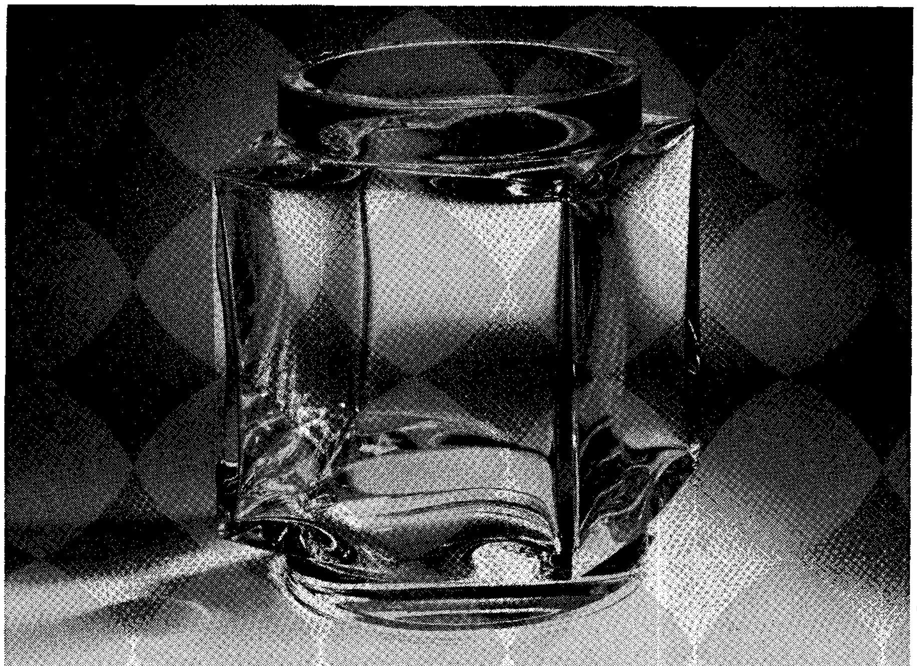
THE THEATRE

Downhill Fast

"The American Clock," lately at the Biltmore, was a mildly entertaining little lecture on a grim subject, the Great Depression. The lecture was given by Arthur Miller, who plainly likes to teach and sometimes to preach, and who let it be known that many of the cautionary episodes provided in the course of his lecture were of a loosely autobiographical origin. The program defined "The American Clock" as "a mural for theatre," whatever that may mean, and added that it was inspired by Studs Terkel's book "Hard Times." The play covers the years from the late twenties to the late thirties, and Teacher's sketch of the boom period preceding the stock-market crash of October, 1929, proves to be a disappointingly conventional one. Certain celebrated names—Babe Ruth, Gertrude Ederle, Charles Lindbergh—are summoned up, and certain classic postures are struck, in a fashion now more commonly encountered in TV sit-coms than on Broadway. A teen-ager named Lee Baum, who is evidently Miller's version of himself when young, finds the fiscal follies of the twenties an easy target; his father, Moe Baum, a prosperous manufacturer, is shown seeking financial advice from a favorite Wall Street bootblack, and acting with fatuous swiftness on his latest hot tip—"Buy General Electric!" Soon onstage (and soon off) are such historic figures as the speculators Jesse Livermore and William C. Durant, who learn over drinks in an ornate speakeasy that they have just been wiped out. As for the hard-pressed Moe, he is obliged to dismiss his chauffeur and take to public transport. From that moment on, it is downhill fast for the Baums, until they reach bottom in a small, ugly house in Brooklyn.

Young Lee serves as a narrator for much of the action of "The American Clock," but its protagonist is Lee's mother, Rose Baum. She is intended to personify that army of indomitable Jewish mamas for whom home and family are all that matter and who defend their loved ones with a tigerish vehemence, come what may. The difficulty in this case is that Mrs. Baum is simply a tiresome woman, tactless and opinionated, who threatens to suffer a total mental breakdown when, having been obliged to sell her hideous baby-grand piano, she can no longer sit at the keyboard playing songs from popular musical comedies of an earlier, more prosperous day. There is nothing spiritually heroic about the Baums. Dad loses his chauffeur, Mom loses her piano, and Lee loses his bicycle, and these losses aren't merely—and crudely—symbolic; they are the sum of what has been lost. Lee, who has literary aspirations, goes off to college and becomes a foreign correspondent, but the source of his aspirations isn't to be found in the play. We confront little of the anguish and dignity of the people Terkel describes in "Hard Times;" instead, there is only the sorry lust for objects that haunts so many of Miller's characters and that leads us to wonder whether even on their deathbeds the glimpse of a shiny new refrigerator wouldn't be likely to bring a cry of joy to their lips.

Joan Copeland and John Randolph were able to bring humor and some occasional tenderness to the not very sympathetic roles of Rose and Moe,



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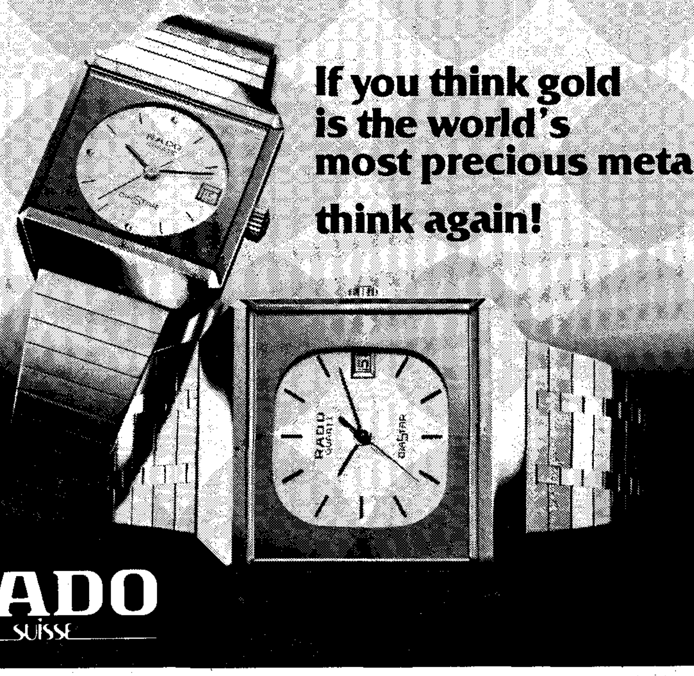

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but William Atherton, sad to say, was physically implausible as their son. Salem Ludwig drolly portrayed the usual grumpy Jewish grandfather, and Robert Harper, Alan North, and Edward Seamon played several roles apiece with commendable resourcefulness. The scenery came from the hand of Karl Eigsti, the costumes were by Robert Wojewodski, the lighting was by Neil Peter Jampolis, and the direction was by Vivian Matalon.

FRANK LOESSER is said to have written something like fifteen hundred songs, many of which are now indispensable "standards." Sixty-five of these songs are being sung, in whole or in part, on the stage of the Helen Hayes, in an homage to Loesser that pretends to be a revue and isn't. The homage is called "Perfectly Frank," and that clumsy pun is characteristic of the entire production, which lacks wit and purpose and seeks to conceal that lack behind a scrim of feverishly dispensed energy. The cast is headed by Jo Sullivan, who is Loesser's widow (he died in 1969) and who sings charmingly, but I fear that her boisterous colleagues possess determination rather than charm. Wayne Cilento and Jill Cook perform some expertly acrobatic dancing, and no evening is altogether a waste which lets us hear again "Standing on the Corner," "Once in Love with Amy," "Rosabella," "Fugue for Tinhorns," and "I've Never Been in Love Before," but, oh, how we long for some substantial action to take place! The note struck again and again is a fatally undergraduate one, and this is odd, because the performers do not appear to be particularly young. Brevity is often a form of kindness, so I'll say not another word, except to note for the record that the scenery and costumes have been designed by John Falabella, and that the lighting is by Ken Billington, the choreography by Tony Stevens, and the direction by Fritz Holt.
—BRENDAN GILL

•

ANNE RICE
She has, says *Publishers Weekly,* "The Margaret Mitchell touch." And, writes Elizabeth Pomada in the *San Francisco Chronicle*—"You'll find yourself thinking of, dreaming of, and weeping for, a world that is—as Margaret Mitchell put it—gone, gone with the wind."
—*Adv. in the Times.*

Or, as Ernest Dowson put it, "You have forgot much, Elizabeth Pomada."

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR MEN

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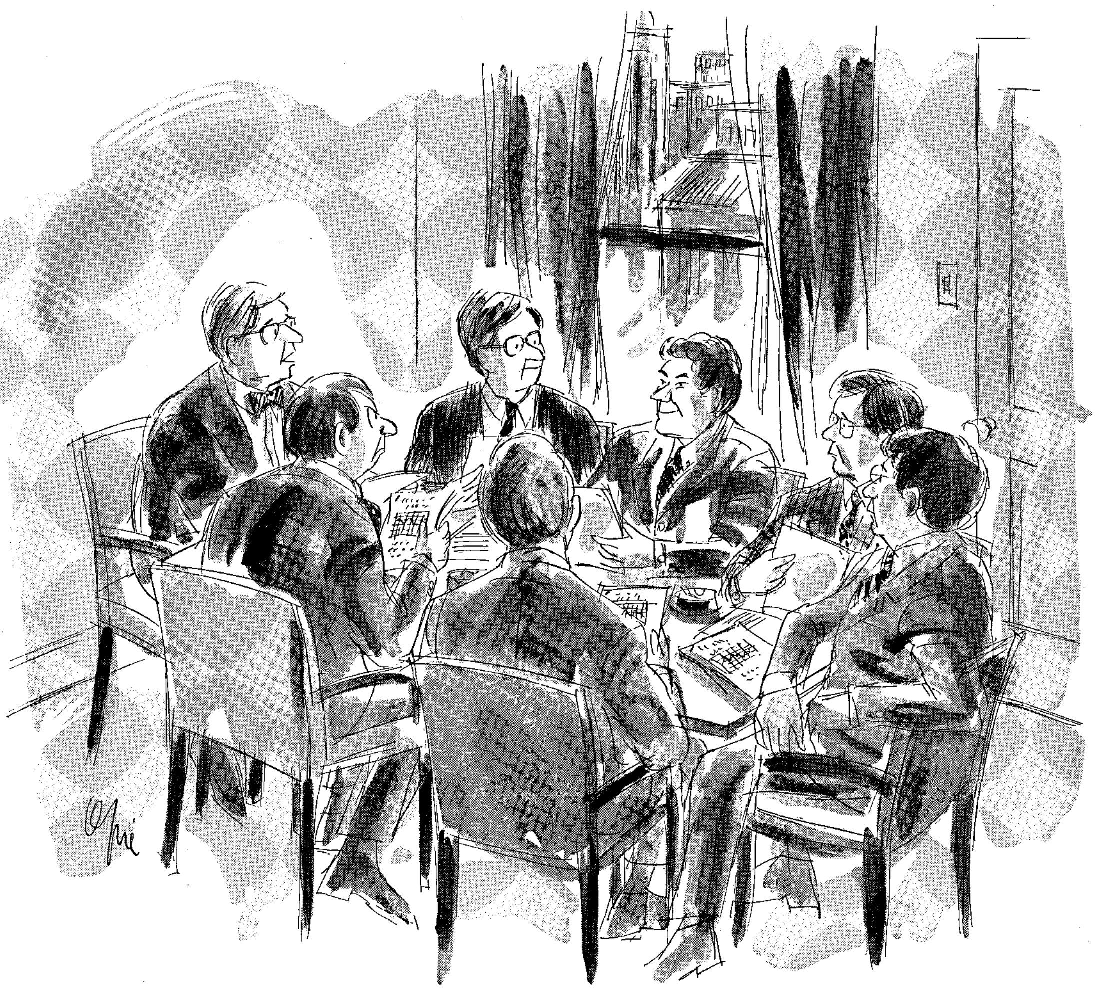
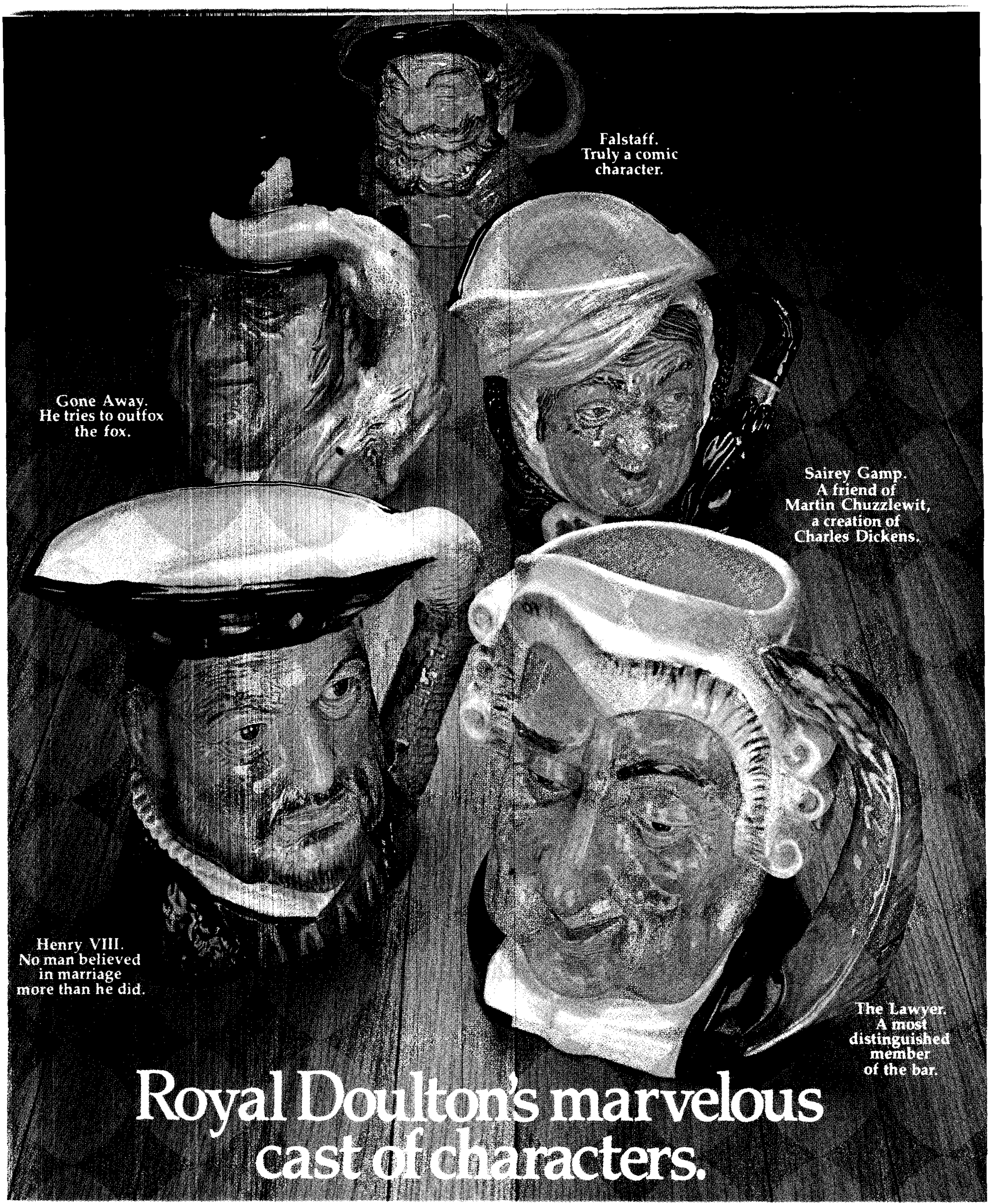
With audiovisual electronics, our living rooms keep getting closer to the technology of Voyager 1. At Harvey, 2 West 45th Street, we inspected the new Magnavision video-disc player, which runs movies on the television screen by means of laser-encoded discs that are tougher and cheaper than prerecorded videotapes; $699. For people who do not like silence even when they are out and about, Sony has produced the Walkman stereo cassette player. It pipes into its small, light earphones a sound of remarkable richness and clarity, considering that the unit is scarcely bigger than the regular cassette it plays; $199.95. Far more grandly, there are the great-sounding electrostatic headphones made by Stax. The technology involved here is normally found only in very expensive, full-size speakers, and the headphones come with a special energizing adapter, to link them to an existing stereo system. Stax's Lambda system is $340; the Sigma headphones employ basically the same technology but have the additional aural wrinkle of projecting some of the sound forward—lifting it out of the wearer's cranium and sending it out in front of the forehead somewhere, for a more spacious-feeling sound; that system is $450. Car-stereo systems, too, keep getting more elaborate all the time. Anyone—provided, that is, he always parks his car beyond the reach of burglars—might find his journeys improved by the Alpine car stereo. This system begins with a digital tuner-cassette deck that brings the dashboard into space-age style with a host of little lights and buttons for functions such as Dolby noise reduction and an automatic scanner that goes through the business of finding the station the listener wants to settle on: pausing at each station for four seconds (at which time the signal should be strong enough), the instrument gives a digital readout of that station's call number. All this is $699.95. A generous donor might add to this basic unit the other elements of the system, such as a sixty-five-watt-per-channel amplifier (Model 3002,



"Jay, I'd like you to retract that crack about Bill's being a fiscal illiterate so that we may proceed with our board meeting."



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and $239.95); a pre-amp equalizer (Model 3003, and $149.95); a digital time-delay unit (Model 3001, and $99.95); and four speakers (Model 300i by ADS, and $125 apiece).

Music Masters, 25 West 43rd Street, provides courteous service to record buyers and connoisseurs in a room more like the study of an elderly lexicographer than a store. Here is a large selection of music from the nineteen-twenties, thirties, and forties, recorded from the original soundtracks of movies or from productions of Broadway musicals when the genre was in its heyday. The albums represent the work of Cole Porter, Irving Berlin, Arthur Schwartz, Harold Arlen, Jerome Kern, and the Gershwins, among others, and in some cases these luminaries are heard singing their own songs; $12.50 for a single record, $25 for a two-record set. Also here is a new, digital recording of Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring," with the Cleveland Symphony under Lorin Maazel, for $17.98; and a direct-disc recording of orchestral excerpts from Wagner by the Los Angeles Philharmonic under Erich Leinsdorf, for $15.

The Center for Musical Antiquities, on the second floor of 115 West 57th Street, offers for sale a fascinating collection of instruments. There are wind, brass, string, and percussion instruments, mostly from America and Europe and dating from the seventeenth century to the early twentieth. Many of them are rare and exquisitely made, and a great many of them are in playing condition. There are flageolets, viole d'amore, and vielles, for lovers of early music, and oddities such as a pre-Columbian flute, an Iroquois snapping-turtle rattle, and Javanese genders, for collectors of such things. Here, too, are a late-eighteenth-century cittern (a guitarlike instrument) of curly maple and spruce wood inlaid with ivory, for $725; boxwood flutes with brass or ivory mounts, for from $200 to $800; an American tiger-maple cello dated 1911 and costing $1,500; and a Yankee bass viol, for $2,100. There are also books, prints, and some inexpensive curiosities of interest to enthusiasts of music history and musical instruments.

In spite of the demise of Manhattan's ill-fated bicycle lanes, this may be the year to give someone some wheels for getting around the city. The Sixth Avenue Bicycle Shop, 546 Sixth Avenue (15th), has a good selection of bicycles of all speeds—from the Tunturi exercise bicycle, which travels no-

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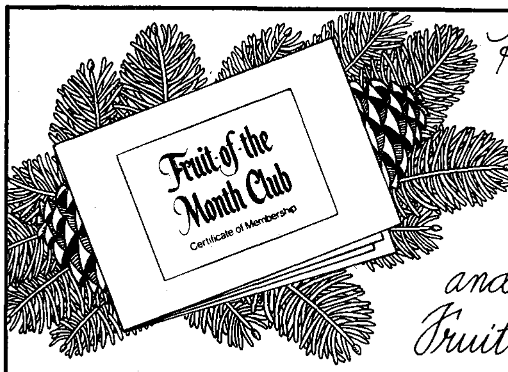

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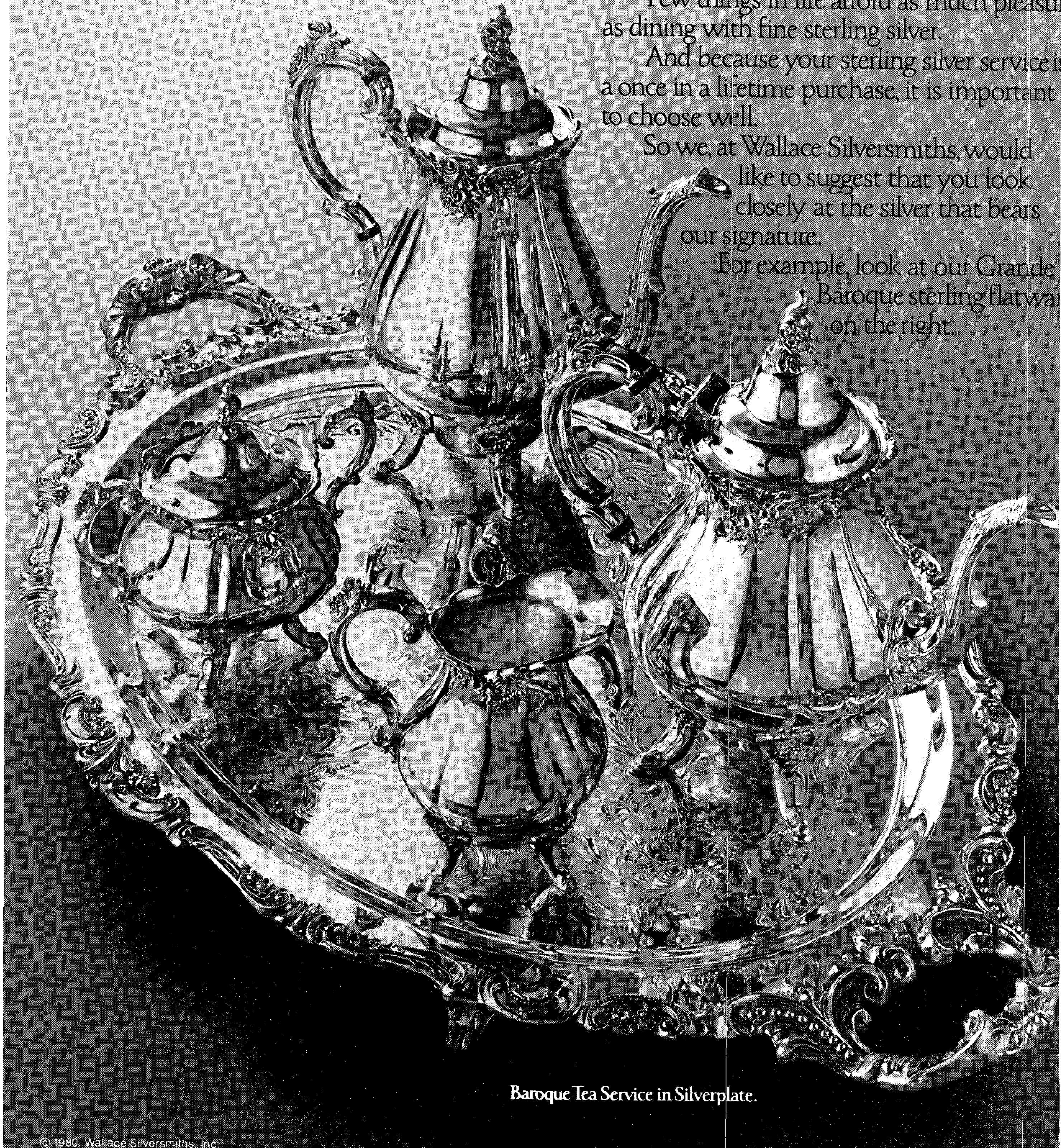

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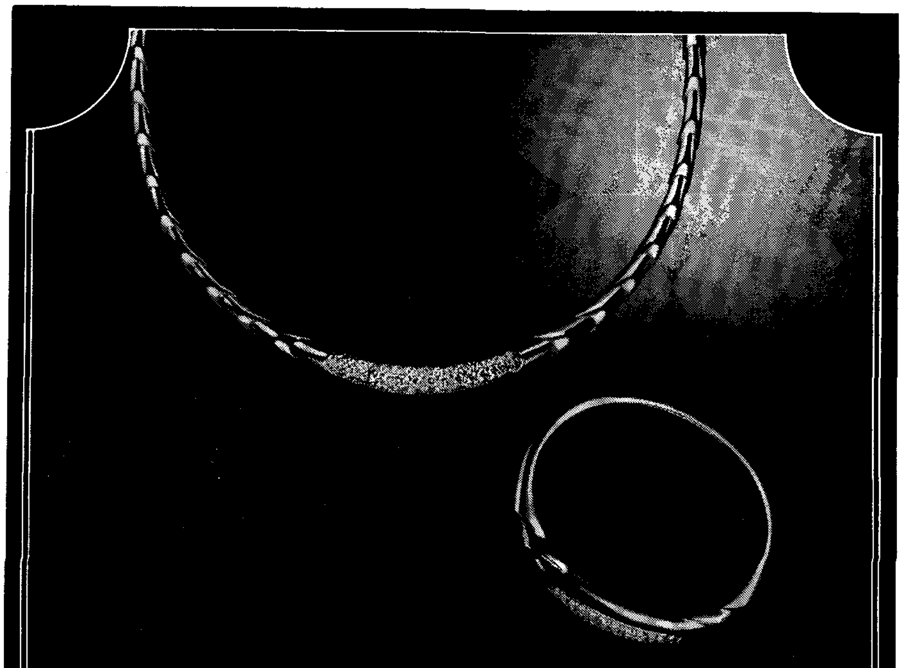
where, to twelve-speed racers, which travel far and fast. For average city puttering, the five-speed Tourist, by Panasonic, is recommended. It has straight handlebars, hand brakes, a chain guard and fenders, and a three-year warranty for labor and parts. A gray-green enamel finish is very faintly sparkly, like pine boughs under Christmas frost; $179.95.

The Red Caboose, on the fourth floor at 16 West 45th Street, specializes in Lilliputian transportation—model trains. Drawers and shelves overflow with the accessories and accoutrements for pursuing the hobby. Here are beautifully detailed kits, for instance, to build additions to sets in the N scale (the most common, with starter sets of track and locomotive in the region of $45), which include a brass boxcar or caboose, for $10.98, and a yellow plastic water tower for $11.98. Here, too, is scaled-down nature, in the form of materials for landscaping the tracks; $1.39 secures a little plastic bag of Early Fall Foliage or of Grass—Regular Light Green. The largest- and smallest-scale trains in stock at the store come from West Germany, where model trains are a very serious adult pursuit, and where their precision building is an important industry in the city of Nuremberg. The largest is to the L.G.B. (Lehmann-Gross-Bahn) scale, in which a handsome red-and-green Class 99 steam locomotive measures some sixteen inches from front to back; a starter set of the engine, some track, two cars, and a few bystanders and passengers is $363. The opposite pole is the Z scale, by Märklin, in which a model locomotive of virtually the same class as the L.G.B. 99 is reduced to a tiny one and three-quarters inches; a starter set in this scale, which could be assembled inside a drawer during slack moments at the office, is $105. For steam-railroad buffs who would rather wrap themselves in memories of the real thing than get involved with pint-size substitutes, the Red Caboose has books, postcards, periodicals, and nostalgic records of the huff-puff sounds of famous trains on famous runs.

Athletically inclined men who hang around the water might welcome the challenge of a sailboard. These days, lithe, tanned bodies of either sex are often to be observed at fashionable watering spots skimming over the water on what is basically a surfboard with a sail. (Posture is upright and at a precarious angle to the waves; toppling in is frequent at first, but such recur-



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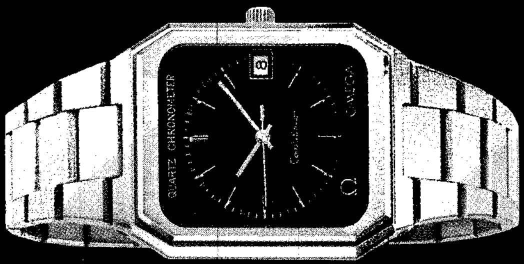
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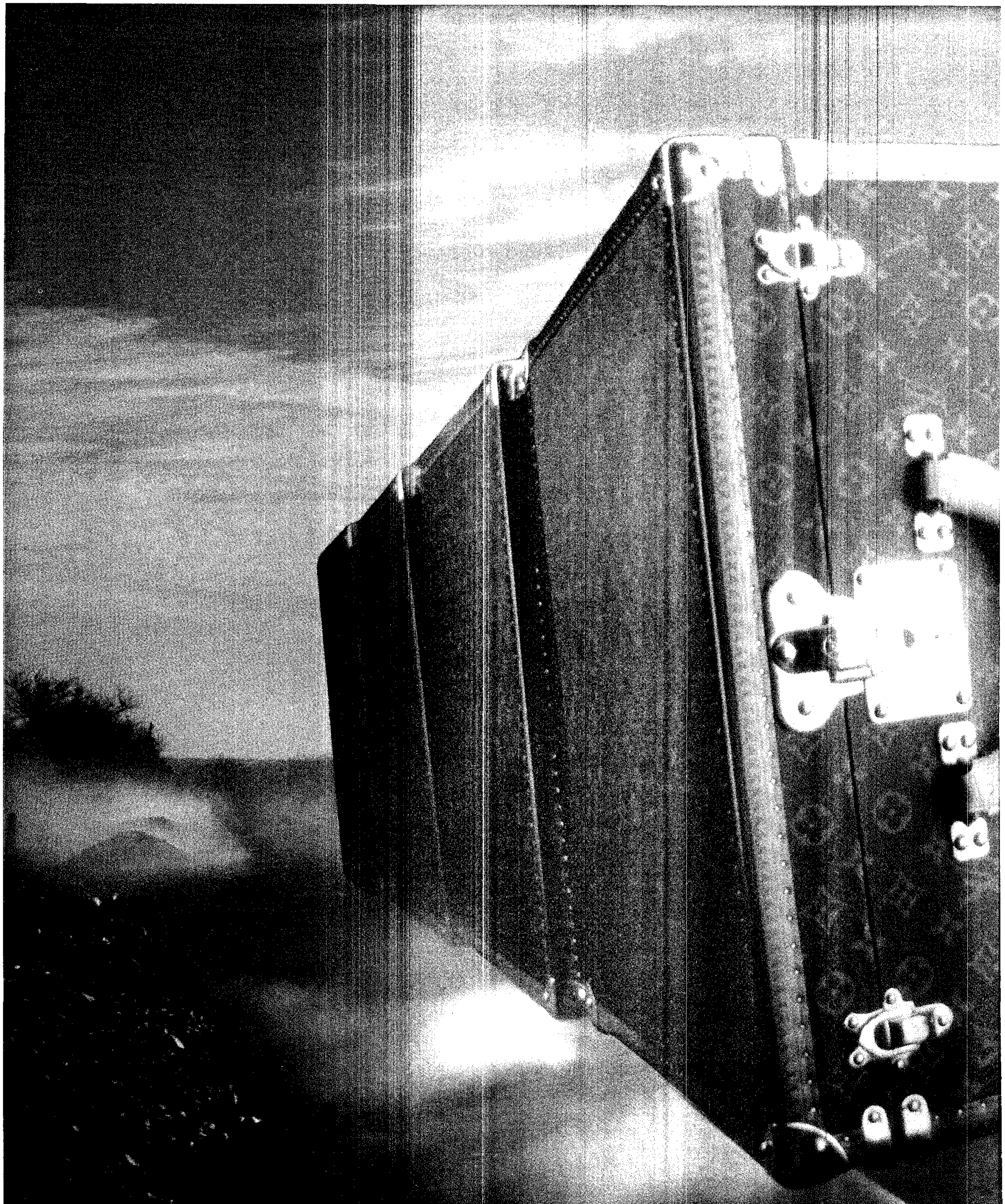

With the echo of a strident whistle lingering in its wake, the Orient Express raced from Paris towards the land of the Thousand and One Nights. Borne upon the silvery rails, the beautiful people of la belle époque dreamed beautiful dreams. And Louis Vuitton was among them.

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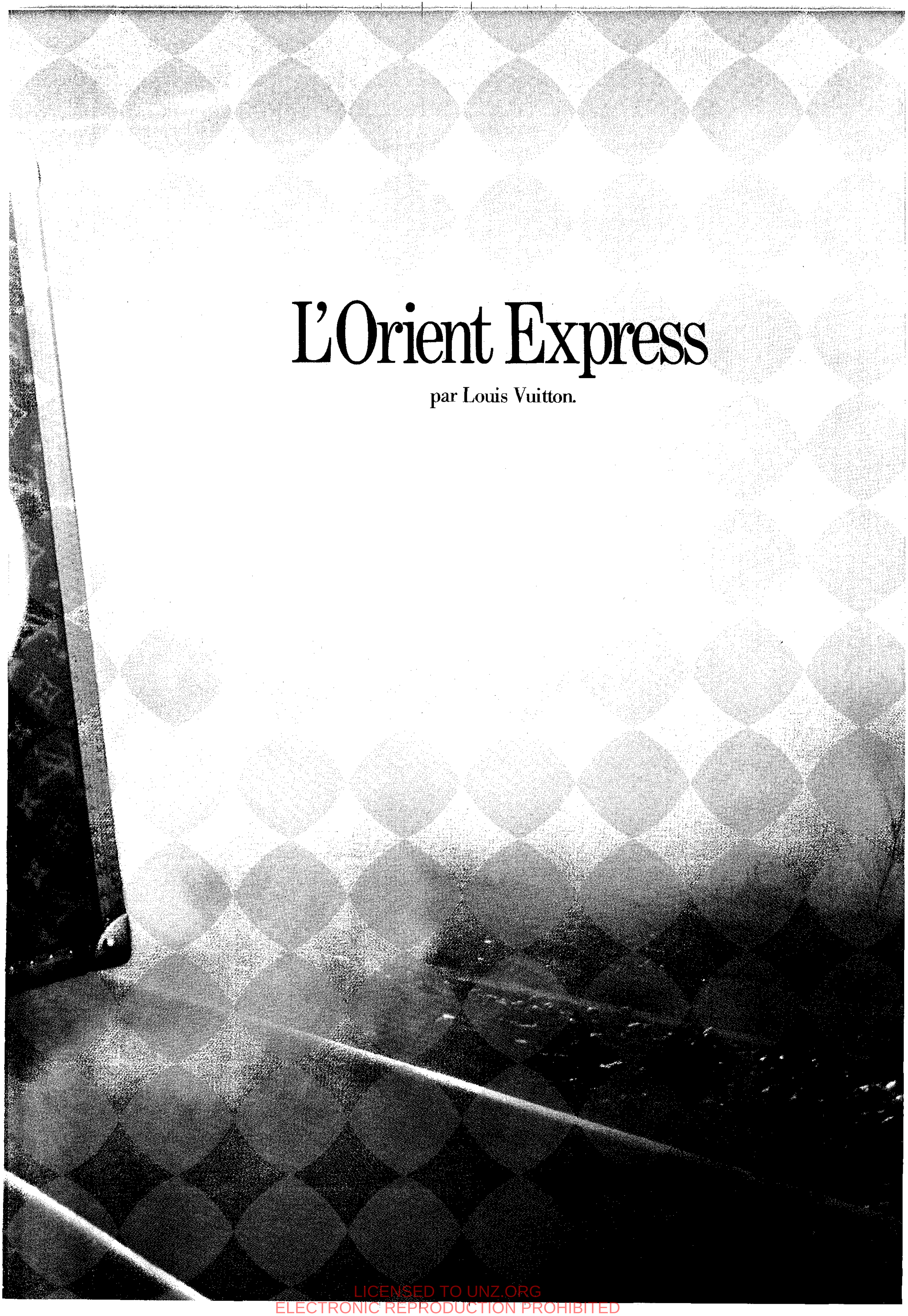
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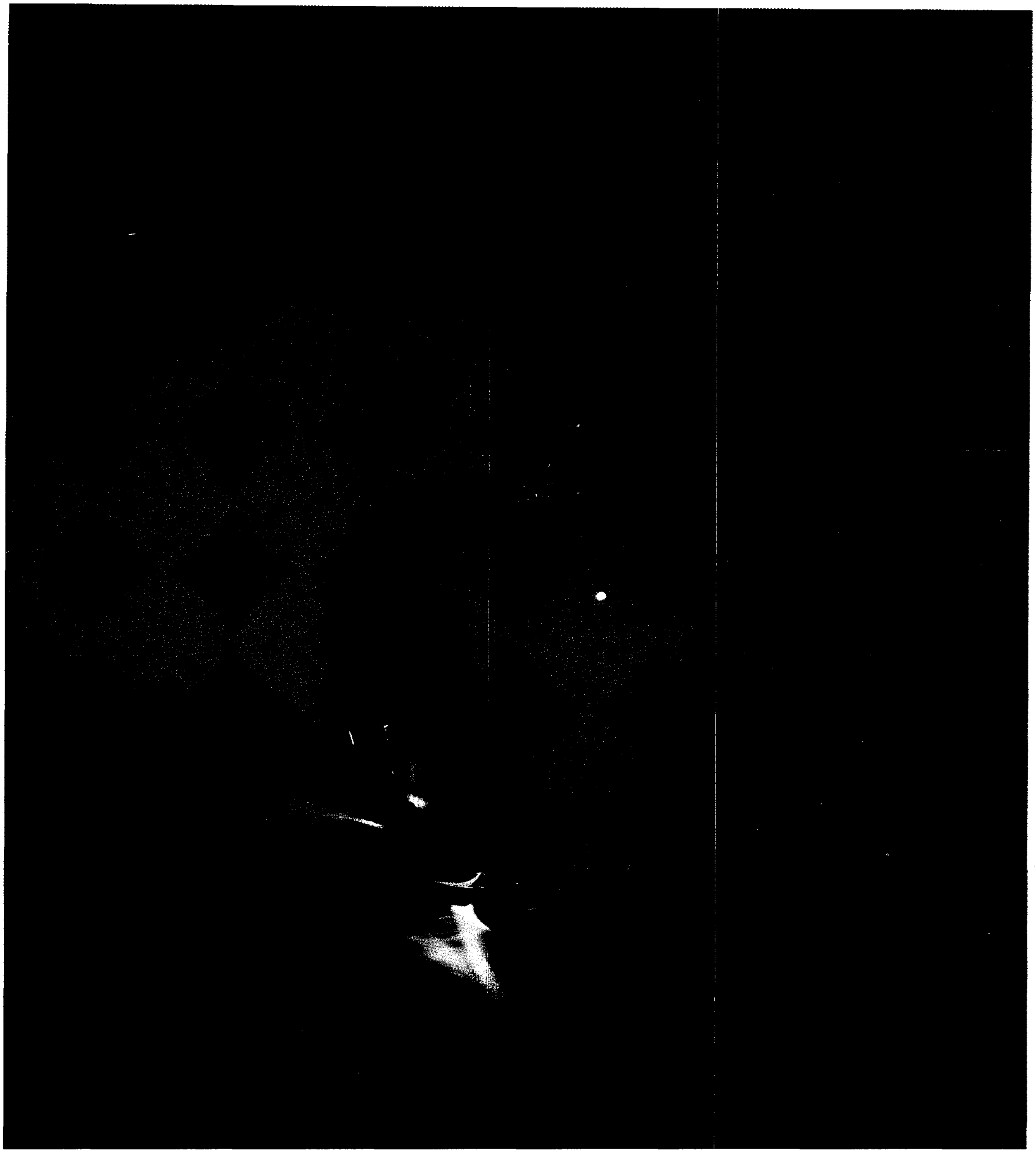

The Steuben solid crystal apple is clear and flawless. It is on display now at Steuben Glass, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. (212) 752-1441. Except New York State (800) 223-1234.

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rent baptisms appear to be an intrinsic part of the fun.) A Windsurfer board, together with information about the sport of boardsailing, may be obtained from Windsurfing International, 3065 Route 6 & 28, East Wareham, Massachusetts 02538. The basic model costs $930; the Star, which is smaller, and is therefore helpful for beginners, is $725; the Rocket costs $1,140 and is designed for experienced hands, in fresh winds, for racing and for soaring into the air off high waves. Would-be boardsailors in the New York area may apply to an enthusiast named Lee Oldak, who has founded a training school called Olympic Windsurfing, at 16 Old House Lane, Port Washington, New York 11050. (The telephone number is 1 516 883-5681.) In addition to providing instruction, Mr. Oldak will sell a Windsurfer board or an inspirational book called "The Wind is Free," which is $8.95, and one of whose authors is a world boardsailing champion. Boards are also available for hire for $12 an hour, provided renters have completed a three-hour basic-training course, which costs $40.

Goldbergs' Marine, 12 West 46th Street, is full of suggestions for all kinds of sailors. The new Sand-Piper 8 dinghy has a particularly buoyant foam-filled hull and measures just eight feet from stem to stern, so it fits onto a car or a station wagon and, for some boat owners, replaces the life raft; $349. Special radios operate on frequencies carrying the National Weather Service's twenty-four-hour regional forecasts; one set even emits an alarm signal whenever a storm is being predicted; $31.33. Kidde marine fire extinguishers have a handsome design and white enamel finish that makes them equally suitable for homes and kitchens. We saw them, too, at Manhattan Ad Hoc Housewares, 842 Lexington Avenue (64th). At Goldbergs', a nineteen-and-a-half-inch size with forty BC rating is $26.50. Cowhide half-fingered sailing gloves, for protecting palms against rope burn, are $11.79 the pair, and a foot-operated air pump for inflating rafts or bicycle tires is $12.57.

Braun, which can always be counted on for strong design, makes a quartz AM/FM clock radio, a neat four and a half by seven inches by two, which has either a black case with white numbers or white with black dials; $100 at Jenny B. Goode, 1194 Lexington Avenue (81st). This shop also has a collection of one-of-a-kind antique magnifying glasses with handles

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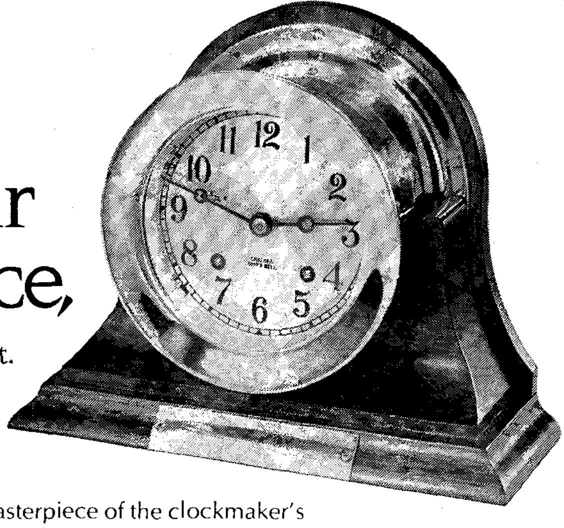

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of carved ivory, sterling silver, or wood, for from $120 to $300; some Art Nouveau pewter letter openers, for $25 to $50; and silver-plated bookmarks with silhouettes of Churchill with cigar, Shakespeare with quill, or Holmes with spyglass, for $8 apiece. The Nitewriter pen, a ballpoint that looks like a fat white or black fountain pen, casts a circle of light, at the user's will, for use in theatres or gloomy restaurants; $7.50. Here, too, are lots of old wristwatches from the twenties and thirties, with rectangular faces and tan leather straps, for from $175 to $300.

Judith Shahn

Hoffritz has a store at 331 Madison Avenue (43rd) and nine other stores around town, all bursting with gifts, from badger-hair shaving brushes ($11.50 to $65) and Swiss Army pocketknives (from $7 to $55, depending on size and attachments) to a clam-opening tool ($17.50) and a brass-cased ship's barometer ($136). A tiny black quartz travel alarm clock, made in Japan for Picco, has a black face and case and white hands, numerals, and place-names that enable the curious to know in a flash what time it is in, say, Honolulu, Caracas, or Moscow; $35. For chefs, there are Hoffritz's good-quality kitchen knives, including those made in Solingen of molybdenum stainless, an alloy that keeps an edge well. The blades have full tangs—which means that they extend right through the black wood handles—secured by three shiny rivets. The knives are sold in open stock or in boxed sets of, for example, three-and-a-half-inch parer, six-inch cook's knife, eight-inch chef's knife, ten-inch slicer, and eight-inch sharpening steel; $140.

Neighborhood hardware, stationery, and art-supply stores will often prove cornucopias for gift-shoppers. For example, Kraus, the large and well-stocked hardware store at 1472 Third Avenue (83rd)—there are other Kraus stores at Second Avenue and 79th and at Third and 66th—has all kinds of tools for work around the house. The Black & Decker electric sander is $24.79; the same company's drill is $18.95; a wooden mitre box is $4.49; the Arrow T-50 staple gun is $19.99; and saws for cutting metal are $4.95 and up, as are saws for wood. A short man in a high-ceilinged space or anyone tired of borrowing the super's stepladder might welcome one of his own. Kraus has them in all sizes from three feet to ten; the six-foot size is $36.95 in wood, $42.95 in aluminum.

Sam Flax has several stores that are chockablock with gift ideas. We visited the store at 551 Madison Avenue (55th) and the one at 55 East 55th, which is more specifically concerned with professional artwork supplies. In this second store, we found the extremes of retractable pencildom. One is a little high-tech number aptly named the Stumpy, with leads that are particularly fat and soft, at 7B, and produce a line very much like charcoal; $5.95. The other is a Pentel mechanical pencil, for draftsmen, architects, or others who seek a very fine line from a lead that is particularly thin and hard; in a choice of three-millimetre, five-millimetre, or seven-millimetre leads, it is $4.98. Also here are erasers, for between fifty and eighty cents; Panasonic electric pencil sharpeners, for $19.96; a box of thirty fine-line felt markers in different colors, for $4.86; and a tin of thirty-six different-colored crayons, for $15. The eight-inch Fiskar shears from Finland have comfortable handles (available for either left- or right-handed people) in highly visible orange or coral; $11. (It is a tribute to their design that they may also be found in the shop at the Museum of Modern Art.)

In Flax's Madison Avenue store, black lends dignity to the covers of several address books, including a desk-size style by the British firm of Letts, for $14.75, and a pocket-size style of real leather, distinctive in shape and layout by virtue of being wider than it is tall; $29.95. And magisterial black numerals, three inches high, stand out on the poster-size white sheets—one for each month—of a graphic calendar-planner; $12.95. But brilliant color bursts out elsewhere: on a poster-calendar with the year on a single sheet where the months line up in rainbow ranks ($3.50); in graph-paper jotting pads bound with brightly colored plastic wing nuts ($5.95); and in graded sets of five envelopes based on the idea of office manila but made of vinyl, and parrot-colored in blue, green, orange, yellow, and red ($12.50). This store has greatly expanded its pen department, and the preponderance of fountain-pen styles bears witness to the tremendous resurgence of the fountain pen's popularity. All the great names of pen craftsmanship are represented,

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Harry Lebow/Angelo Vittucci
(The American vs. The European look.)

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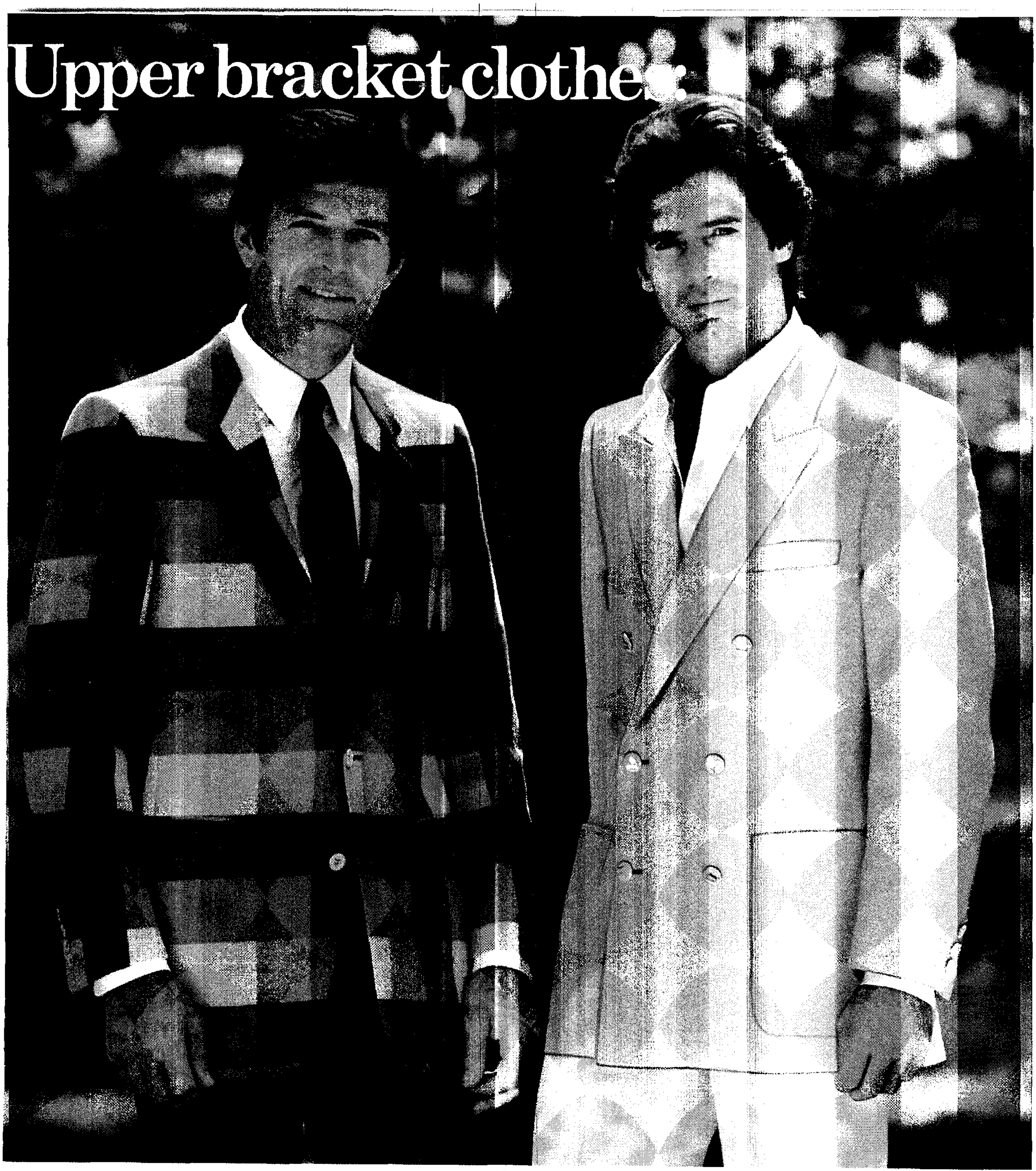

Harry Lebow/Angelo Vittucci

(The American vs. The European look.)

Harry Lebow and Angelo Vittucci are two very particular men. Although one designs clothing with an American approach and the other with a Continental point of view, they both insist on extraordinary fabrics, usually of rare and custom-woven natural fibers. They're both demanding about color and pattern exclusivity. And they're both absolute fanatics about craftsmanship and hand-detailing. Whose clothing would be right for you? Both, if you're the kind of man who doesn't want to be predictable. If a store near you isn't listed on the opposite page, write Lebow Clothes, a division of After Six, Inc., 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10104.

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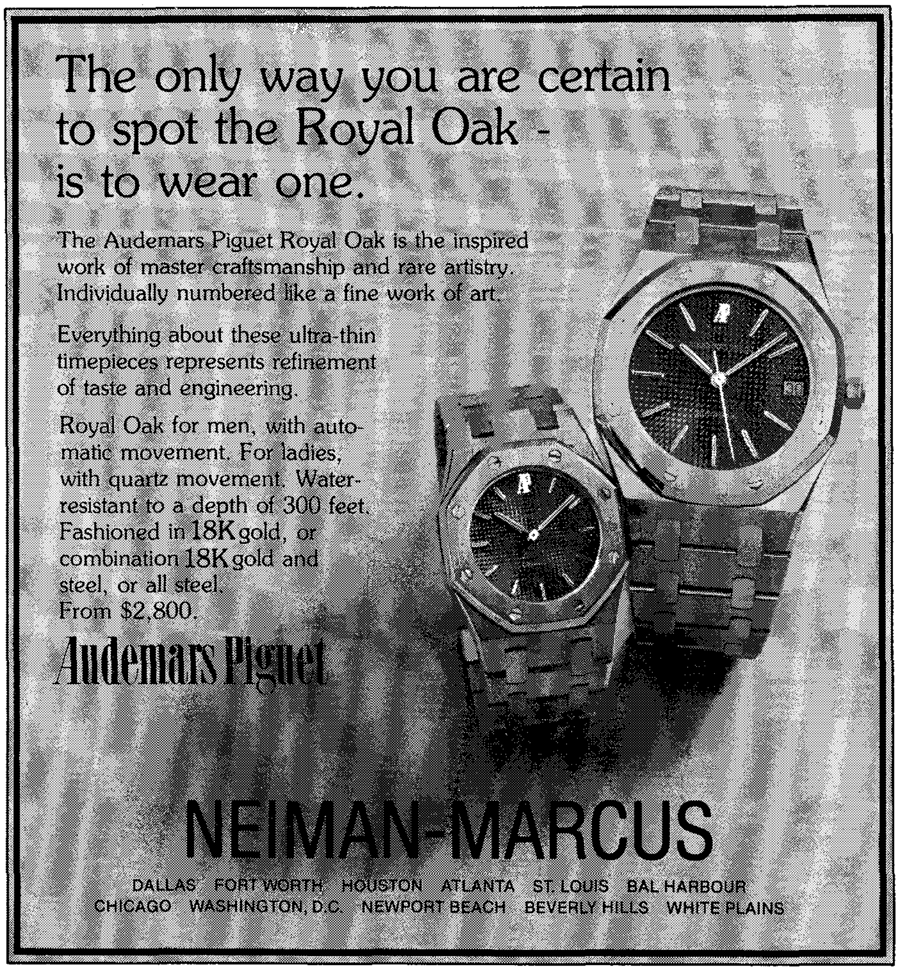
including Dupont, Le Febvre, Mont Blanc, and Caran d'Ache, and materials run to gold, sterling silver, or hand-lacquering; for such materials, prices get quite predictably steep. A Waterman in tortoiseshell lacquer and with an eighteen-karat gold nib is $155. The German firm of Lamy produces a number of styles, one a fat pen of matte-black heavy plastic, with a nib of platinum-plated eighteen-karat gold, fit for some cigar-smoking board chairman to use for fearless, flourishing signatures; $65. Lamy also makes pouches of black glove leather to hold two ($45), three ($50), or four ($55) pens.

American folk art, in its various forms, also seems to be enjoying a wave of popularity at the moment, to judge by a rash of new stores that deal in such collector's items as weathervanes, decoys, quilts, baskets, whirligigs, primitive paintings, and country furniture. The shop at the Museum of Folk Art, 49 West 53rd Street, is full of books about all aspects of America's own art and craft forms. A year's membership in the museum costs $25 and brings access to lectures and exhibitions, discounts on such books, and four issues of *The Clarion*, an informative and copiously illustrated magazine. The Folk Art Gallery, 142 East 73rd Street, is among the new establishments catering to enthusiasts or those who seek a gift for them. Among a stock of nineteenth- and twentieth-century pieces, mostly from Ohio, Pennsylvania, or upstate New York, are weathervanes (from $325 on up) and those whimsical carved wooden figures and articulated toys—made to move in the wind—called whirligigs and windtoys, which are now valued as ingenious or endearing sculpture. One hundred and twenty-five dollars secures a little fellow in red and white sawing wood near a pine tree, and prices rise thereafter to over $1,000. Here, too, there are antique walking sticks or boat models, carved in wood.

Spirit of America is the new, patriotic name of an attractive shop at 269 West 4th Street (between Perry and 11th), filled with American country antiques. Here, among other things, is a copper lightning rod with a horse on top, for $145; a late-eighteenth-century rush-seated ladder-back pine rocking chair, for $375; old painted-wood game boards, for checkers, backgammon, or fox-and-geese, in prices that range from $150 to $325. Pineapple Primitives, 35 Pineapple Street, Brook-



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Everything about these ultra-thin timepieces represents refinement of taste and engineering.

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sculpted and faceted in the Art Deco glass manner,
filled with the fragrant moods of
Royal Secret or Galore.
Or, should you prefer,
there are luxury sets and single gifts of
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Preview them on pages to come.
Find them at the Germaine Monteil counter
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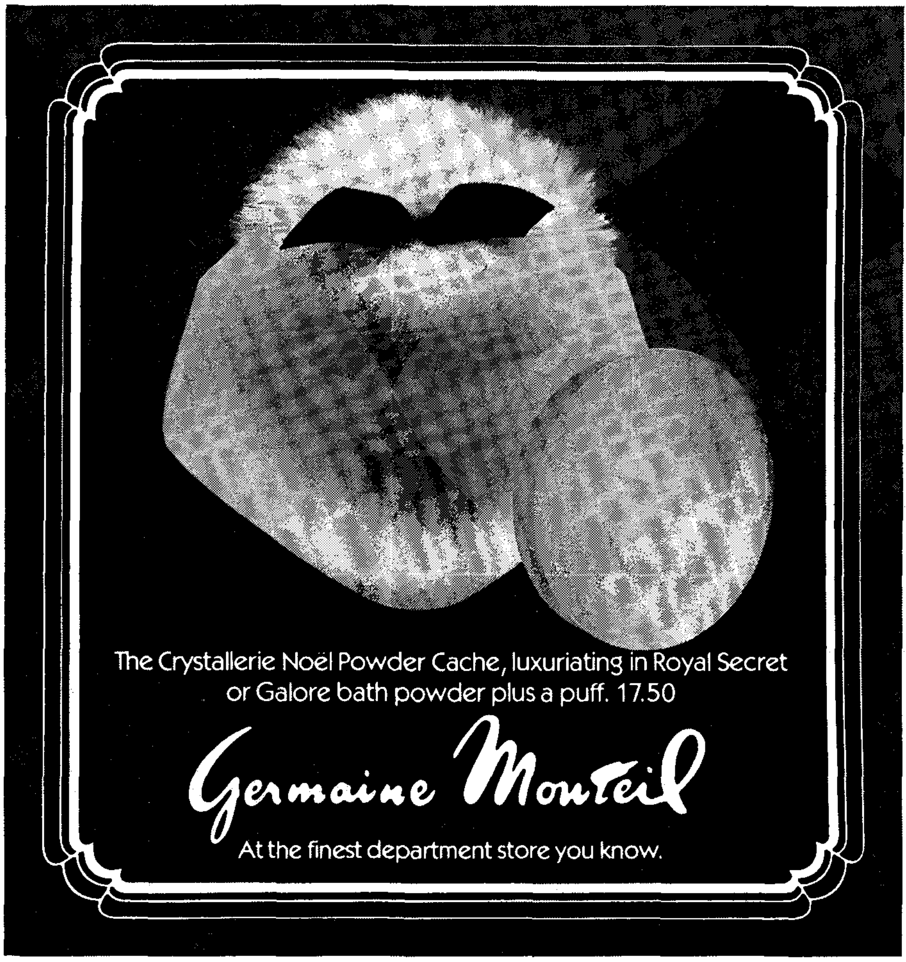

The Crystallerie Noël Powder Cache, luxuriating in Royal Secret or Galore bath powder plus a puff. 17.50

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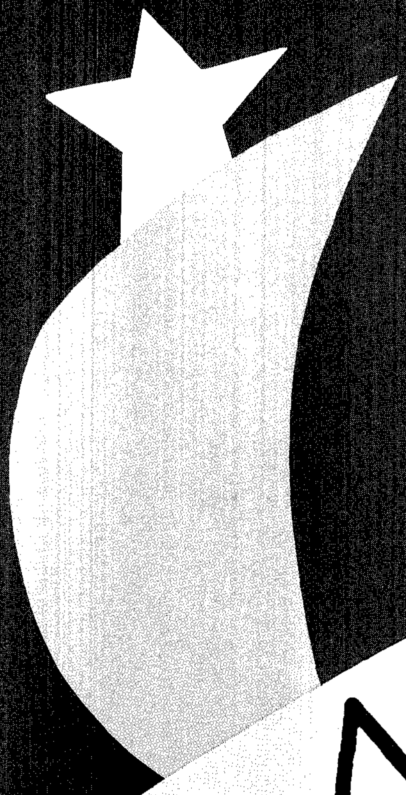
At the finest department store you know.

lyn Heights, specializes in modern folk pieces as well as antiques. Among its older things are some Indian and Shaker split-oak baskets (a size for fireplace logs is $100); hand-carved wooden duck decoys, for from $100 to $500; and six-inch-long wooden fish decoys, originally lowered into the water for ice-fishing in the Great Lakes region and now handsome as ornaments or paperweights, for $55.

Mary Ellisor Emmerling is an enthusiast of the American country style who has made her taste felt in two ways of late. First, she compiled a book called "American Country: A Style and Source Book" (Clarkson Potter/Crown, $30), in which the subject of folk art is tackled with verve and affection. It's a cozy coffee-table book with many photographs of real people's houses which suggest ways of decorating with folk-art pieces in settings that are both traditional and eclectic-contemporary. Then, Miss Emmerling recently opened a store of her own, the American Country Store, on the second floor of 969 Lexington Avenue (70th). There are some antique pieces, but most of the stock consists of reproductions made by craftsmen with traditional skills. Among the reproductions are wrought-iron fireplace accessories—narrow andirons with heart-shaped cutouts on the uprights ($65), and a set of shovel, fork, and poker ($75)—and a coffee cup and saucer in an imitation of antique blue-and-white spongeware ($13.50).

Urban Center Books is a new store occupying modest space in the north wing of that recently and grandiosely restored landmark the Villard Houses, at Madison Avenue and 51st Street. The bookstore performs a long-needed service by bringing together in one place, for the benefit of both amateurs and professionals, works on architecture, urban design, the decorative arts, and landscape architecture. It has current books (for example, the paperback of Charles Jencks's "Post-Modern Classicism," for $19.95) and a few out-of-print ones (Ruskin's "The Poetry of Architecture," for $100) as well as magazines, postcards, posters, maps, and guidebooks. The store has the booklet issued by the Landmarks Preservation Commission of the City of New York listing and briefly commenting on all our designated landmarks. This booklet, which belongs in the pocket of anyone walking in the city and curious about its architectural heritage, may also be obtained directly



"When the Creator of the Universe
came to Earth,
when It resolved to be born
as a male human infant
in a stable
attached to a busy inn,
It had never had need for eyes before.
It had known all things and been all things.
The Creator had only to exist.
That was enough.
But now, as a human infant,
It was also going to see…"

Sun Moon Star

Kurt Vonnegut & Ivan Chermayeff

Two of our finest contemporary artists, Kurt Vonnegut and Ivan Chermayeff, tell the story of the Nativity in words and pictures as it has never been told before: from the perspective of the newborn Child. □ The striking simplicity of Chermayeff's designs in rich primary colors inspired Vonnegut's subtly affecting prose. Here, capturing a more than childlike innocence, the two collaborate in what may be their most profoundly moving work. □ With 5-color illustrations exquisitely printed throughout, SUN MOON STAR is a remarkable gift book for this season that will be cherished for many seasons to come. $12.95 ($15.00 after December 30, 1980)

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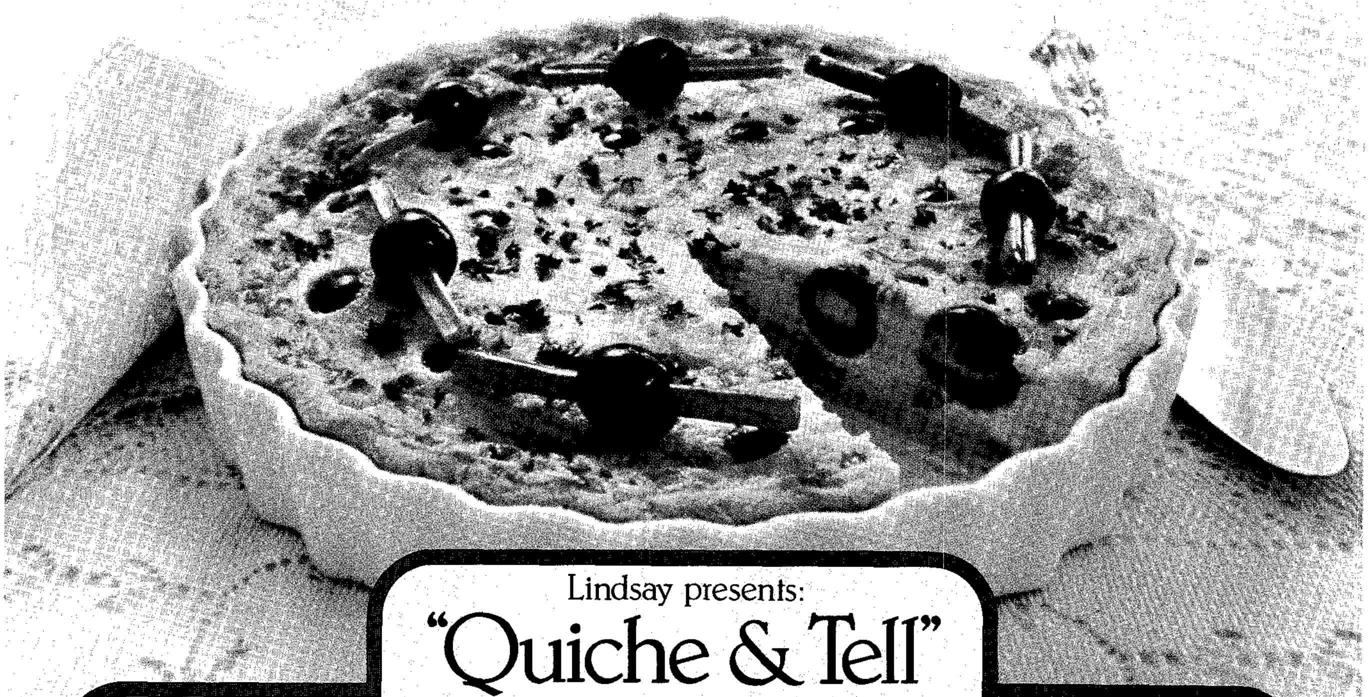

Lindsay presents:

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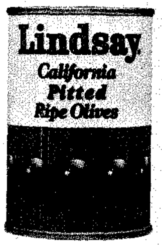
You'll want to tell the world about this meal to remember. Because it puts delicious romance into Sunday (or any day) brunch. The secret is Lindsay Olives. They add a mellow, nutlike flavor to this quick and easy quiche recipe. And they're guaranteed to help you fall in love at first bite. An olive is just an olive . . . unless it's a Lindsay.®



LINDSAY QUICHE & TELL

1½ cups whipping cream
½ cup buttermilk
4 eggs, lightly beaten
¼ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
¼ pound bacon, cooked and crumbled
¼ pound Swiss cheese, shredded (about 2 cups)
2 tablespoons sliced green onions
1 can (6 ounces) Lindsay large pitted, ripe olives, drained
1 pastry-lined 9-inch pie plate or quiche dish (unbaked)

Heat cream and buttermilk; whisk in eggs and seasonings. Stir in cheese, bacon, onions and Lindsay olives. Pour into pastry shell. Bake in 375° oven 30 to 35 minutes, until custard is set and golden. Garnish with chopped parsley, if desired. Makes 6 servings.

from the Commission, at 20 Vesey Street, New York 10007, for $1.50, including mailing.

Dunhill, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th), has a *very* luxurious attaché case in a black leather that is crinkled into a sort of bark texture the store calls Royal Grain. There are such refinements as gold-plated, especially secure locks on the outside and a pigskin fold-down writing surface on the inside; $750. The same grained-leather effect goes into a collection of featherweight luggage in treated black nylon; the pieces include a folding suitcase ($135), a garment bag ($175), and a zippered, pocketed, shoulder-strapped holdall ($175). Tiny Swiss-made travel alarm clocks, the size of silver dollars, fold into cases of either scarlet or black pigskin; $200. Heliogabale, 33 East 68th Street, is a brand-new store named (by a French owner) for Heliogabalus, a Roman emperor whose brief reign ended bloodily and in whom a taste for ostentatious finery was a relatively minor vice. As might be expected, then, luxury is the idea here, represented by decorative objects and jewelry—most of contemporary design. Rosewood letter openers with silver tip and silver-and-enamel handle are $450; gold-tipped ivory openers are $250. Sterling-silver tweezers, in their own silver case and for the more *raffiné* sort of stamp collections, are $300; ivory-backed oval hairbrushes are $275 and $300, and a matching nailbrush is $150; and an ivory shoehorn whose handle is an elaborately carved dragon with glittering gold jaws and eye is $225.

Pony Circus, a large and jam-packed antique shop at 381 Second Avenue (22nd), can provide a grand, authoritative nineteenth-century roll-top desk, to give someone's office the J. P. Morgan look, for between $2,000 and $4,000. Antique four-drawer oak filing cabinets are $200 and up. Among a varied stock that is sometimes stacked on top of itself or clinging to the ceiling, there are Tiffany lamps, Thonet bentwood pieces, brass-and-iron or all-brass bedsteads, antique cash registers, long-case clocks, and gingerbread architectural fretwork. Back Pages, nearby at 389 Second Avenue, has antique pool tables, Prohibition-era one-armed bandits, and, at the moment, a splendid mahogany player piano dating from 1910 and costing $4,700. The emphasis in this shop is on American artifacts from about 1900 to the forties, and it always

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From December 14th through January 10th, you can take advantage of 20% rate reductions on certain of our rooms. Single rooms (single occupancy only) that are normally $75 have been reduced to $60. Standard single rooms have been reduced to $68 from $85. And double rooms that are normally $100 for two are reduced to $80. (No charge for children under 19 in the same room with parents.)

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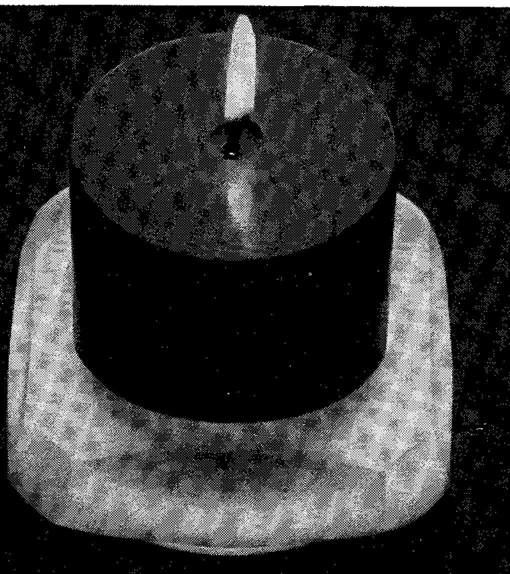

The Crystallerie Noël Candlestand and fragrance candle, flickering with Royal Secret or Galore scented fire. 15.00

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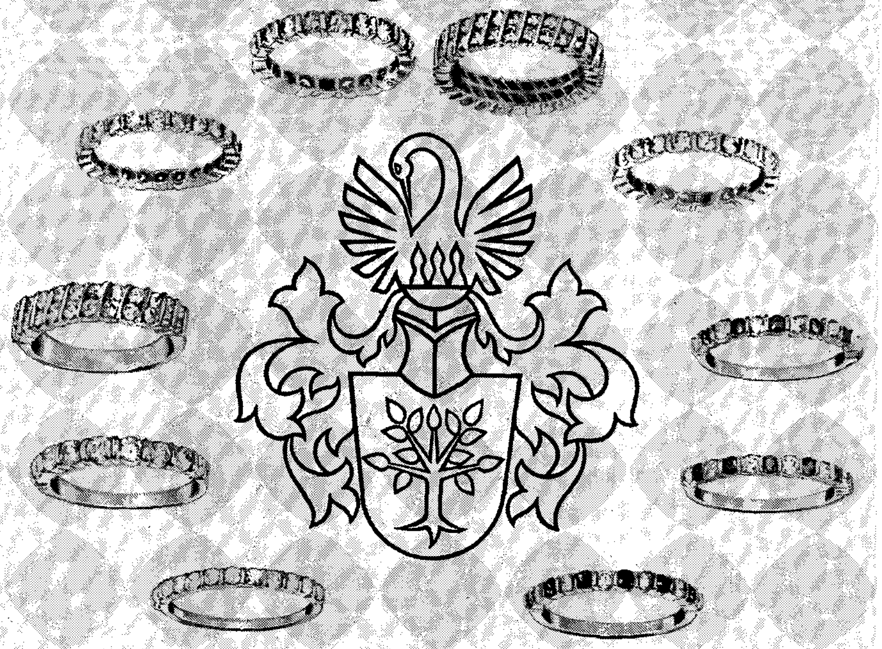
Our wedding bands for all time.



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the essence of Royal Secret or Galore. 15.00

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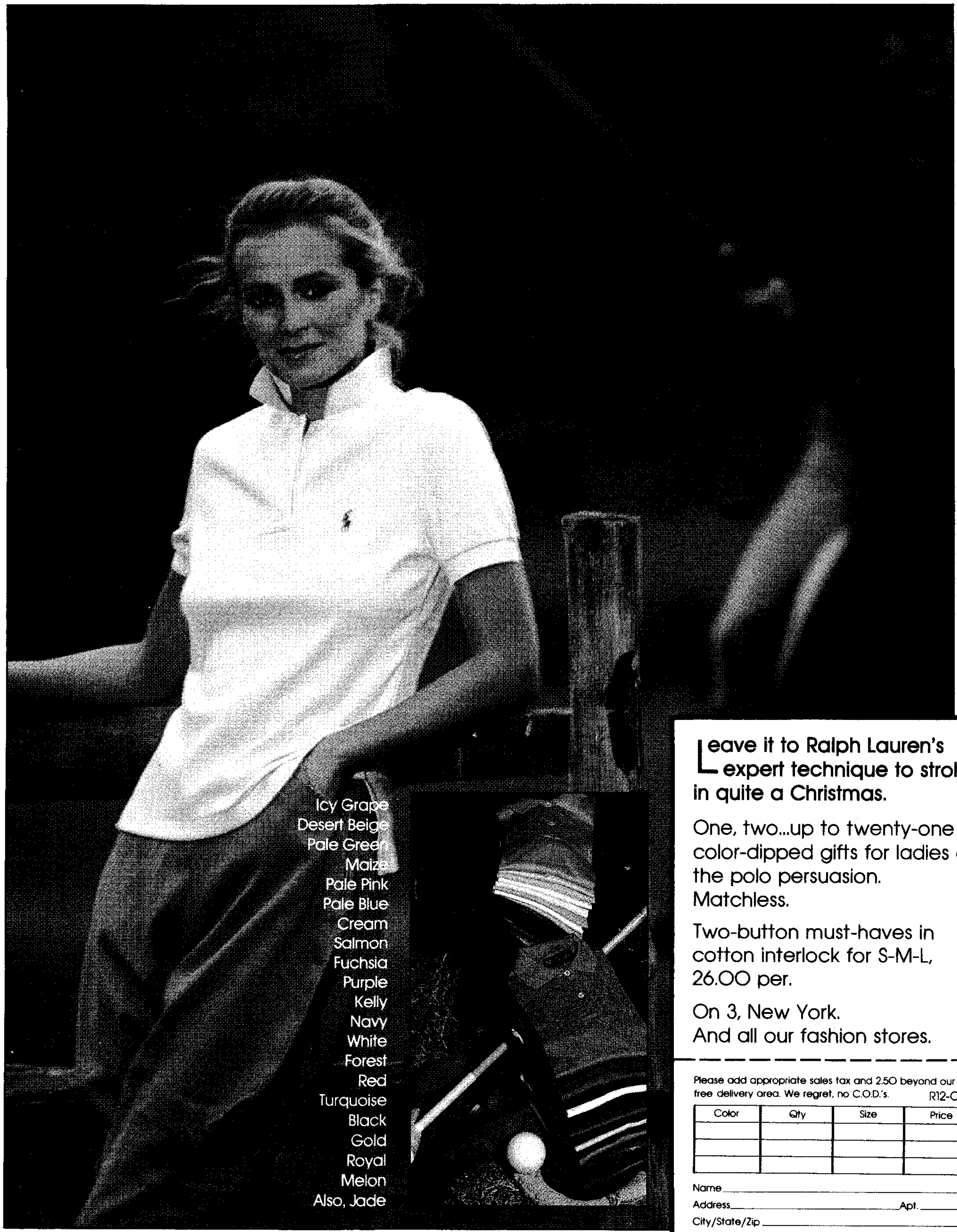
shelters a congregation of those magnificently lunatic titans of the soda fountain—jukeboxes by Wurlitzer. For many, these man-high, fancily ornamented creatures, with their shifting, psychedelic flow of colored light, have a romance all their own, as is shown by the prices they command—here mostly between $4,000 and $12,000.

A clear knowledge of the taste and style of the man you're shopping for is essential when you visit Chick Darrow's Fun Antiques, 1174 Second Avenue (62nd), a shop with enormous quantities of what some would welcome as exotic memorabilia and others might dismiss as junk. Here are lapel buttons both comical and political ($2); Elvis Presley cult mementos ($35 and up); box games based on television shows of the early fifties ($40 and up); nineteenth-century mechanical banks ($350 and up); funhouse mirrors ($450); alarm clocks with scenes on their faces ($175); and collections of English, French, and American toy soldiers, for from $8 to $500 each. An assortment of wristwatches with illustrated faces, dating from the thirties and forties, includes examples with Mickey Mouse ($175 to $500, depending on rarity), Li'l Abner or Dick Tracy ($250), Roy Rogers ($125), and Howdy Doody ($175).

For men who like to shave in the tub or shower, there is a round chromium mirror that magnifies, swings, tilts, and adjusts as to height on the wall. It's made by Alsons and costs $54.89 at Davis & Warshow, 1033 Third Avenue (61st). The same manufacturer comes up with a good-looking chromium telephone showerhead that creates a pulsating flow of water ($47.85), and a vertical, self-adhesive Corian bar on which the shower slides up and down the wall ($25.25). A sleek French tub tray for holding soap, sponge, and a book, for lengthy soakings, is in either clear or bronze acrylic; $27. A steam unit to install over an existing tub or shower is $595, and an acrylic bar sink to install in a den or the like is $108. The sink has a maple board for cutting lemons and places for holding olives, and comes in several colors, including black.

THIS may be the year to give someone his own water cooler. People who are not yet in the habit of buying bottled water by the case may be driven to it by the water from the kitchen faucet, which seems more heavily chlorinated than ever since the level in the reservoirs dropped. The

The Ultimate Polo...by Ralph Lauren, of Course



Icy Grape
Desert Beige
Pale Green
Maize
Pale Pink
Pale Blue
Cream
Salmon
Fuchsia
Purple
Kelly
Navy
White
Forest
Red
Turquoise
Black
Gold
Royal
Melon
Also, Jade

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One, two...up to twenty-one color-dipped gifts for ladies of the polo persuasion. Matchless.

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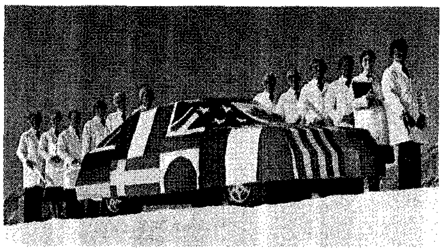
INTRODUCING THE NEW WORLD CAR FORD ESCORT



ENGINEERING TEAMS FROM AMERICA AND OVERSEAS JOIN FORCES TO CREATE A NEW CAR WITH BETTER IDEAS FROM AROUND THE WORLD

Top engineers drawn from the worldwide resources of Ford Motor Company teamed up to create Escort. They pooled their expertise...compared, tested, evaluated, experimented—to come up with better ideas.

The result: a high-mileage car built in America to take on the world. Escort will be made in America for American drivers...with other models built and sold overseas.

HIGH MILEAGE THROUGH ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY

Escort has higher gas mileage ratings than subcompacts such as VW Rabbit, Honda Accord, Toyota Corolla hatchback—yet Escort has more room—in fact, Escort has the room of a compact (based on EPA Volume Index).

30 EPA EST MPG* **44** EST HWY*

*Applicable only to sedans without power steering or A/C. For comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance, weather. Actual hwy mileage and Calif. ratings lower. Excludes diesels.

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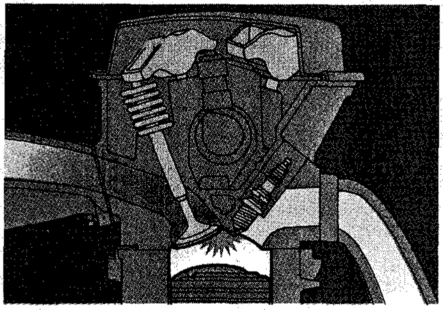
Escort's new-design compound valve hemispherical head (CVH) engine gives you high mileage plus power for freeway driving.

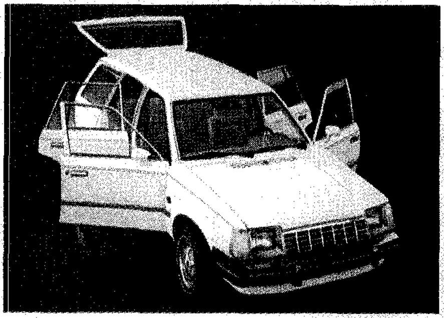


FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE AND FOUR-WHEEL INDEPENDENT SUSPENSION

Escort comes with front-wheel drive...four-wheel fully independent suspension...rack-and-pinion steering...stabilizer bar...new all-season steel-belted radials, and other road-control features.

DRIVE A WORLD CAR

Whether you buy or lease, see your Ford Dealer now to order your Escort...3-door Hatchback, 4-door Liftgate...or even a Squire wagon option. And remember to ask about Ford's Extended Service Plan.



Escort Liftgate...4-doors and wagon room when you need it.

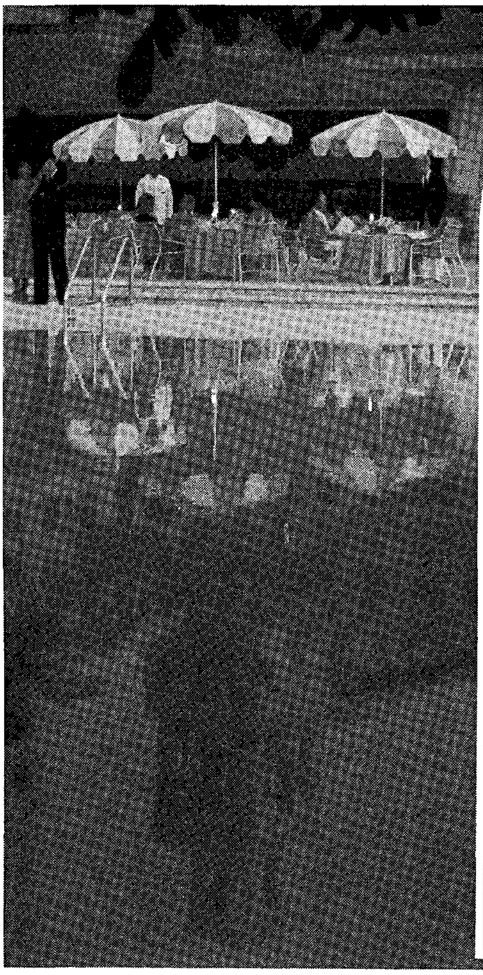
BUILT TO TAKE ON THE WORLD

FORD ESCORT

FORD DIVISION Ford

Great Bear Spring Company (the telephone of its branch office here is 689-0500) will sell a water cooler outright for $263 or rent one for $10 a month. A five-gallon bottle of purified water costs $5.25, while a machine with spigots for both hot and cold water rents for $12 a month. This last is particularly useful for those who cook, as is the Bridge Company, 214 East 52nd Street. For men whose culinary style runs to cooking soups, huge pots of chili, or perhaps mussels or lobsters, there is a twelve-and-a-half-quart stockpot of heavy stainless steel; it's $56 with lid, and a five-quart French pressure cooker of copper-bottomed stainless steel costs $100. An English butcher's apron in blue-and-white striped cotton denim is $9. A friend who is taking Maurice Moore-Betty's cooking class has let slip that what he wants for Christmas is a kitchen just like his teacher's kitchen, which is in a carriage house at 162 East 92nd Street. Among the appliances that Mr. Moore-Betty swears by are the Sub-Zero refrigerator-freezer—distinguished in part by relative shallowness, so that things don't get lost in the bowels of the fridge—of which a thirty-six-inch-wide model is around $1,700 from, to name but one supplier, Berg & Brown, 1424 Lexington Avenue (93rd). He also likes the Kitchen-Aid dishwasher (around $530 for the simplest of four possible models) and the Thermador stay-hot oven, an electrically heated cabinet drawer that keeps food or plates warm ($285).

The British firm of Cambrian Fly Fishers, which has recently opened a colonial outpost at 5 East 52nd Street, has as its home base the old vicarage in a village on the banks of the River Dee in the North Wales countryside. The idea behind the stock of specially designed clothes is absolute comfort and no-nonsense practicality for the active country life. Much is made—in a splendidly crotchety catalogue, permeated with the owner's bluff opinions of groups who seek to challenge the traditional values and pursuits of the Squirearchy—of jackets with sleeves cut for a chap to swing his gun arm after pheasant or cast a line after salmon and of the firm's Ratcatcher styles, named for those who ride to hounds in mufti rather than in hunting pink. For all this, styles here are indeed practical and also versatile. Knickerlike "shootin' breeks" in Lodencloth ($100) or olive-green corduroy or stone-green cotton moleskin (both of these are washable and cost



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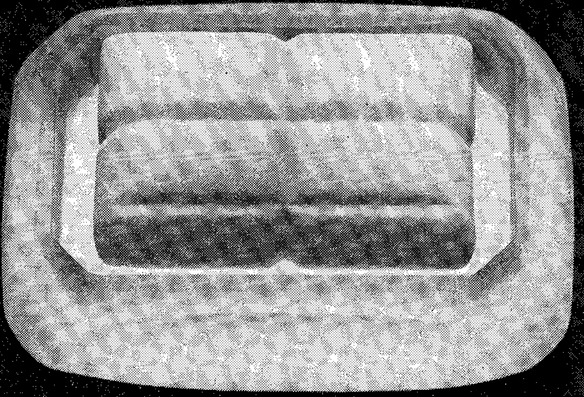

The Crystallerie Noël Soap Dish, bearing two fragrant bars of Royal Secret or Galore. 10.00

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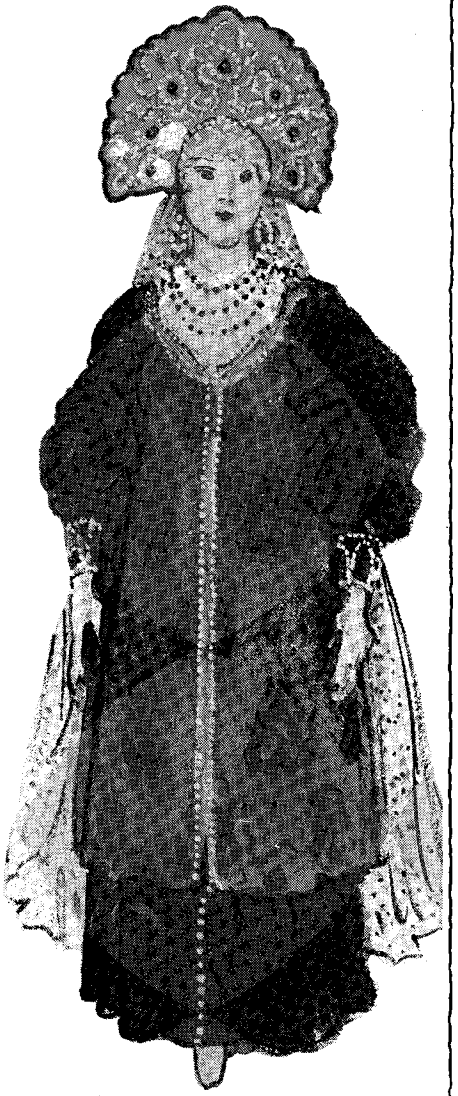
Dance, Theater & Opera Material at Auction.



Alexandre Benois's costume design for *Princess Volkhova* is among the many costume and decor designs, photographs, posters, prints and books to be included in our auction Thursday, December 18 at 2 pm in New York.

All of the works will be on exhibit beginning Saturday, December 13. Illustrated catalogues are available at our Galleries or by mail. To order, send a check for $8 to Sotheby's New York, Dept. ER, indicating sale no. 4510M. For information call Hermine Chivian-Cobb at (212) 472-4764.

Shown: Alexandre Benois, costume design for *Princess Volkhova* in *Sadko*, signed, titled and inscribed, watercolor and pencil with traces of gold paint, 11¾ x 8⅝ inches. (detail)

Sotheby's
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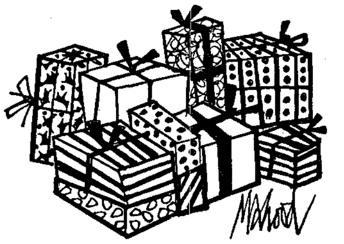
980 Madison Avenue, New York 10021

($75) are sensible gear (with heavy wool knee socks, which are $15) for hiking, climbing, or cross-country skiing. Sturdy green rubber "estate boots" are good for city slush as well as country mud ($48), and a "fowler jacket" is hard-wearing, leakproof, and windproof anywhere; it has a shell of thornproof waxed dark-green cotton, a corduroy collar, a tweed lining, a foldaway hood, and that special cut at shoulder and sleeves for ease of movement, and it's $165. Tweedy country caps are from $27.50, and fishing bags—good for photographic gear as well as bait and rods—are from $50 to $100.

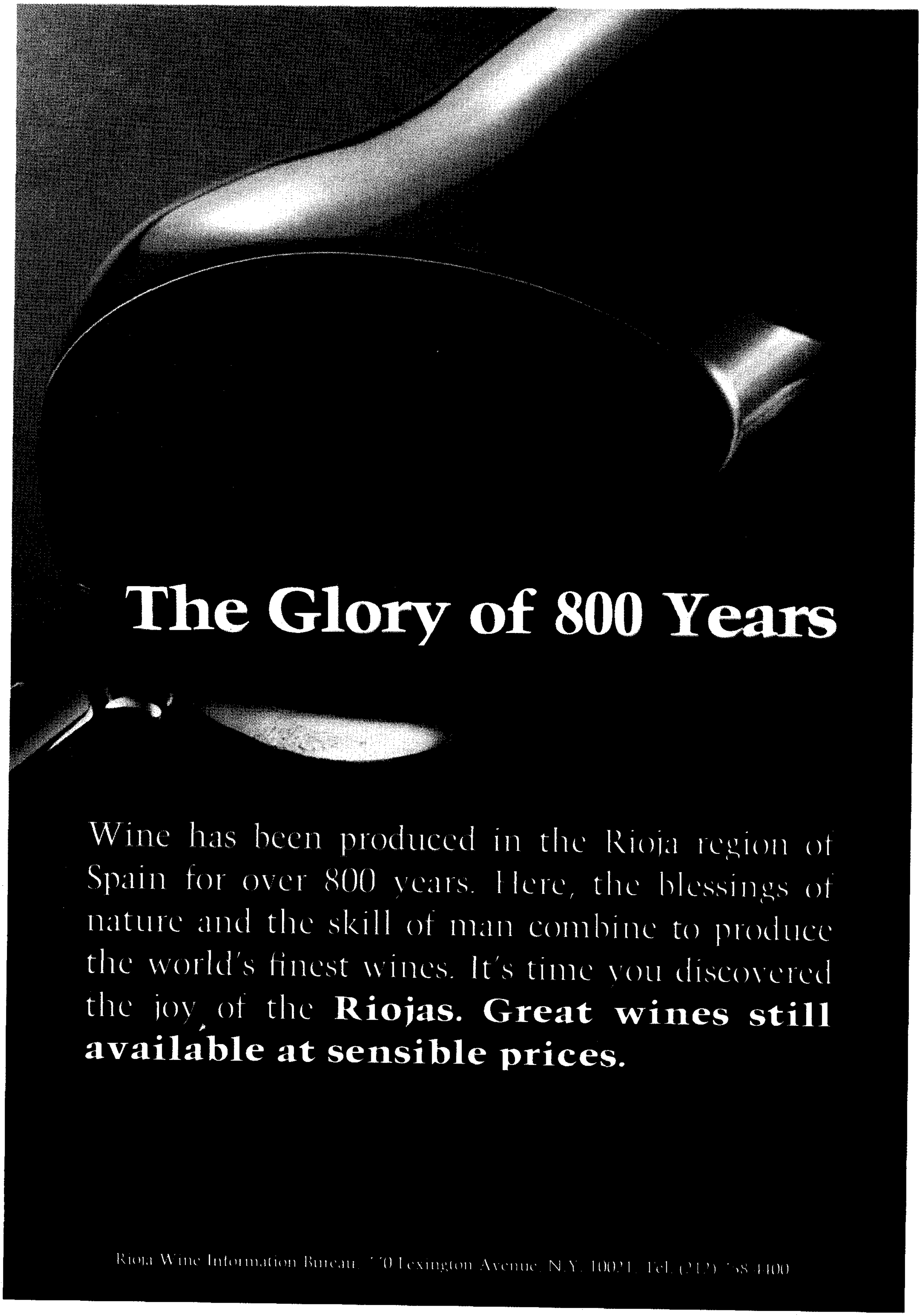
Each Christmas, it is harder to recall how New Yorkers got through winter before the age of down coats and jackets. They are increasingly worn, even with formal business suits, in long-overdue recognition of our rugged winter climate. Down in the Village, 652 Broadway (near Bleecker), has a tremendous choice of down garments—some four or five thousand of them, almost exclusively filled with down or down and feathers. There are vests, jackets, and coats by many manufacturers, including Woolrich, Pacific Trail, Down East, First Down, and William Barry. Basic vests are from $19.99 to $200, the higher price being that of a down-filled vest in quilted and very soft brown or black leather. A bomber jacket on the same lines—both chic and warm—is $300. Poplin vests with cowboy yokes of contrasting corduroy are $49.90, and there is a good selection of knee-length down-filled coats for around $165.



I. Buss, 738 Broadway (near Astor Place), is an unassuming place with racks of Army-surplus styles and uniforms. British all-wool commando sweaters with cotton shoulder and elbow patches are $40; British turtleneck submariners' sweaters in heavy navy or cream wool are $39.95; and navy-and-white salt-and-pepper tweed crew necks in oiled wool—also British—are $49.95. The Italian Army contributes olive-colored cotton field pants with padded knees and ankle zippers ($14.95) and camel wool long-sleeved undershirts that are used as lightweight sweaters ($15.95). United States Air Force flight jackets are of sage-green nylon quilted on to polyester filling and with bright-orange linings; $42.95. Elder Craftsmen Showcase, 850 Lexington Avenue (64th), has a big bushel basket with a changing supply of men's sweaters hand-knit by elderly outworkers. At the time we inspected this supply, there was a V-neck sleeveless sweater in cable-stitched gray wool and a second one in beige, for $95; a charcoal alpaca turtleneck, for $140; and a cabled, wooden-buttoned Henry Higgins cardigan colored Christmas-pudding brown, for $95.

In the shirt department at Paul Stuart, on Madison Avenue at 45th Street, there is an urbane, tab-collar-style shirt in a cotton broadcloth that feels almost as fine as silk. In either white or pale blue, with its own brass collar button, it's $42.50. A very soft baby-lamb wallet with removable credit-card windows is $65; alligator belts in black or brown are $145. A sturdy but lightweight tweed from Britain's Cheviot Hills and in a subdued, russet-speckled gray goes into a sports jacket with two unflapped patch pockets and a breast pocket. The jacket is comfortably "unconstructed" and is butterfly-lined—only across the yolk, that is, and in the sleeves and chest; $325. More informal still is a button-front bomber-style jacket in navy-blue virgin-wool knit, with a quilted white cotton lining; $225.

Charivari for Men, 2339 Broadway (85th), continues on track as one of the most fashionable stores of its kind in the city, and can proffer at present a very large and unusual selection of sweaters, among them Italian alpaca-and-wool turtlenecks and crews designed by Miguel Cruz. On clay-colored backgrounds, they have triangular intarsia patterns, like yachting insignia, in colors such as wine and navy; from $185 to $300, depending on how much of this special looming is involved. The designer Giorgio Armani is behind the plain wool and cashmere-and-wool crew-neck and V-neck sweaters for the firm of Spirito with all-over slanting-rain patterns in beige on brown or navy on brown; $185 for wool, $300 for cashmere-and-wool. Alexander Julian continues his quiet experiments with the classics in the Shetlands he designs for Pringle, including a slightly scoop- or boat-neck style in black or khaki; $80. The necktie department, with styles by names such as Armani, Missoni, and Cerruti, is a subdued vista at this stage



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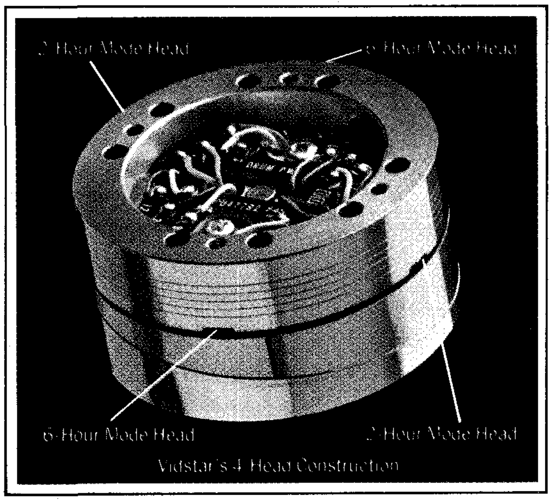

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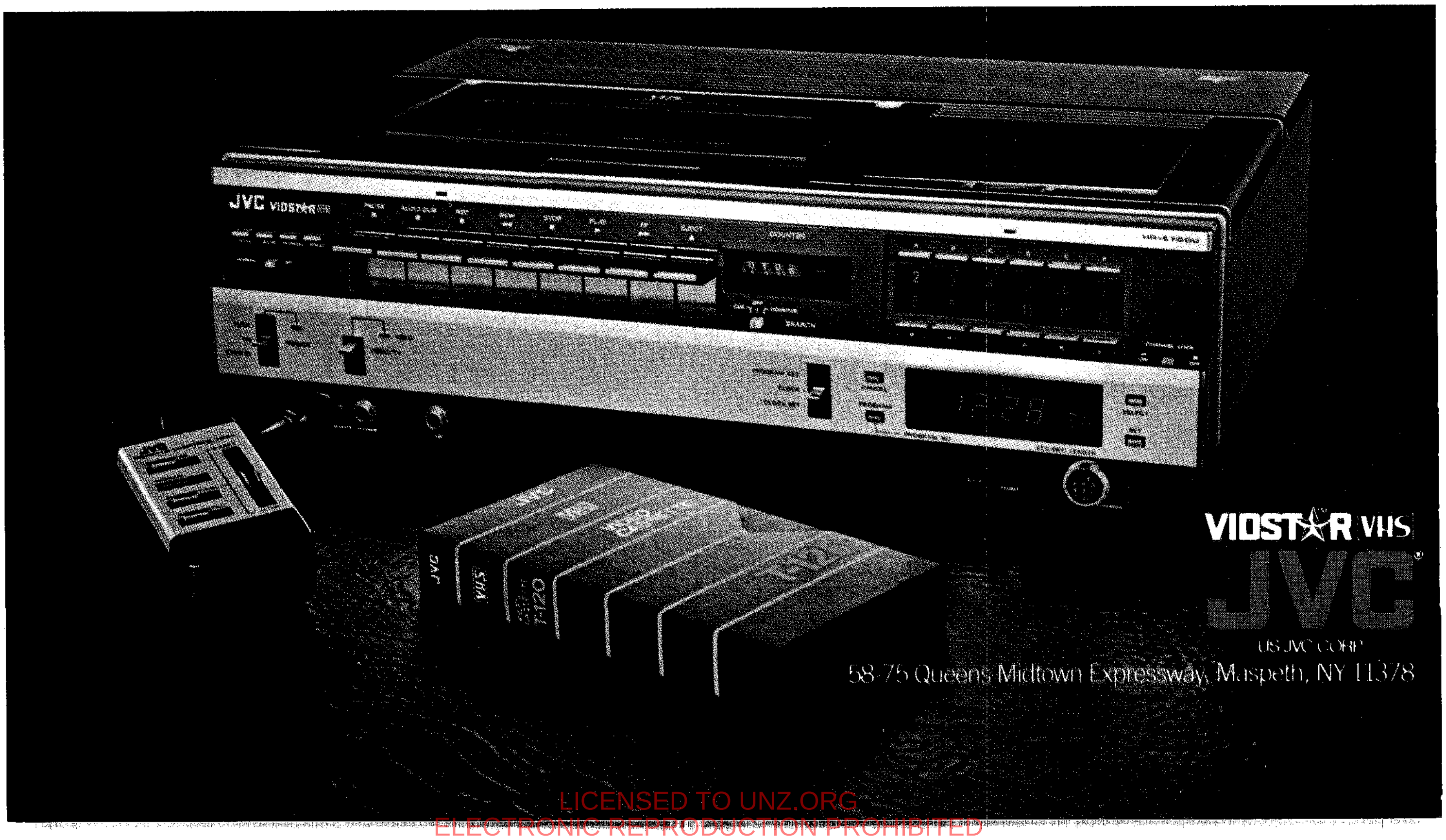

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in the history of men's fashion. But textures are rarefied, and patterns no less interesting because one has to look quite hard to notice them. Armani comes up with an elegant wine-red taffeta shot silk with a hair-fine gold-and-black diagonal stripe, in the two-and-three-quarter-inch width that is the style this year; it's $35, as is a brown, very fine silk-and-wool mixture with a tiny all-over lozenge print in blue and gold. At the glove counter, there are cashmere-lined kidskin gloves by Gianni Versace's couture division, for a mere $100; wool-lined deerskins imported from Italy by Peter Barton, for $55; and real shearling gloves, from Hungary, with fine poodle-textured interiors, for $48. As to socks, here's the designer Alan Flusser, giving a somewhat frivolous fashion twist to what those fly fishermen in their old vicarages might wear: hand-framed wool socks in canary yellow with grass-green toes, heels, and top edges. They also come in pink with brown, purple with yellow, and tan with red; $22.50.

For men dissatisfied with the watered-down Western gear they can buy in stores up here, really thoroughgoing Texas chic is to be found at Cutter Bill Western World, 5818 L.B.J. Freeway, Dallas, Texas 75240. Here are hats, boots, chaps, and fancy silver money clips, belt buckles, and bolo ties. There's also a limited-edition "golden ermine" white Stetson, for $2,500; a fringed Western jacket made entirely of white mink, for $8,000; and high-heeled boots of gray crocodile with fancy patterns of white-mink inlay, mule-ear pulls, and a trim of conchos and mink tails, for $6,000. That's the outfit for some Snow Prince. For fellows who are content to stay at home and ho-ho-ho, the Gordon Novelty Company, 933 Broadway (22nd), has Santa Claus suits—tunics, caps, trousers, and belts—for between $25 and $300, and hoary wig-and-whiskers sets for $10 to $75.

•

TO THE EDITOR:

The drawing from an early issue of The New Yorker Magazine used as part of the illustration for your Sept. 6 news article on the newly revised edition of "Bartlett's Familiar Quotations" illustrates a story I heard 'way back then about the semiliterate who said to Hamlet: "What's so great about it? It's just a lot of quotations."

LINCOLN ROTHSCHILD
Dobbs Ferry, N.Y., Sept. 7, 1980
—*The Times.*

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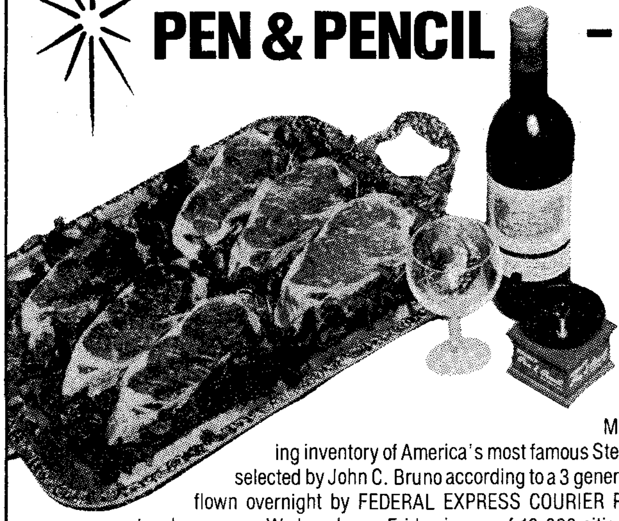

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REFLECTIONS

THE CLERIC OF TREASON

IN the summer of 1937, the twenty-nine-year-old art critic of the London *Spectator* went over to Paris to see Picasso's newly unveiled "Guernica." Turbulent acclaim surrounded this great cry of outraged humanity. The critic's finding, which was printed on August 6th, was severely dismissive. The painting was "a private brain-storm which gives no evidence that Picasso has realised the political significance of Guernica." In his column for October 8th, the critic, Anthony Blunt, reviewed Picasso's ferocious series of etchings on the "Dream and Lie of Franco." Again he was negative. These works "cannot reach more than the limited coterie of aesthetes." Picasso was blind to the sovereign consideration that the Spanish Civil War was "only a tragic part of a great forward movement" toward the defeat of Fascism and the ultimate liberation of the common man. The future belongs to an artist like William Coldstream, declared *The Spectator's* critic on March 25, 1938. "Picasso belongs to the past."

Professor Anthony Blunt came back to the study of "Guernica" in a series of lectures he gave in 1966. This time, he conceded the stature of the work and its compositional genius. He located in it motifs from Matteo di Giovanni's "Massacre of the Innocents," from Guido Reni, from the allegorical paintings of Poussin, on whom he had become the world's foremost authority. Surprisingly, Blunt could show that the apocalyptic terror of "Guernica" was indebted to a passage in Ingres's marmoreal "Jupiter and Thetis." If there was in Picasso's most celebrated canvas almost no touch of immediate or spontaneous commitment, if all the main themes were already present in the "Minotauromachy" etching, of 1935, this was simply a matter of aesthetic economy. This etching had dramatized "the checking of evil and violence by truth and innocence" in precisely the way that "Guernica" would do, though on a smaller, more playful scale. The artist's underlying attitude concerning the Spanish Civil War was not, as the young Blunt had implied, one of indifference and a refusal to take sides. And in 1945, a few months after he had joined the French Communist Party, Picasso had declared, "No, painting is not done to decorate apartments. It is an instrument of war for attack and defense against the enemy."

The art critic for *The Spectator* would not have put it this way. His aesthetics, his sense of the relations between art and society were subtler. The enemy was Matisse, whose vision seemed "no longer to be one of the real world," and Bonnard, who had chosen formal experiment and color balance to the detriment of "human values." Art, as Blunt saw it in his chronicles from 1932 to early 1939, had one essential and demanding task: to find its way out of abstraction. The Surrealist solution was a spurious one. Reflecting on Max Ernst, in his review for June 25, 1937, Blunt asked, "Are we to be contented with dreams?" No, the answer lay with a concept that Blunt designated as "honesty." The term covers a fair range of meaning. Daumier is obviously honest in his satire on the ruling classes, but even more so in showing the workers that "their lives could be made the subject for great painting." But Ingres, purest of draftsmen and most bourgeois of portraitists, is *no* less honest. The concentration of his technique, the delicate but "unhesitating realism" of his perception were, indeed, "revolutionary." The contrast with Gainsborough is interesting. Here also was a dispassionate portrayer of the fortunate. But it is precisely a lack of technical brilliance that robs Gainsborough's studies of "condescension," of the honesty to be found in Ingres and in his eighteenth-century predecessors—Fragonard, Watteau, and Lancret. In Rembrandt (January 7, 1938), Blunt found "an honesty so obvious that it strikes one as a moral quality." The "honest" road out of the theoretical and pragmatic trap of abstraction could only be a return to some order of realism, but a return

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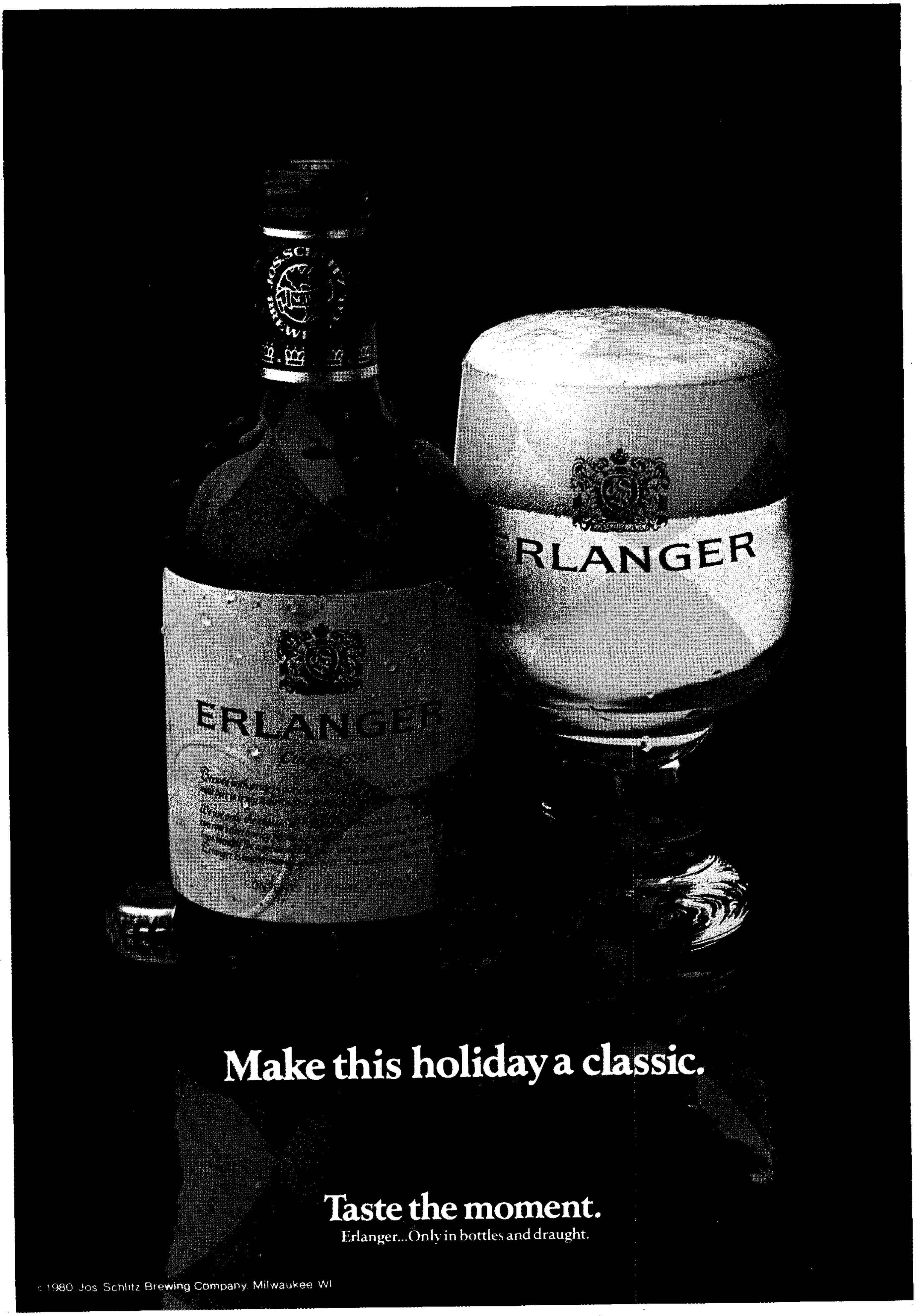
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that made no concession to technical laxity. Matisse's realism was merely "empty" and "smart," like that in the late canvases of Manet.

But as Blunt combed exhibitions and galleries there were signs of a positive turn. They lurked, as it were, in the formalism of Juan Gris; they were evident in the works of a number of English artists, notably Coldstream and Margaret Fitton, whose "Ironing and Airing" was the one submission worth noting in the appalling Royal Academy show in the spring of 1937. And there was, above all, the New Realism of the Mexican masters Rivera and Orozco. It was toward them that Blunt looked with increasing excitement. Here, assuredly, was a body of work that could deal with the realities of the human condition without compromising its aesthetic responsibility, and could, at the same time, profoundly affect the emotions of the common man. The Mexican experience is central to the chapter on "Art Under Capitalism and Socialism" that Anthony Blunt, art critic and editor of publications at the Warburg Institute, in London, contributed to a volume on "The Mind in Chains," edited by the poet C. Day Lewis and published in 1937.

Still-life as practiced by the masters of later Impressionism embodies an impulse toward flight from the serious issues of personal and social existence, according to Blunt. It "led to the various forms of esoteric and semi-abstract art which have flourished in the present century." Art is a complex phenomenon and cannot be judged according to crude psychological and social determinants. Nevertheless, Marxism "at least gives a weapon for the historical analysis of the characteristics of a style or of a particular work of art." And it does remind us most usefully that the views of the critic are themselves "facts" for which historical explanation can be given. Using the instruments of Marxist diagnosis, we arrive at a clear view of the modernist dilemma. Impressionism marked the severance of the major artist from the proletarian world. Daumier and Courbet stayed in imaginative touch with the painful realities of the social condition. Despite its flirtations with political radicalism, Surrealism is *not* a revolutionary art in social terms. Its inherent contempt for the common viewer is matched by the reflex whereby the common viewer, in turn, rejects the Surrealist work, and these attitudes stand in stark contrast to the creative

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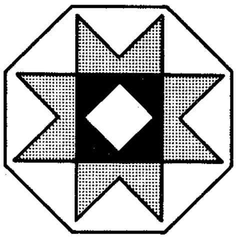

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interactions between painter and public in Gothic art and the early Renaissance. The purely abstract artist and his coterie-viewers have cut themselves off "from all the serious activities of life." Blunt's conclusion is categorical: "In the present state of capitalism the position of the artist is hopeless." But other models of society are emerging from the crucible of revolution. "A workers' culture" is being built in the Soviet Union. This construction does not entail an annihilation of the past. On the contrary, as Blunt characterizes Lenin's teaching, a true socialist culture "will take over all that is good in *bourgeois* culture and turn it to its own ends." Under socialism—and Blunt's dissent from Oscar Wilde's famous essay on the same topic is evident—the modern artist, like his medieval and Renaissance forebears, will be able to develop his personality far more richly than he can under the escapist and trivializing rule of anarchic capitalism. "He will take a clearly defined place in the organisation of society as an intellectual worker, with a definite function." It may well be that we in the West do "not *like* the painting produced in the Soviet Union, but it does not follow that it is not the right kind of art for the Russians at the present time." And Mexican painting, in its revolutionary and didactic phase, is producing exactly the kind of major, immediately convincing murals and canvases that are so desperately lacking in London, Paris, and New York. Rivera and Orozco are masters who, although members of the middle class and artists first and foremost, are "helping the proletariat to produce its own culture." Reciprocally, they benefit from the kind of public scrutiny and support from which the artist under late capitalism has, more or less willfully, cut himself off. The Soviet and Mexican lessons are clear. Blunt cites with approval Lenin's dictum to Clara Zetkin: "We communists cannot stand with our hands folded and let chaos develop in any direction it may. We must guide this process according to a plan and form its results." Art is too serious a matter to be left only to artists, let alone their moneyed patrons.

Throughout 1938, these stern hopes seemed to wither. The choice before the artist grew ever more stark. He could, wrote Blunt in his *Spectator* piece for June 24th, either discipline himself to paint the world as it was, paint something else as mere frivolous

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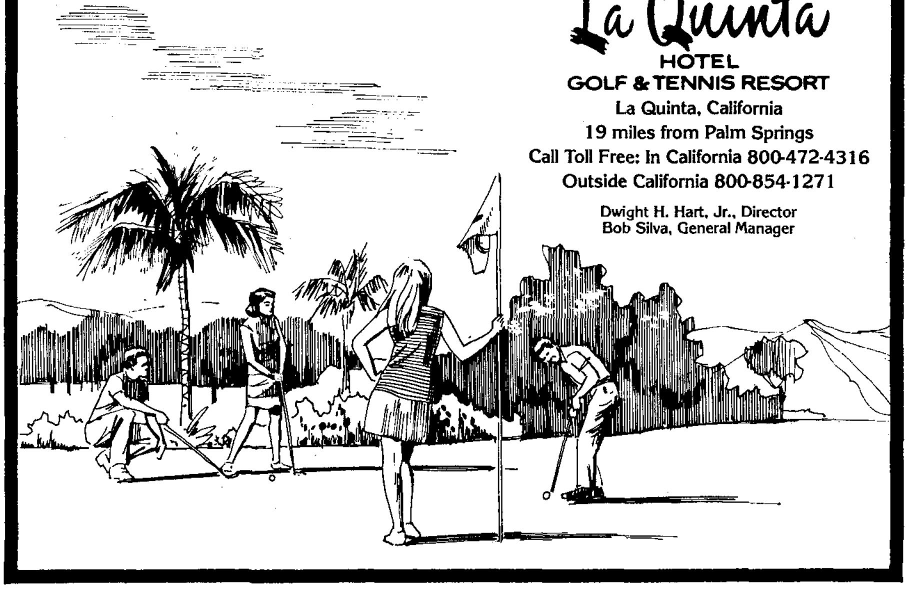

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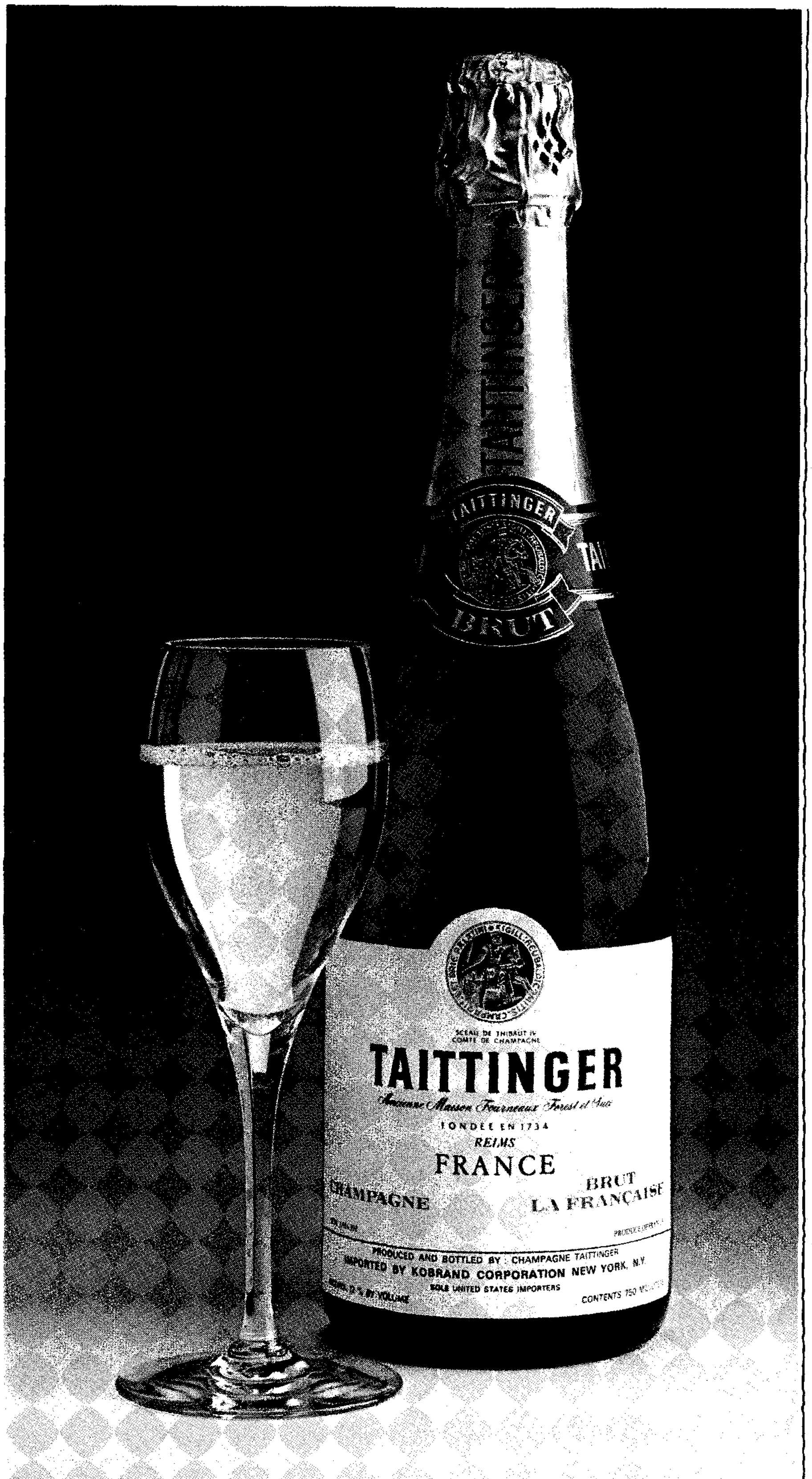
distraction, or commit suicide. The Mexican example was being shamefully neglected. "In the room of every young upper-class intellectual in Cambridge who belonged to the Communist party," Blunt noted in September, "there was always to be found a reproduction of a painting by van Gogh," but nothing by Rivera, nothing by Orozco. Obviously, individual exhortation and the play of unforced sensibility were no longer enough. The column dated July 8th had brought an almost desperate gesture: "Though Hitler's method of regimenting the arts is in every way to be deplored, there is nothing intrinsically wrong in the organisation of the arts by the State." The Mexican regime had shown the way, "and let us hope that it may soon happen in Europe." The hour was late.

The war effort enlisted British artists and art historians in propaganda, in graphic reportage (Henry Moore's famous air-raid-shelter drawings), and in various arts projects. These represented the planned and militant collaboration between artist and society which Blunt had called for throughout the late nineteen-thirties. Yet it was at this point—in 1939, he became Reader in the History of Art at London University and deputy director of the highly esteemed Courtauld Institute—that Anthony Blunt's writings drew sharply inward. His first learned paper had appeared in the *Journal of the Warburg Institute* for 1937-38, but the great bulk of his published work had been journalistic. After 1938, Blunt's journalism became sparsely occasional, and it was in what was, from 1939 on, the fiercely mandarin *Journal of the Warburg and Courtauld Institutes* and in the *Burlington Magazine*, a venue for fellow-experts and connoisseurs, that he issued the unbroken series of scholarly articles that made of him one of the foremost art historians of the age. These articles—on Poussin, on William Blake, on Italian painting and French architecture of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, on the relations between the baroque and antiquity—constitute the foundations and, very often, the preliminary form of the more than twenty-five monographs, catalogues, and books that were produced after 1939 by Sir Anthony Blunt (he was knighted in 1956), Slade Professor of Fine Art successively at Oxford and Cambridge, Fellow of the British Academy (1950), Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries (1960), and, above all else, Surveyor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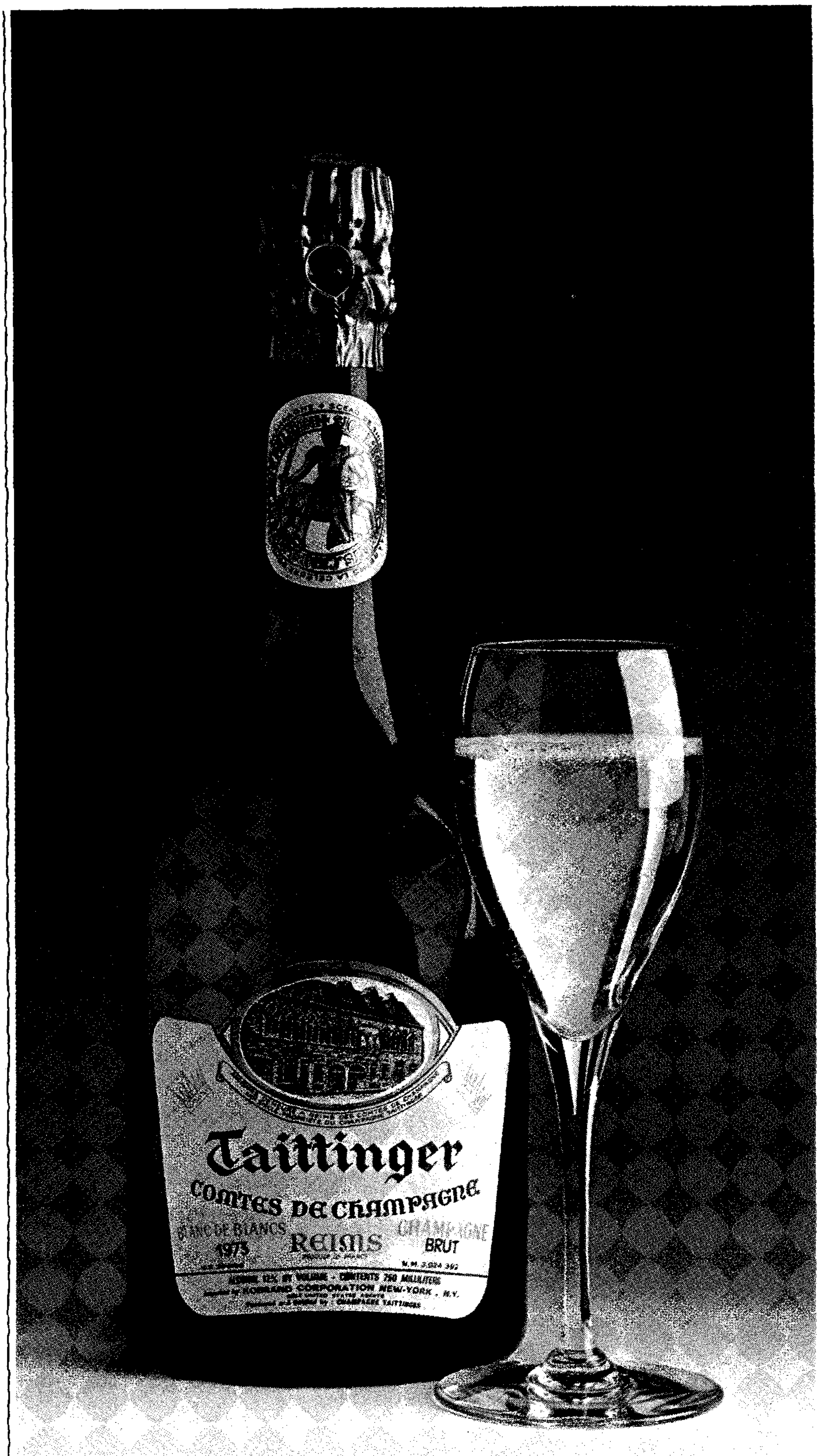
of the Queen's Pictures and Adviser for the Queen's Pictures and Drawings (from 1952 and 1972, respectively).

Nicolas Poussin (1594-1665) has been at the center of Blunt's scholarship and sensibility. More than thirty Poussin studies appeared between "A Poussin-Castiglione Problem," of 1939-40, and an article on "Poussin and Aesop," in 1966. Five major papers on the French classical master were published in 1960 alone, three more the following year. It is no exaggeration to say that Blunt is as closely identified with Poussin as another great art historian, Charles de Tolnay, has been with Michelangelo or as Erwin Panofsky was, at certain times in his career, with Dürer. It was via Poussin that Blunt organized and tested his responses not only to classical and neoclassical art and architecture but also to Cézanne's spatial compositions, Rouault's religious art, and the figure groupings and dissemination of light in Seurat. This lifelong passion culminated in a two-volume study of Poussin—incorporating the A. W. Mellon Lectures that Blunt gave in Washington and a catalogue raisonné of the artist's output—which was published by the Bollingen Foundation, in New York, in 1967.

Blunt's scholarly-critical prose is cool to a degree. It seems to repudiate explicitly the dramatized, personal lyricism that marked the writings on art of Pater and Ruskin and of their most fascinating successor, Adrian Stokes. With rare exceptions, Blunt's style avoids even those flashes of impressionism and sinuous rhetoric that ornament the art studies of Kenneth Clark. The lucid unobtrusiveness of the French classical manner, which Blunt has analyzed and treasured, has passed into his own idiom. Nevertheless, there are in his reflections on Poussin indices of his central vision. Poussin's art is ennobled by deliberate intent. It embodies "a carefully thought-out view of ethics, a consistent attitude to religion, and, toward the end of his life, a complex, almost mystical conception of the universe." Blunt sees in Poussin a master who countered Plato's dismissive finding that the representative arts are merely imitations of reality. A decisive passage on Poussin draws as near as Professor Blunt will allow himself to eloquence:

> His pursuit of a rational form of art was so passionate that it led him in his later years to a beauty beyond reason; his desire to contain emotion within its strictest lim-



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> its caused him to express it in its most concentrated form; his determination to efface himself, and to seek nothing but the form perfectly appropriate to his theme, led him to create paintings which, though impersonal, are also deeply emotional and, though rational in their principles, are almost mystical in the impression that they convey.

Only disciplined governance, rigorous self-effacement, and absolute technical mastery can lead an artist, a human consciousness, to that immediacy of revelation (the mystical) which reason generates but does not wholly contain. Vehement feeling is guarded by the calm of form. It is with obvious approbation that Blunt cites Poussin's own testimony: "My nature compels me to seek and love things that are well ordered, fleeing confusion, which is as contrary and inimical to me as is day to the deepest night." This great tradition of austere nobility is essential to the French genius from Racine to Mallarmé, from the brothers Le Nain to Braque. Very few Englishmen have felt at home in its formality. Blunt, who passed long periods of his youth in France, found in the French tradition the primary climate of his feelings. He came to recognize in Poussin a late Stoic, a Senecan moralist passionate in his very rationality but fastidiously detached from public affairs. Montaigne's, observes Blunt, is the voice—and a voice quintessentially French—of this passionate dispassion. Though these qualities are preëminent in Nicolas Poussin, they can be found in other masters and media: in the French architect Philibert de l'Orme (c. 1510-70), to whom Blunt devoted a monograph in 1958; in the great painter Claude Lorrain (1600-82); in the architect and sculptor Francesco Borromini (1599-1667), of whom Blunt published an incisive, elegant study in 1979. In Borromini's aesthetics, Stoicism joins with Christian humanism to underwrite the view that God is "supreme reason." No less than Poussin in his late years, Borromini conceives of man as inevitably puny and miserable but endowed with the capacity for reflection—for translating into disciplined form certain aspects of cosmic energy and order. And this reflection suffuses a Poussin canvas, a Borromini façade, a Fouquet drawing with the light of reasoned mystery.

It is a mark of Blunt's distinction and of the fineness of his antennae that his authority extends to certain artists who at first sight seem contrary to the Gallic ideal. His papers on William

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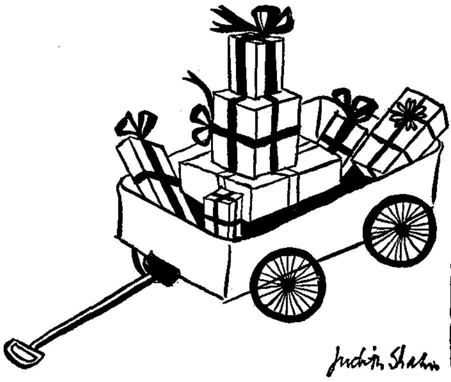
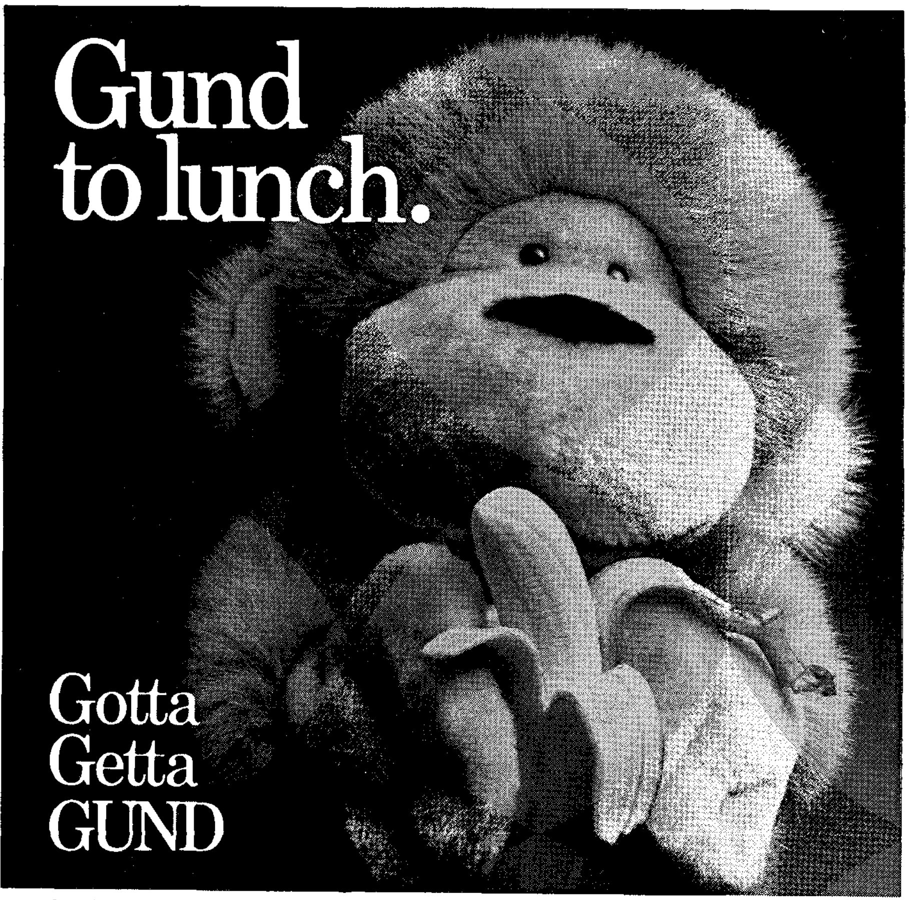
Blake go back to 1938. His study "The Art of William Blake" appeared in 1959. Again, the criterion is that of concordance between vision and technique of execution. As in Poussin, though expressed in an altogether different code, there is in Blake's paintings a "complete integrity of thought and feeling." In Blake's case, the analysis was fundamentally political. Blake had set his face against materialism—against the money fever of the new industrial age—and against the cant of a sclerotic state religion. He was "a minority fighter," in severe peril of isolation, of mere eccentricity. His powers as a craftsman, the vital intelligence of his understanding of classic art and modern society enabled him to produce designs of a totally individual character yet of an unmistakable universality of meaning. "To those who are themselves trying to escape from the dominance of materialism," says Professor Blunt, Blake is of dramatic aid and comfort. And the radicalism of the protest lies in the controlled line of the composition. Such "extraordinary mixture of severity and fantasy" was to delight Blunt in his study of Borromini's façade for the Collegio di Propaganda Fide, in Rome.

To his professional colleagues, Blunt is not only an art historian and an analytic critic of great stature. He is one of the principal cataloguers of our time. The disciplines required, the significance of the product for the study and interpretation of the fine arts as a whole are not easy for the layman to grasp, let alone summarize. As the life-force of speech and writing is, finally, determined by the quality of our dictionaries and grammars, so the access to and valuation of the works of great artists depend on exact attribution and dating. Who painted this canvas? Who drew this drawing? What is the relation of this print to the original plate? When was this statue carved or cast? To what year do we assign this colonnade or that vesti-





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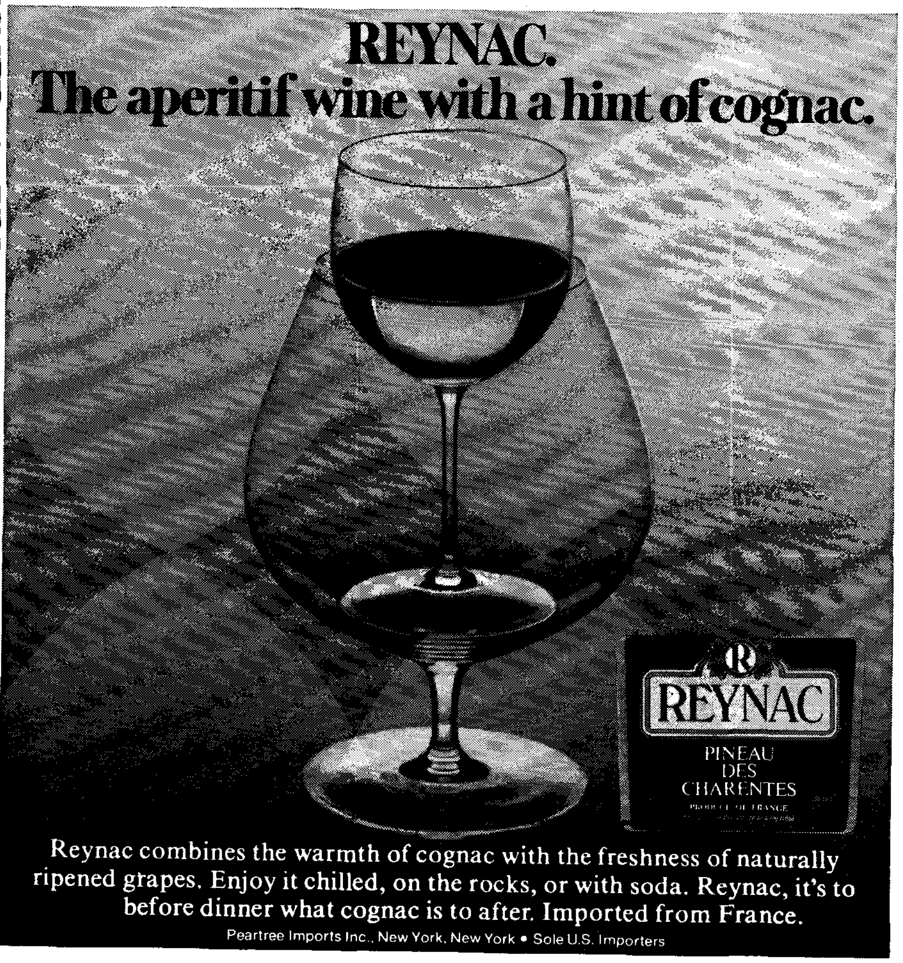

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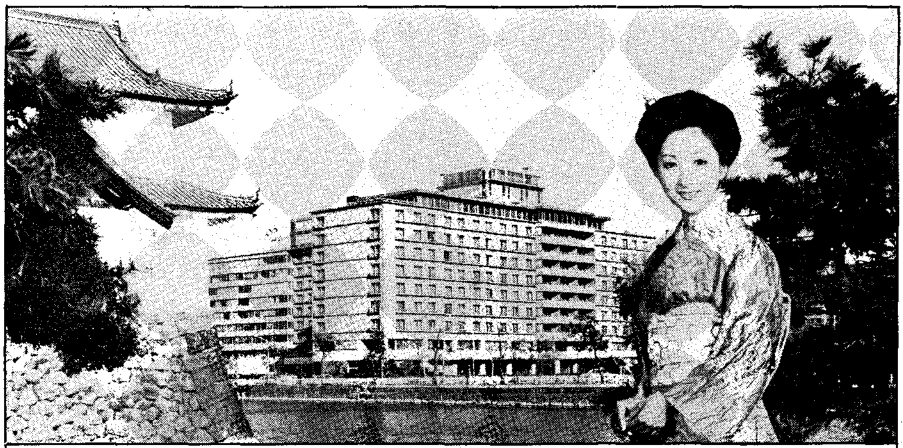

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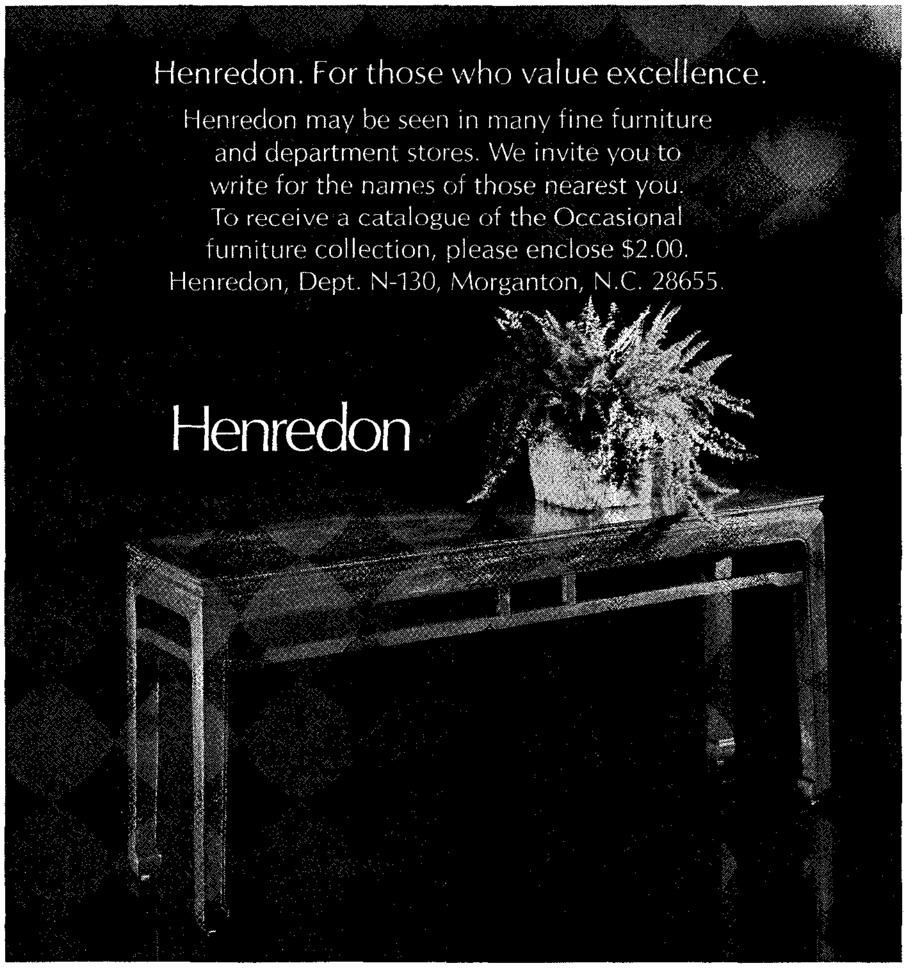

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bule? Am I looking at individual work or at the product of an atelier working collaboratively with the master or, perhaps, according to his more or less finished maquette? The catalogue raisonné—the chronological listing and precise description of the output of an artist or of his school—is to the historian of art and culture, to the art critic, and to the connoisseur the primary instrument of ordered perception. The means required of the compiler, as of a master lexicographer or grammarian, are of the most stringent and uncommon sort. The cataloguer must, in the first place, be totally versed in the mechanics of the medium he is classifying. He must, for instance, be able to reproduce mentally but also, as it were, at his own fingertips the idiosyncrasies of the etcher's tool if he is to identify the etcher's hand. He must know the metallurgy of the relevant period if he is to judge the state of the plate. The particular texture of the ink used, the exact history of the paper and its watermarks, the aesthetic and commercial considerations that dictated the number of impressions made will be familiar to him. In attributing and dating paintings, the indexer may resort to laboratory techniques: to X-ray and infrared photography, in order to reveal successive layers of pigment; to the minute analysis of wood, canvas, and metal, in order to fix the chronology and compositional history of the object. Yet mastery of these intricate minutiae is only the preliminary step. The right ascription of a painting, of a statue, of a baptistery to this or that painter, sculptor, or architect, its right dating and placement within the man's work as a whole are, in the last analysis, the result of acute rational intuition. Memory, the retention before the mind's eye of a great range of surrounding, ancillary, comparable, or contrasting art, is indispensable. So is historical imagination, the stab of precise sympathy that enables a historical novelist, a historian, a great stage designer to image the past. Sheer erudition—that is, a voluminous intimacy with the artist's biography, with his professional habits, with the material distribution and the survival of his works as they left his atelier and began their often tortuous journey toward the modern museum, auction room, neglected attic, or private collection—is essential. But these are not the crux. What matters most are "tactile values" (Berenson's phrase)—requiring an ability to bring taste and sensory

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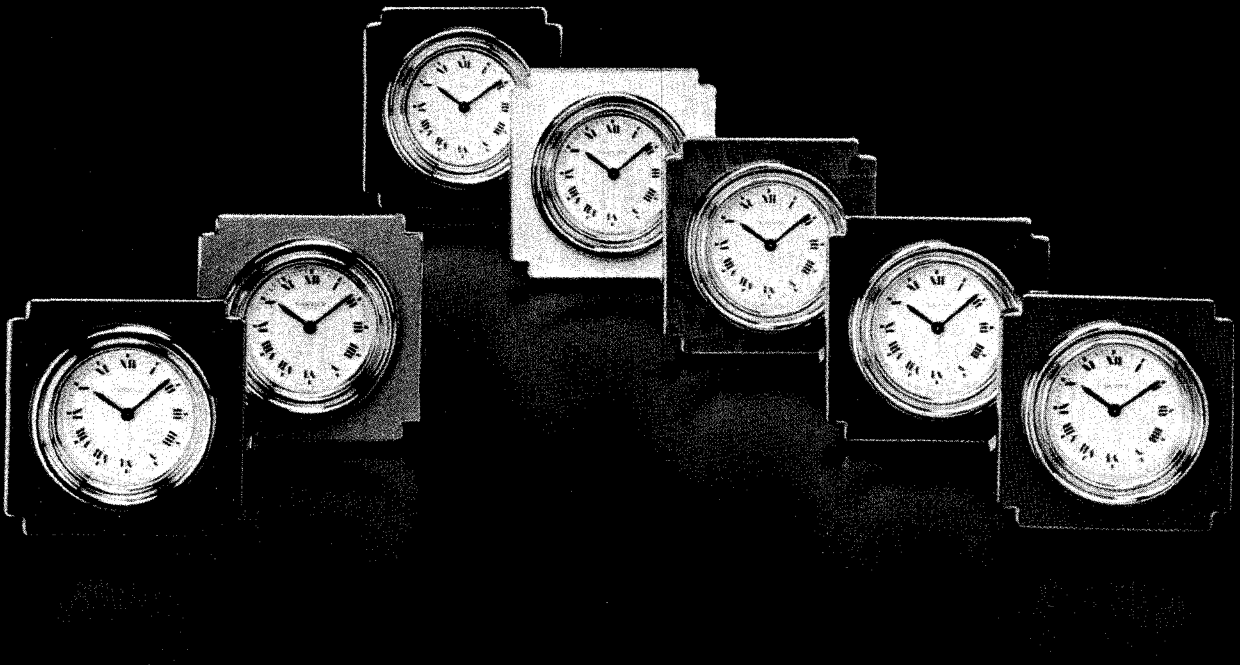

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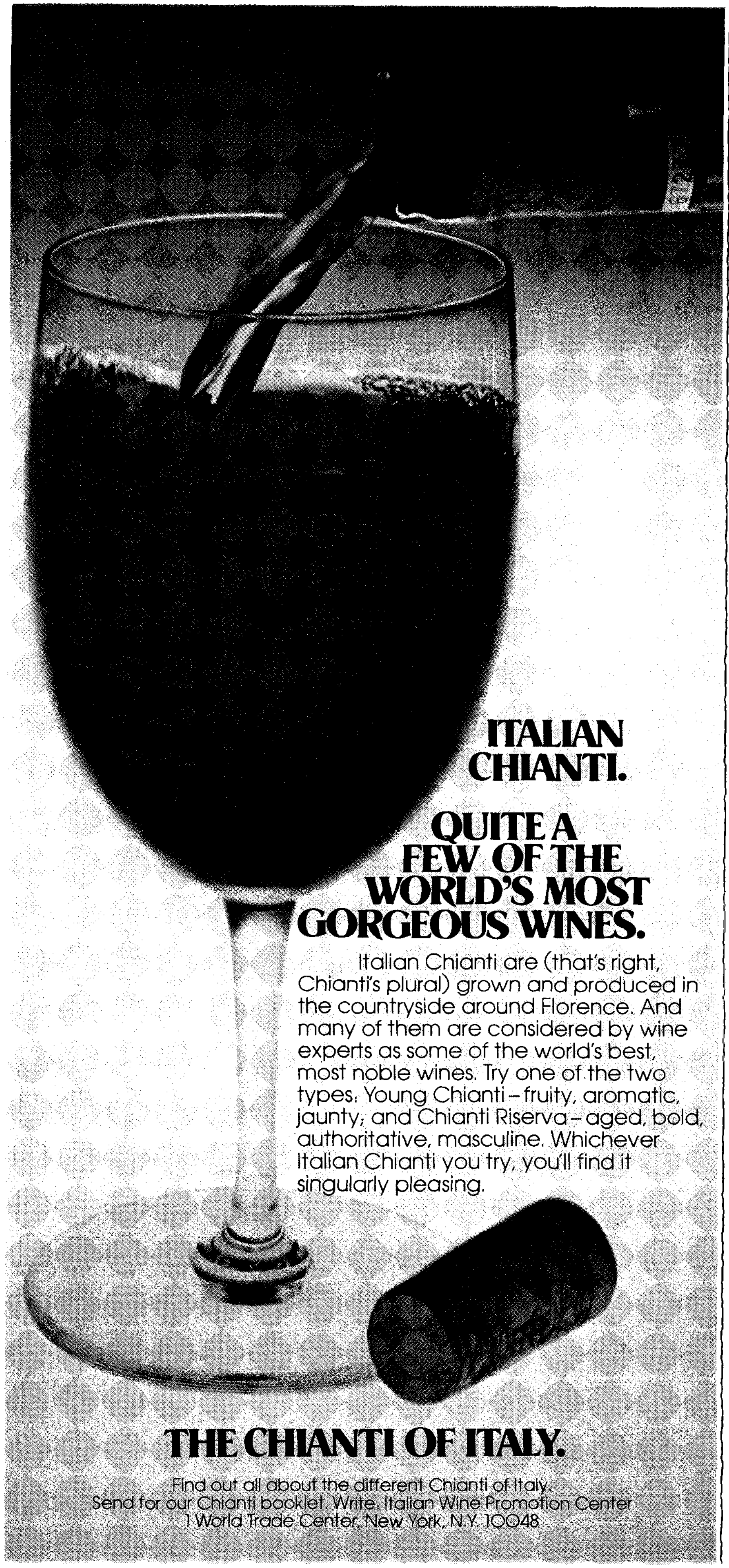

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awareness to bear unswervingly on the art object both in its minutest detail and in its over-all effect. The master cataloguer has perfect pitch.

Blunt's catalogue of "The Drawings of Nicolas Poussin" began appearing in 1939. "The French Drawings in the Collection of H.M. the King at Windsor Castle" was published in 1945. Nine years later followed "The Drawings of G. B. Castiglione and Stefano della Bella in the Collection of H.M. the Queen at Windsor Castle." Blunt's descriptive catalogue of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Venetian drawings in Her Majesty's collection was published in 1957. Three years later came the catalogue of the Roman drawings for this same period in the Sovereign's possession. Anthony Blunt provided the catalogue for the extensive Poussin exhibition in Paris in 1960, and his definitive listing of the artist's paintings came six years later. In 1968, Blunt surveyed the James A. de Rothschild Collection at Waddesdon Manor. In 1971, he published supplements to his previous listings of French and Italian drawings. In all his monographs, moreover, such as the handsome study of "Neapolitan Baroque & Rococo Architecture" (1975) and the Borromini book, attribution, exact description, and datings play a major role. Blunt has literally put in intelligible order central rooms in the house of Western art. As I said, only the expert can fully gauge the labor, the scruple, the degree of flair and concentration involved.

"Scruple" is worth insisting on. The business of attribution, description, dating demands complete integrity on the technical level. Margins must be measured to the millimetre; successive impressions from an original plate or woodblock must be almost microscopically differentiated if the sequence is to be numbered correctly. But in this domain there are also pressures of a moral and economic kind. The outright value of a painting or drawing or engraving, the worth of a sculpture on the crazed art market depend immediately on expert attribution. The temptations are notorious. (Berenson allegedly yielded to them on occasion.) Blunt's austerity was above question. His scholarship, his teaching exemplify formidable standards of technical severity and intellectual and moral rigor. His catalogues, his art history and criticism, the decisions he arrived at in regard to the identification and valuation of pictures and drawings in public and private holding illustrate the motto adopted by Aby Warburg, founder of the institute with which Blunt was closely associated: "God lurks in the detail." At this level of learning and connoisseurship, deception and the exposure that follows would be irreparable. There was hardly a day on which Professor Sir Anthony Blunt, Knight Commander of the Royal Victorian Order and honored guest of the Queen, did not make this clear to his colleagues and to his students.

They responded unstintingly. The "Studies in Renaissance & Baroque Art Presented to Anthony Blunt on His 60th Birthday" (Phaidon, 1967) is more than a ritual gesture. Here some of the most distinguished historians of art and of architecture paid genuine tribute to a master in the field and to an exemplary teacher by publishing essays that mirrored his own high standards and catholicity of insight. But even beyond the honor done to the scholar and the expositor there is the homage to the man. What Professor Blunt's peers and associates throughout the academic world, at the National Art Collections Fund, in the National Trust (the foremost body for the preservation of Britain's historical heritage), in museums, and, one has reason to believe, in the royal entourage wished to express unreservedly was their sense of Sir Anthony's "qualities of intellect and moral integrity." The two so obviously went together.

I DO not know just when Blunt was recruited into Soviet espionage. It is thought likely that he became actively interested in and sympathetic to Communism as an undergraduate at Trinity College, Cambridge, between 1926 and 1929. Elected a Fellow of the college in 1932, he appears to have acted mainly as a talent spotter and guru for the K.G.B. The evidence points to his extraordinary influence over a circle of young men that included Kim Philby, Guy Burgess, and Donald Maclean, all of whom later took flight to Moscow. Blunt saw service in France in 1939 and 1940 after an attempt, whose details remain murky, to enlist in military intelligence. In 1940, during the chaos and crisis set off by Hitler's breakthrough in the west, Anthony Blunt succeeded in his project. He was now a member of the MI5 branch of the wartime secret service. No outsider seems to know precisely what Blunt's functions were or how senior he became. Initial-

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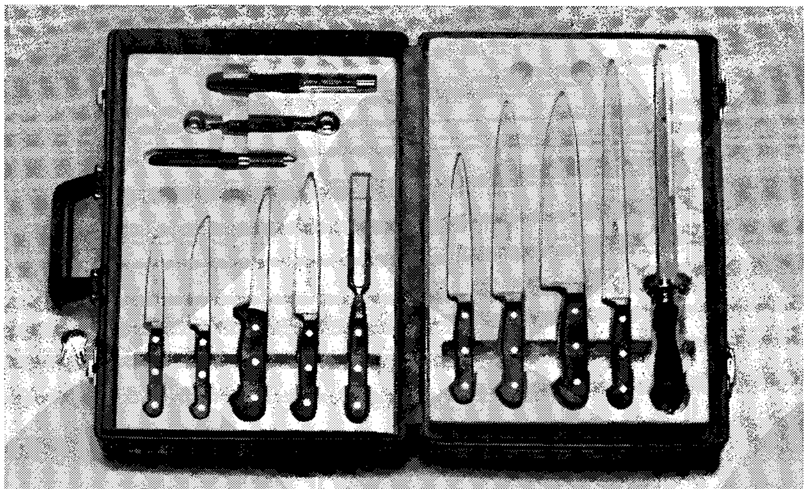

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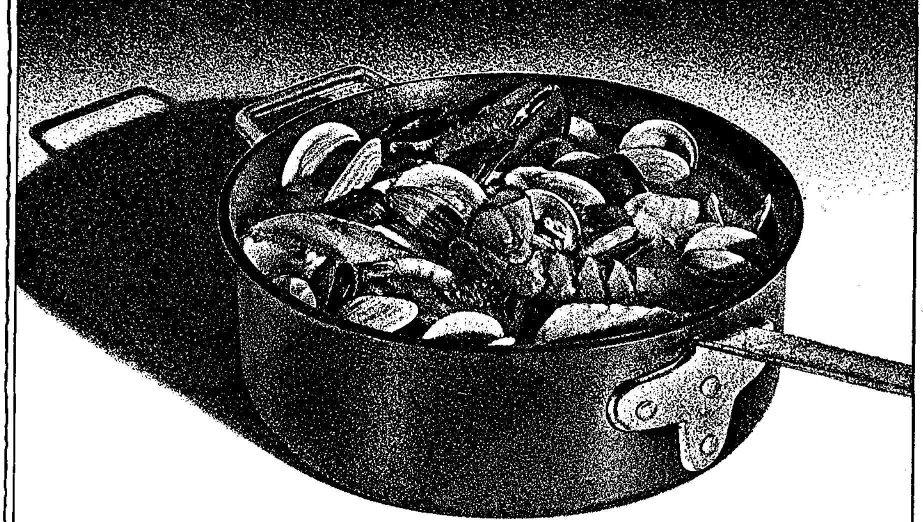

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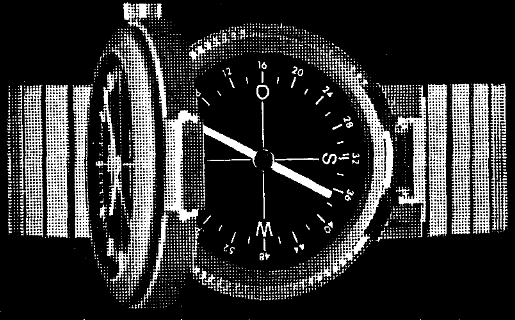

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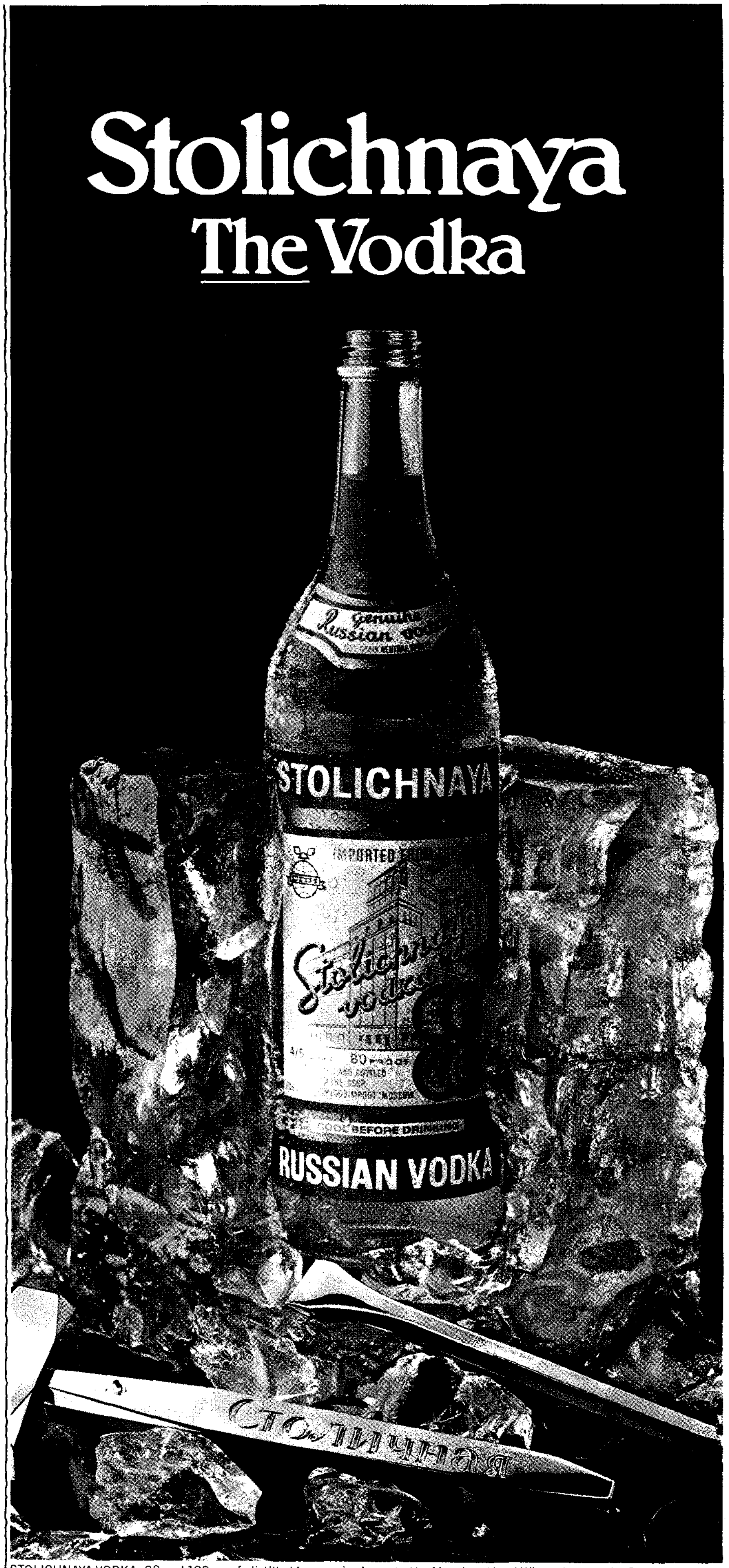
ly, he seems to have been monitoring the communications and activities of various foreign embassies and exile governments in London. By passing his findings on to his Soviet control, he would have helped the Russians to plan and carry out their murderous policies in the newly liberated countries of Eastern Europe in 1944 and 1945. Blunt himself has declared that his activities consisted only in keeping the Russians abreast of what MI5 was finding out about German intelligence networks and in passing on occasional routine information about the work and views of his colleagues. Margaret Thatcher, in her statement to the House of Commons in the third week of November, 1979—the statement that revealed Blunt's treason to the public at large—said merely this: "We do not know exactly what information he passed. We do know, however, to what information he had access." The implication was that the latter was obviously sensitive. Outwardly, Blunt's membership in MI5 ceased at the end of the war. In reality, of course, the British intelligence community, like its counterpart in every other country, is a kind of permanent club, in which "old boys" and sometime activists continue on call. In 1950, Blunt seems to have offered his assistance to the security section of the Foreign Office when it was trying to trace a major leakage of classified information from the Washington Embassy. This kind act led Blunt straight to the heart of the Burgess-Maclean file. To this day, the precise mechanism whereby Burgess and Maclean were tipped off seventy-two hours before Maclean was to be interrogated and were thus able to find refuge in the Soviet Union remains known only to a very few. Blunt almost certainly had a hand in the escape. It is not clear whether he acted as initiator and organizer of the operation or merely as a conveyer of

urgent signals. What is known is that it was Anthony Blunt who phoned Burgess on the morning of May 25, 1951—a Friday—to tell him that the net would close in on Maclean on the Monday following. British security services keep the Sabbath. That night, Burgess and Maclean took the ferry from Southampton to Saint-Malo. It was Blunt, moreover, who combed Burgess's London apartment for evidence that might incriminate him and Philby. Philby's nerve held under severe interrogation. According to Mrs. Thatcher's Parliamentary statement, Blunt had admitted to helping Philby make contact with Soviet intelligence "on one occasion" between 1951 and 1956—the year in which the Queen dubbed Blunt her faithful knight. The evidence suggests, however, that Blunt served as courier between the K.G.B. and the gradually cornered agent. As Philby later put it, from his sunlit bench in a Moscow public park (he was more or less allowed to defect safely in 1963), he received "through the most ingenious of routes" a message of good cheer from his Kremlin masters and friends. "It changed the whole complexion of the case. I was no longer alone."

Nor was Blunt. Needled into action by the Burgess-Maclean farce and by the outrage of the United States intelligence and counterintelligence agencies, which had vainly sought to alert their British colleagues to the presence of "moles" at the highest levels of the secret service, interrogators from MI5 saw Blunt eleven times beginning in 1951. As far as one can gather, Blunt repudiated all suspicions with chill aloofness. Burgess's alleged revelations were the product of an alcoholic notorious for his pranks and fantasies. Some interrogators were convinced that Blunt was lying but could not make the evidence stick. With every year, moreover, Blunt's prestige in public life, his access to royalty and to the near-immunity such access brings were growing. The years from 1952 to 1964 were golden ones for the guardian and surveyor of royal art. But the climate was beginning to sour. The unearthing and trial in 1961 of George Blake, a veteran Soviet spy, Philby's homecoming to Moscow and the spate of revelations that ensued, and the essentially trivial but unnerving scandal of the Profumo affair in the summer of 1963 brought on a general alarm and sense of betrayal. A new round of investigations began. This time, according to the official



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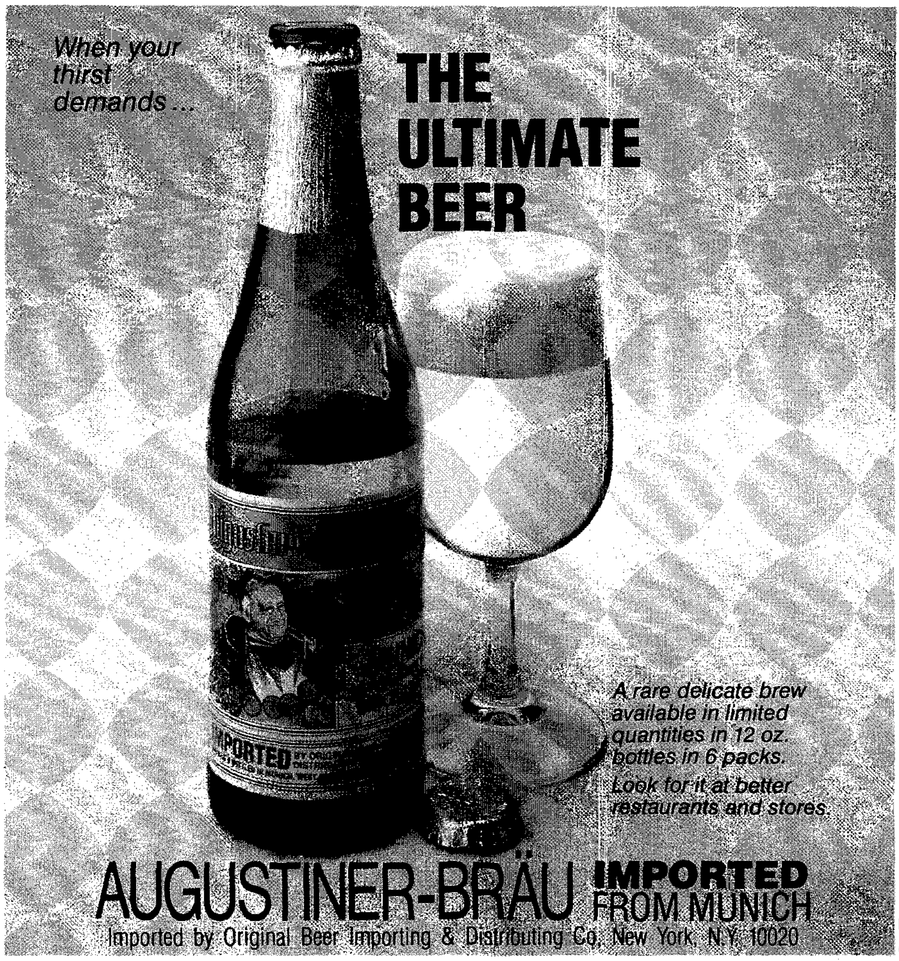

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narrative, Blunt cracked, and made a deal with his hunters. He would confess his treason and coöperate with MI5 as it saw fit in exchange for absolute discretion and personal immunity. The obvious lure lay in the possibility that the K.G.B., not knowing that Blunt had been "turned," would continue to use his services, and that these would be revealed to British counterintelligence. This appetizing bargain was to be kept a complete secret. Among the very few who were told was Sir Michael Adeane, the Queen's Private Secretary. He seems to have taken the news with condign aplomb, the more notable because the Assistant Keeper of the Queen's Pictures was one Oliver Miller, a former member of the secret service. As things worked out, the K.G.B. did not take the bait, and Blunt's own coöperation with his new masters was almost nonexistent. It looked to his bitterly exasperated controls in MI5 as if he had outplayed them once again. The glitter of Sir Anthony's public honors made matters worse. Leaks and insinuations, very likely planted by the angry intelligence network, began circulating in Fleet Street, in the senior common rooms of Oxford and Cambridge colleges, and through the synapses of establishment gossip. Two journalists, Richard Deacon and Andrew Boyle, were hot on the scent. Threats of prosecution for libel forced Deacon to withdraw the book he had written on the case. Boyle, confident of his facts, and very probably encouraged in certain powerful quarters, published his book (the American edition of which was entitled "The Fourth Man") on November 5th of last year. The choice of date was a wry hit: to Englishmen, Guy Fawkes Day is an annual reminder of mortal conspiracy. Ten days later, the Prime Minister spoke out.

These, summarily, are the facts as they have been retailed to an avid public by Mr. Boyle and other journalists in an avalanche of exposés, by pundits and ex-secret-service figures of every description, by John le Carré acolytes (and, indeed, the Master himself) since Mrs. Thatcher's revelations in Parliament. A cursory look at the tale shows that it is so full of gaps, unanswered questions, and implausibilities as to be almost useless. Granted that recruitment in 1940 was chaotic—nevertheless, how was it possible, at the very time of the Hitler-Stalin entente, for MI5 to overlook the political sentiments expounded by Blunt in his *Spec-*

tator art reviews and his 1937 essay? Who buried or withdrew a dossier given to MI5 as early as 1939 by the Soviet defector General Walter Krivitsky—a dossier that all but identified Blunt and his connection with Maclean (though, presumably, in a garbled and fragmentary way)? The implication of efficient protection in very high places is inescapable. Blunt's double life was charmed from the start. How was it that Blunt, who had actually shared a flat with Burgess, was allowed to slip through the net (or was he?) during the 1951 fracas? Everything about the confession and guarantee of immunity in 1964 is implausible. Why should Blunt have caved in just at this time, and of just what category of importance and seniority were his services to the K.G.B. if his interrogators thought him worth sparing public exposure and prosecution for treason? Lord Home, Prime Minister at the time, and Harold Wilson, his successor, have affirmed that they were told nothing, though both were, by virtue of their office, heads of the security services. Why should this have been? And who took the decision, politically trivial but psychologically bizarre in the extreme, either to inform or not to inform Her Majesty that her honor-laden art adviser and regular palace guest was a self-confessed K.G.B. operative? Is it not distinctly conceivable that Blunt's 1964 confession was itself a tactical fraud, and that he continued to do services either as a K.G.B. informant or, more probably, as a classic double agent, "turned" by both sides but loyal only to one? How else is one to account for the fact, first disclosed in a somewhat oblique statement by Edward Heath, Prime Minister at the time, that the Blunt file had been reopened in 1973 but that three successive attorneys general had, during the ensuing six years, found nothing that was usable as evidence on which to base a prosecution? Evidence supplied by "moles" and defectors does take a long time to filter through the intelligence channels. But can the information supplied by Anatoli Dolnytsin, a ranking K.G.B. agent who sought cover in the United States in 1962 and appears to have known the entire Philby setup and Blunt's connection, really have been ignored by British counterintelligence? Once more, the suggestion of a guardian angel or coven of angels in very lofty quarters is palpable. A senior Oxford philosopher of impeccable shrewdness, himself a member of

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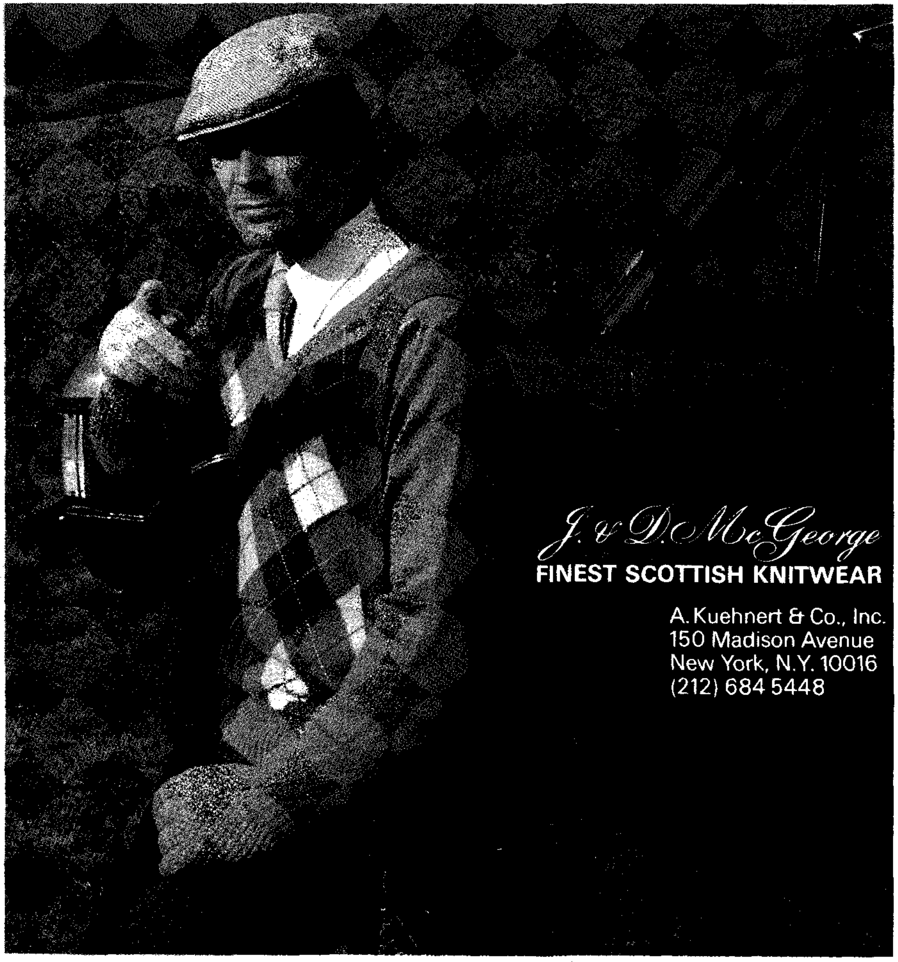

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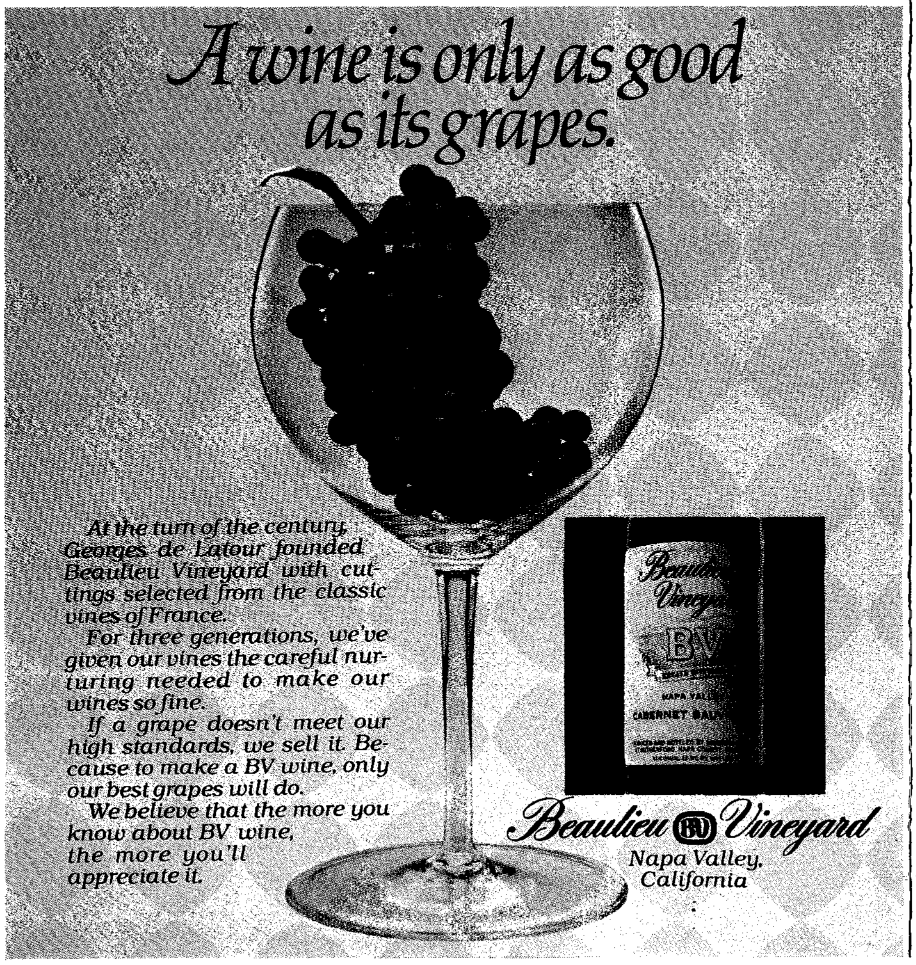
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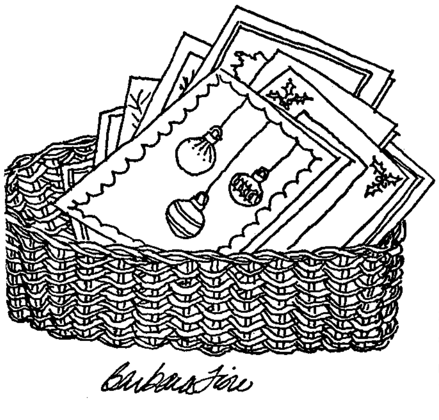
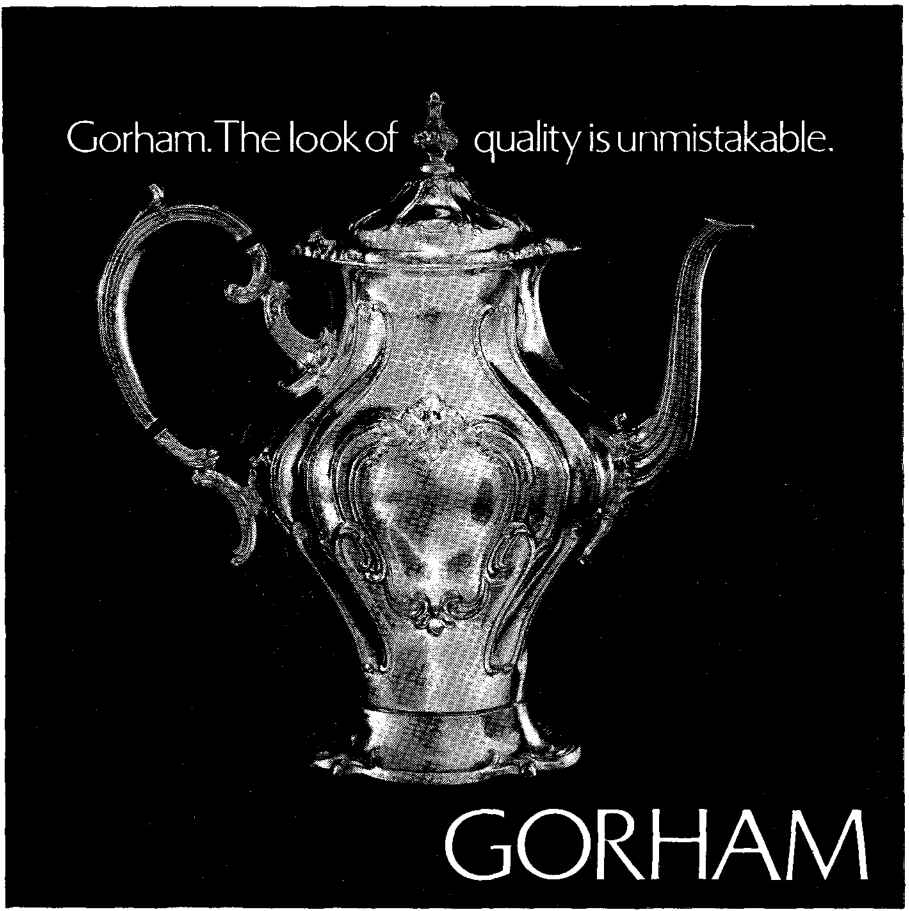
the charmed circle of British mandarin socialites, has said to me outright that the Blunt story, as told to the world at large, is in many respects a fabrication. It was devised and revealed precisely in order to lay a smoke screen behind which other eminent characters in the drama could scuttle to safety. Crucial points are "in fact the exact opposite of what you have been led to believe." Historians to come will burrow. This or that startling tracer will turn up in as yet unpublished records, letters, personal memoirs. Blunt himself will have his say and rake in the royalties (a predestined pun, that). But it is very doubtful whether any coherent truth will ever emerge. What *is* certain is simply this: Anthony Blunt was a K.G.B. minion whose treason over thirty years or more almost certainly did grave damage to his own country and may well have sent other men—Polish and Czech exiles, fellow intelligence agents—to abject death. The rest is tawdry gossip.

ESPIONAGE and treason are, one is given to understand, as ancient as whoredom. And, obviously, they have often engaged human beings of some intelligence and audacity, and, in certain cases, of elevated social standing. Yet the enlistment in this nauseating trade of a man of great intellectual eminence, one whose manifest contributions to the life of the mind are of high grace and perception, and who, as scholar and teacher, made veracity, scrupulous integrity the touchstone of his work—this is indeed rare. I can, with reference to modern times, think of no genuine parallel. Professor Blunt's treason and duplicity do pose fundamental questions about the nature of intellectual-academic obsession, about the coexistence within a single sensibility of utmost truth and falsehood, and about certain germs of the inhuman planted, as it were, at the very roots of excellence in our society. There lies the significance and fascination of the case. I have neither the competence nor the interest to contribute anything to the spate of armchair detection and spy fantasies unleashed by the Blunt affair. But I would like to think for a moment about a man who in the morning teaches his students that a false attribution of a Watteau drawing or an inaccurate transcription of a fourteenth-century epigraph is a sin against the spirit and in the afternoon or evening transmits to the agents of Soviet intelligence classified, perhaps vital information given to him in sworn trust by his countrymen and intimate colleagues. What are the sources of such scission? How does the spirit mask itself?

The Marxist sentiments voiced in Blunt's art reviews and in his contribution to "The Mind in Chains" are banal. They constitute the widespread routine of anger of a middle-class generation caught up in the threefold context of Western economic depression, rising Fascism and Nazism, and what were believed to be the dynamic, libertarian successes of the Russian Revolution. Nothing Blunt writes exhibits any particular grasp either of the philosophical aspects of Marxist dialectical materialism or of the economic and labor theory on which this materialism is founded. It is parlor-pink talk in the approved nineteen-thirties style. Except, perhaps, in one respect. Blunt had arrived early at the conviction that great art, to which he ascribed preëminent value in human consciousness and society, could not survive the fragmented, anarchic, and always modish governance of private patronage and mass-media trivialization. If Western painting, sculpture, and architecture were to regain classic stature, they must do so under the control of an enlightened, educative, and historically purposeful state. However, as one looks closely at Blunt's reiterated call for a central authority over the arts, the basis for the argument is not notably Marxist. The ideal precedent lies much earlier. Like so many of the "radical élite," Blunt cherishes two possibly antithetical persuasions. He holds great art to be of matchless significance to man; and he would want this significance to be accessible to the community as a whole. The solution is, more or less unavoidably, Plato's: "guardians," chosen for their intellectual force and their probity, are to insure the positive, life-enhancing quality of art and are to organize the presentation of such art to their entire society. And this qual-

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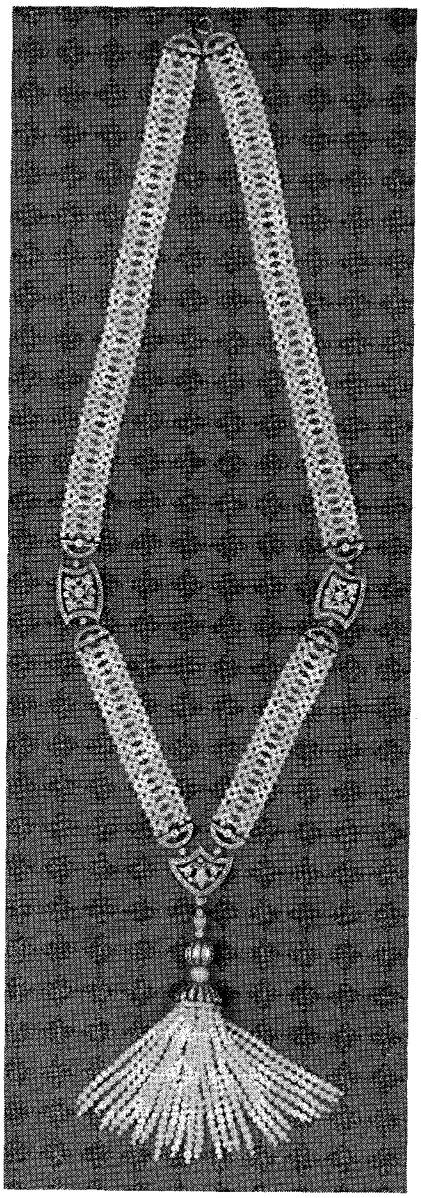

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ity and public presentation will elevate collective sensibility to a higher plane. Blunt seems to have felt that something very like this mechanism of authority and diffusion was at work in the autocratic city-states of Renaissance Italy and, above all, in the century of Louis XIV and his immediate successor. The patronage of the Medici or of Versailles was at once centrally authoritarian and progressive. It commanded the production of pictures, statues, and buildings of enduring merit but made of this production a political-social benefit and stimulus, in which the body politic as a whole was actively involved. In this way, the individual artists were integrated into the live fabric of society. However private and singular their inspiration, the canvas, the monument, the loggia or façade that they designed and produced had come under the rationalizing and humanizing pressures of public occasion and of the need to communicate both to high patrons and to the city at large. The art dealer and the private collector, the tycoon and the journalist-critic, as they mushroom under capitalism, cannot match such coherence. On the contrary, it is the cash nexus that has fatally split the world of art into the esoteric, at one end, and kitsch, at the other. Blunt seems to locate the crisis somewhere between Ingres, still working under essentially hierarchic and public conditions, and, say, Manet. The available counterpart of the Medici or the ancien régime would be the Leninist commissariat for the fine arts, the revolutionary ministry of culture in Mexico, or, very nearly, as we have seen, the propaganda office and official chamber of art in the Third Reich. Blunt is shrewd enough to know that the price may be steep, at least during a period of historical transition. But how else are the arts, without which man would recede into animality, to be rescued from their isolation, from the prostitution of the money market? It may well be because he found no other answer to this question that Anthony Blunt slid from undergraduate and salon Marxism into the practicalities of treason.

A related, more unusual motive may also have been at work, though I cannot evidence my instinct on this. There is some suggestion that Blunt, when he began serious art studies, was drawn at least as vividly to Claude Lorrain as he was to Poussin. And Lorrain is, arguably, the more original, more haunting master. But, for

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reasons that involved the very different relations of these two painters to their patrons and public, Poussin's works were largely accessible to students, whereas much of Lorrain was in private and often closed collections at the time. We touch here on a problem about which I feel considerable ambivalence. The private ownership of great art, its seclusion from the general view of men and women, let alone from that of interested amateurs and scholars, is a curious business. The literal disappearance of a Turner or a van Gogh into some Middle Eastern or Latin-American bank vault to be kept as investment and collateral, the sardonic decision of a Greek shipping tycoon to put an incomparable El Greco on his yacht, where it hangs at persistent risk—these are phenomena that verge on vandalism. Ought there to be private possession of great art, with everything that such possession entails of material risk, of greed, of removal from the general currents of thought and feeling? The question is particularly urgent where the painting or statue or architectural motif in question was intended for public display in the first place—as is, of course, the case with the overwhelming majority of medieval, Renaissance, and seventeenth- and eighteenth-century works. To say that private collectors, especially in the United States, have been generous in allowing scholarly guests a look at their treasures (not always, in fact) is no answer. Should mere wealth or the speculative fever of the investor determine the location, the accessibility of universal and always irreplaceable products in the legacy of man? There are times when I feel that the answer ought to be emphatically negative—that great art is not, cannot be, private property. But I am not certain. My conjecture is that Blunt was certain, and that the young scholar-connoisseur, barred from certain paintings and drawings of genius because they were locked up in private keeping, experienced a spasm of contemptuous loathing for capitalism. In the Soviet Union, he knew, great art hangs in public galleries. No scholars, no men and women wanting to mend their souls before a Raphael or a Matisse need wait, cap in hand, at the mansion door.

THE second main perspective in which to try and comprehend the Blunt phenomenon is that of homosexuality. Reams have now been written about the incidence of homosexuality

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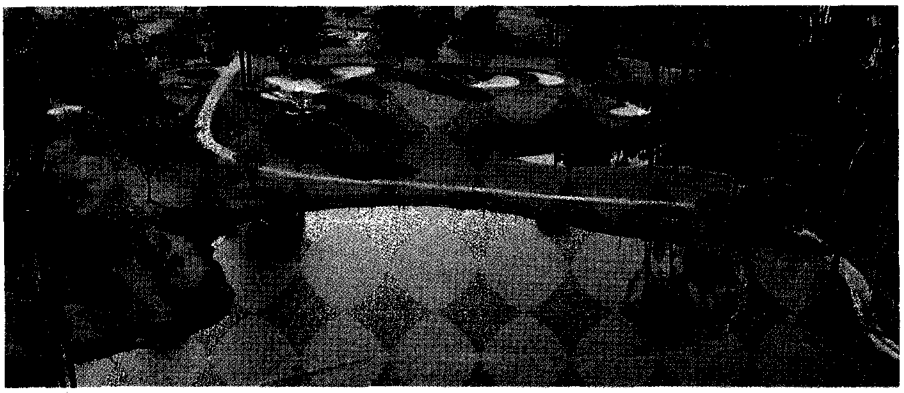

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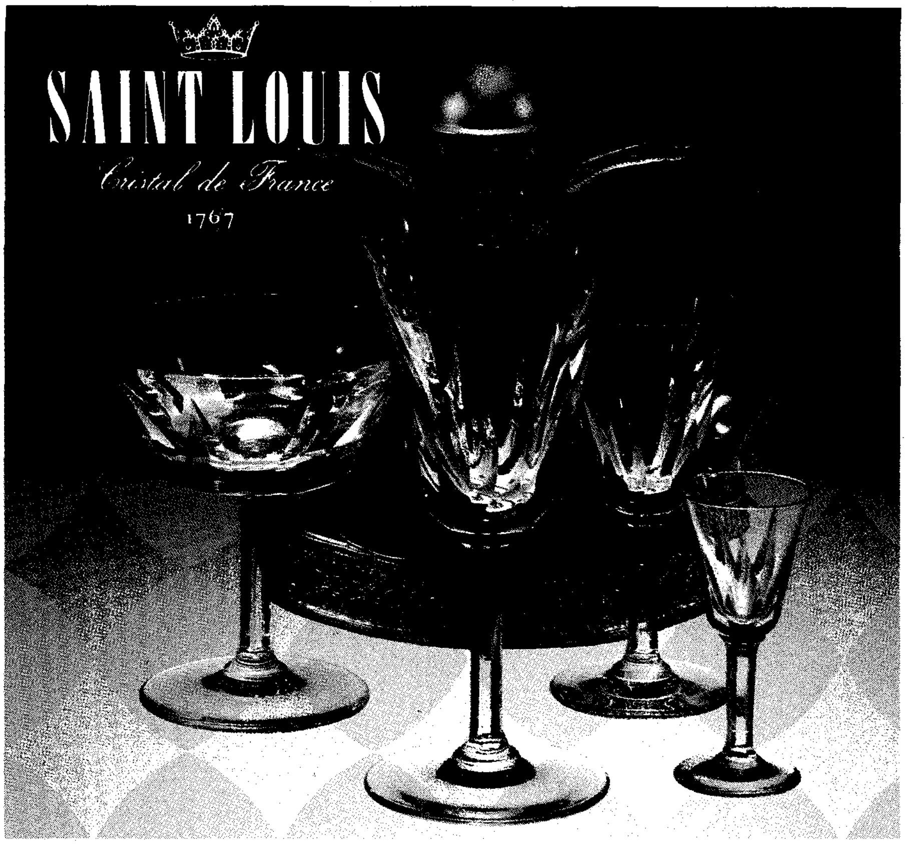
in the Cambridge University circles from which the Soviet intelligence services recruited their galaxy of agents. Some of the published information is very likely responsible; much of it is more or less prurient gossip. One of the main witnesses to Blunt's homoeroticism, the late Goronwy Rees, was a brilliant but emotionally erratic and not always impeccable informant. What is not in doubt is the general fact of the strongly homosexual character of the élite in which the young Blunt flourished at Trinity and King's Colleges in Cambridge—and, most especially, of the Apostles, the celebrated semisecret society of intellectual and aesthetic souls which played so distinctive a role in English philosophical and literary life from the time of Tennyson to that of Strachey and Bertrand Russell. Neither sociology nor cultural history, neither political theory nor psychology has even begun to handle authoritatively the vast theme of the part played by homosexuality in Western culture since the late nineteenth century. The subject is so diffuse and of such methodological and emotional complexity that it would require a combination of Machiavelli, de Tocqueville, and Freud to produce the great missing book. There is hardly a branch of literature, of music, of the plastic arts, of philosophy, of drama, film, fashion, and the furnishings of daily urban life in which homosexuality has not been crucially involved, often dominantly. Judaism and homosexuality (most intensely where they overlap, as in a Proust or a Wittgenstein) can be seen to have been the two main generators of the entire fabric and savor of urban modernity in the West. In ways that C. P. Snow did not even hint at in his argument on "the two cultures," it is, by and large, the striking absence of any comparable homosexual presence in the exact and applied sciences which has helped bring on the widening gap between the general culture and the scientific. This is a vast and as yet only imperfectly understood development, of which the role of homosexuality in politics and in the world of espionage and betrayal is only a specialized, though dramatic, feature. In the case of Blunt and the apostolic youths of Cambridge and Bloomsbury, moreover, homosexuality may be too restrictive a concept.

Until very recently, the more privileged orders in English society were educated in celibate schools and in the celibate colleges of Oxford and Cam-



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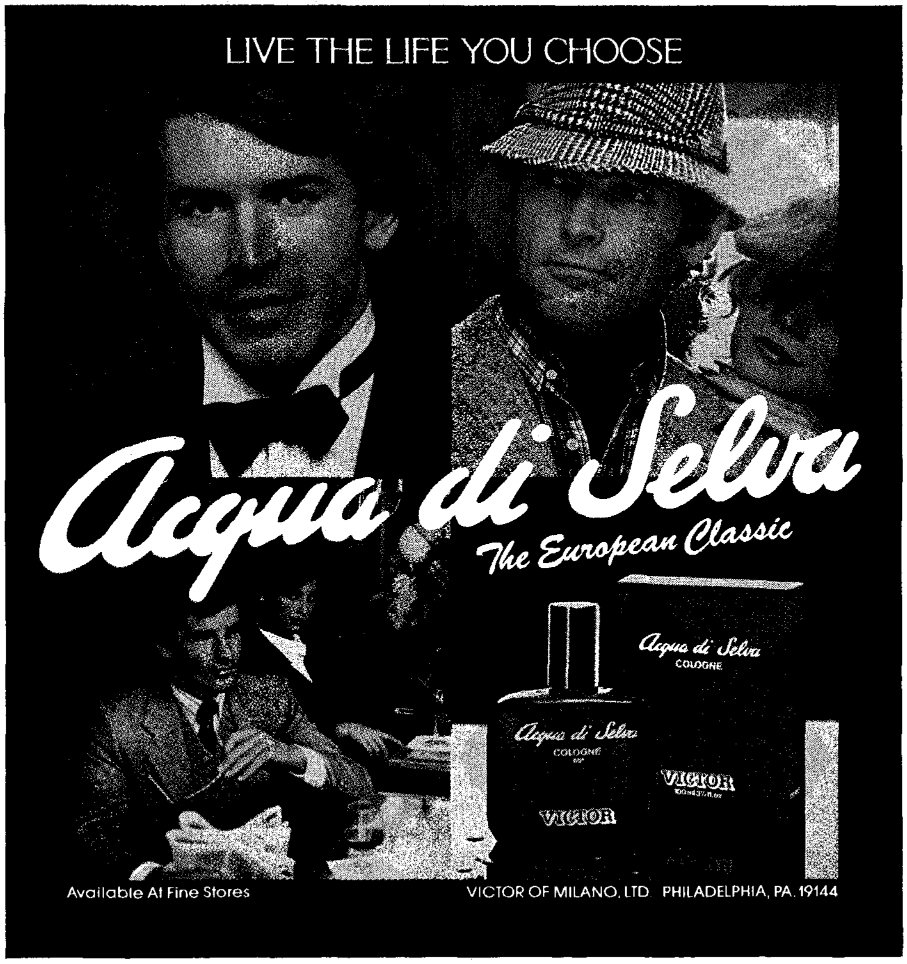
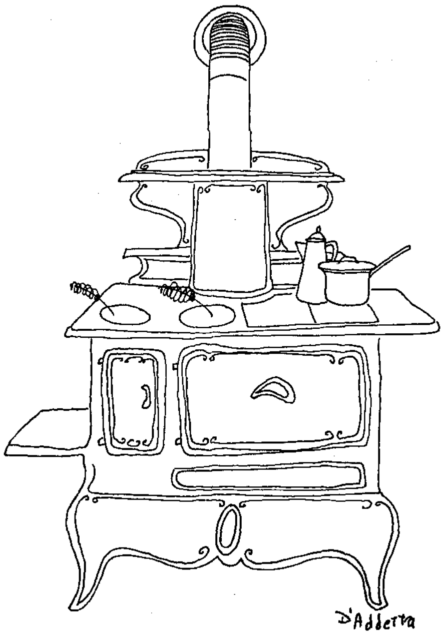
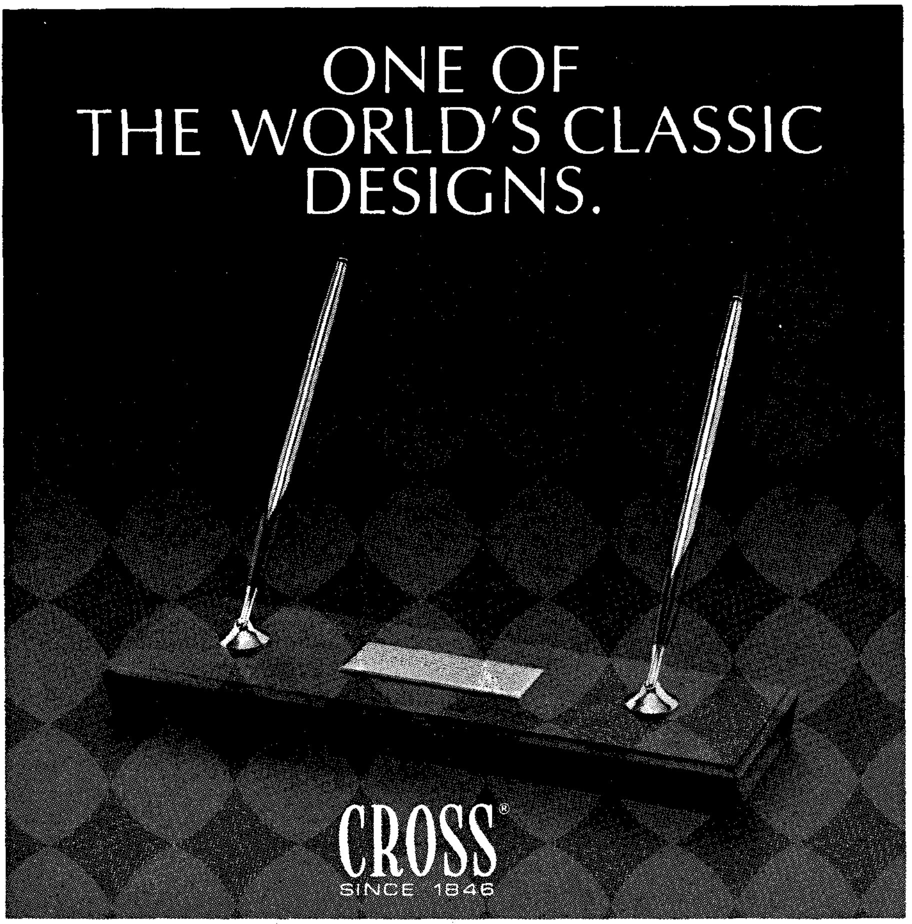


bridge, which have admitted women only during these last seven or eight years. This education was underwritten by an explicit ideal of masculine friendship, of a masculine intimacy and mutual trust more lasting and radiant than the plebeian values of the outside world. Cyril Connolly's "Enemies of Promise," Philip Toynbee's exquisite "Friends Apart" give a classic picture of this adolescent Arcadia, with its overtones of white flannel summer afternoons and heroic deaths in manly wars to come. This masculine code would comprise stages of homosexual encounter ranging all the way from the most platonic (itself an ambiguous term) of schoolboy crushes to full involvement. But even the latter was in many instances only a transitory phase before the fading of the summer light and a man's responsible entry into the colder climate of matrimony and family life. It is, therefore, not the homoeroticism that matters most but the vision of a small constellation of men, their souls attuned by shared schooling and by the shared enchanted setting of Cambridge cloisters and gardens. The strength of elective affinity in such a coterie is twofold: there are the bonds of internal affection, and there is a rejection, more or less conscious, more or less aggressive, of the vulgar usages and philistine values of "the others," of the banal multitude. The password to this whole complex of attitudes and beliefs is a very famous declaration by E. M. Forster, made first in the late thirties and repeated innumerable times since: "If I had to choose between betraying my country and betraying my friend, I hope I should





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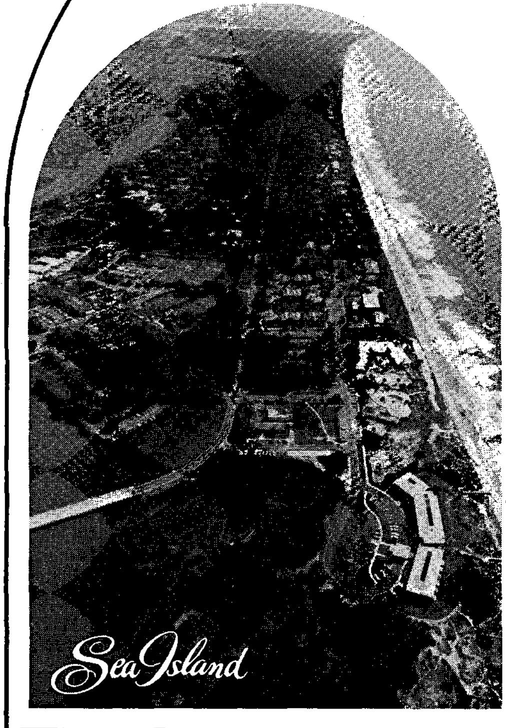

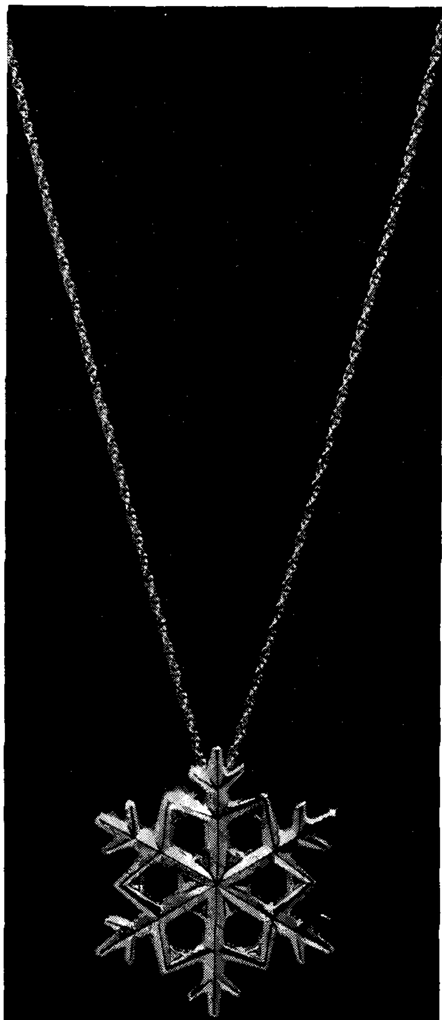

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have the guts to betray my country." Much overrated as a novelist—only "A Passage to India" is of absolutely the first rank—Forster was for successive Cambridge generations the tuning fork of conscience. His own homosexuality, the fastidious privacy of his ways, his place among the Apostles made of him very nearly a court of appeals in questions of ethical choice. Incidentally, one cannot but wonder how much Forster may have known of *the truth concerning Burgess, Philby,* Maclean, Blunt, and their praetorians. Now, there can be no doubt but that his proposition on betrayal is worth close scrutiny. I happen to feel myself strongly drawn to its implicit valuation. *Nationalism is the venom of* modern history. Nothing is more bestially absurd than the readiness of human beings to incinerate or slaughter one another in the name of nationhood and under the infantile spell of a flag. Citizenship is a bilateral arrangement that is, that ought always to be subject to critical examination and, if need be, abrogation. No city of man is worth a major injustice, a major falsehood. The death of Socrates outweighs the survival of Athens. Nothing dignifies French history more surely than the willingness of Frenchmen to go to the brink of communal collapse, to weaken the bonds of nationhood drastically (as they in fact did) over the Dreyfus case. Long before Forster, Dr. Johnson had defined patriotism as the last refuge of a scoundrel. It seems to me doubtful whether the human animal will manage to survive if it does not learn to do without frontiers and passports, if it cannot grasp that we are all guests of each other, as we are of this scarred and poisoned earth. One's homeland is the common patch of space—it can be a hotel room or a bench in the nearest park—that the gross surveillance and harrying of modern bureaucratic regimes, East or West, still allow one for one's work. Trees have roots; men have legs with which to leave after they have, in conscience, said no. Thus, there is in Forster's challenge an ecumenical humanism worth defending. Had Anthony Blunt renounced his gilded career, and sought barren refuge in Moscow or committed suicide rather than inform on his Cambridge brethren, one would condemn him for the traitor he is, but one would acknowledge an enactment of Forster's high paradox and see some logical culmination of a long tradition of boyish fidelity. Blunt, of course, did

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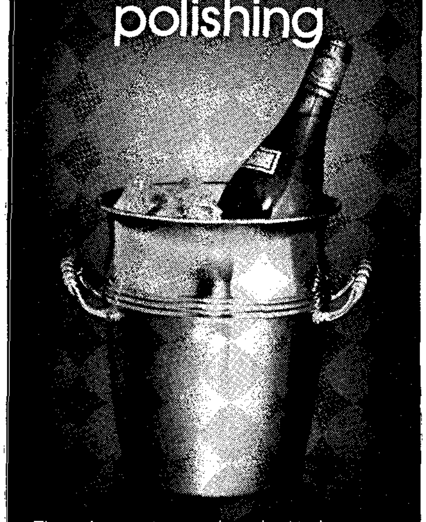

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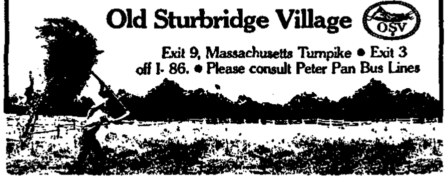
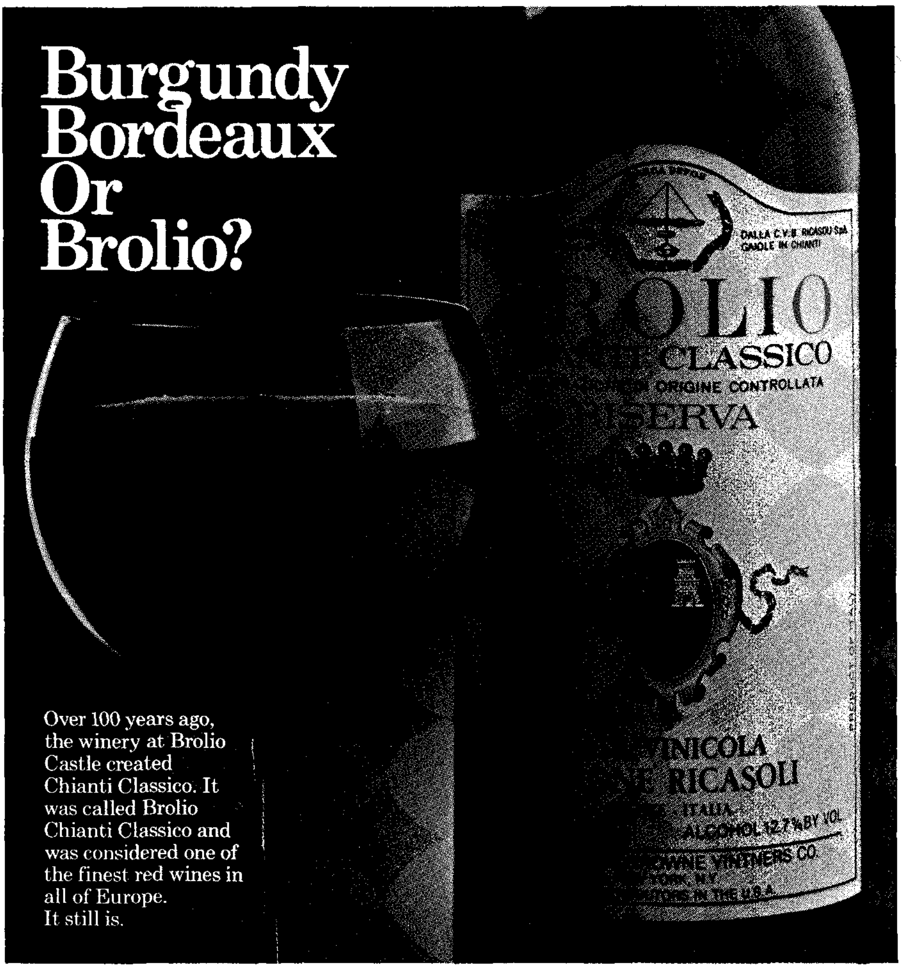


nothing so quixotic or elegant. He betrayed his country *and* his friends with the same cold gusto.

Nonetheless, the homosexual motif may have counted in two ways. It would have given Soviet intelligence a stranglehold of blackmail over Blunt and his circle at a time when English laws, even in respect of consenting adults, were still draconian. More significant, the homoerotic ethos may have persuaded men such as Blunt and Burgess that the official society around them, whatever prizes it might bestow on their talents, was in essence hostile and hypocritical. It was, consequently, ripe for just overthrow, and espionage was one of the necessary means to this good end. The irony is that the Stalinist Soviet Union, as André Gide reported in bitter disillusion, was far more oppressive of homosexuality than the capitalist West. Blunt, who had in the 1940 preface to his "Artistic Theory in Italy 1450-1600" thanked Guy Burgess for his aid and stimulus on "all the more basic points"—Burgess's authority in Renaissance aesthetics is not immediately obvious—could flourish both within and outside the British secret service. In Russia, they order these matters differently.

BUT, crucial as they are, neither Blunt's overt Marxism nor his commitment to the freemasonry of golden lads takes us to the heart of the maze, which is the radical duplicity, the seeming schizophrenia, of the scholar-teacher of impeccable integrity and the professional deceiver and betrayer. When our society troubles to think on the matter at all, it and the conventions of mutual recognition by which it orders its daily affairs take casually for granted the makeup, the status of the scholar. It is only in hoary jokes about the pure pedant's forgetfulness, corporal eccentricities, or inaptitude to the simpler, more basic needs of common existence that some ancient uneasiness and suspicion surface. The absolute scholar is in fact a rather uncanny being. He is instinct with Nietzsche's finding that to be interested in something, to be totally interested in it, is a libidinal thrust more powerful than love or hatred, more tenacious than faith or friendship—not infrequently, indeed, more compelling than personal life itself. Archimedes does not flee from his killers; he does not even turn his head to acknowledge their rush into his garden when he is immersed in the algebra of conic sections. The point of



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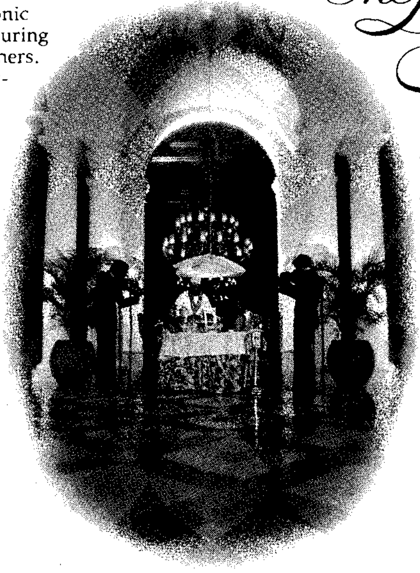
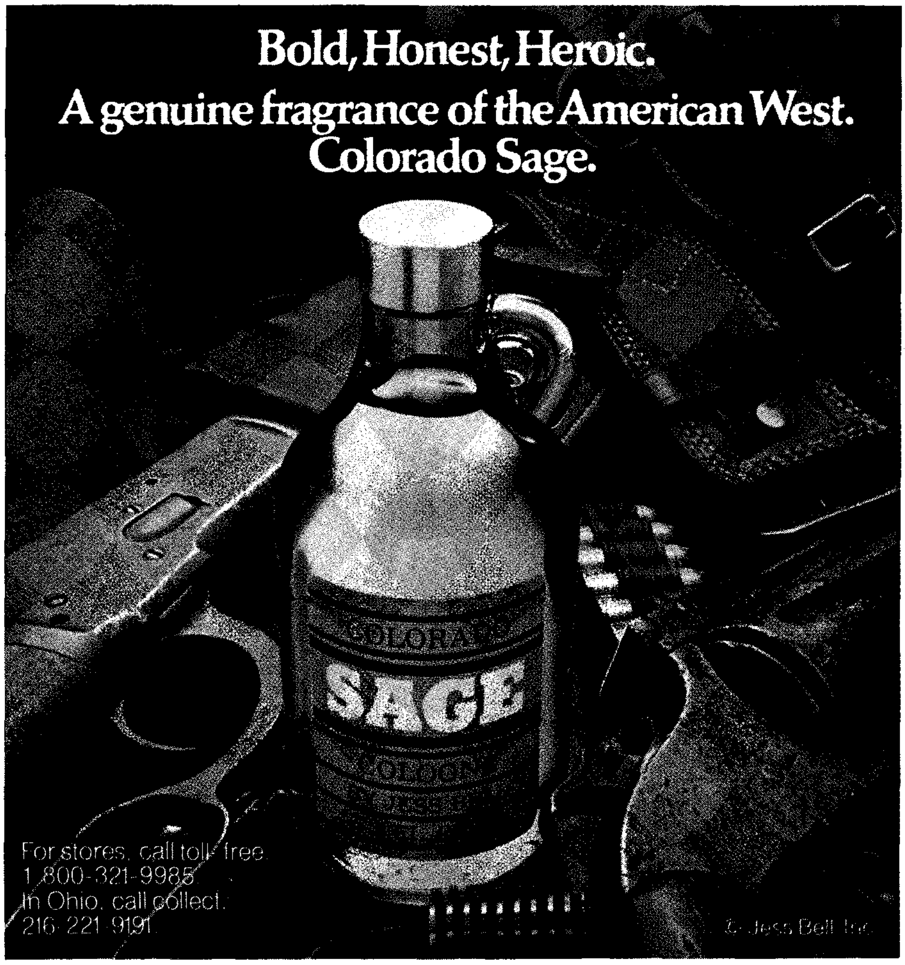


strangeness is this: the conventional repute, the material or financial worth, the sensory attraction, the utility of the object of such interest is utterly irrelevant. A man will invest his sum of living in the study of Sumerian potsherds, in the vertiginous attempt to classify the dung beetles of one corner of New Guinea, in the study of the mating patterns of wood lice, in the biography of a single writer or statesman, in the synthesis of one chemical substance, in the grammar of a dead language. Korean chamber pots of the ninth century, the question of the accent in ancient Greek—witness Browning's ironic but tensed celebration of "A Grammarian's Funeral"—can compact a man's mental and nervous powers to the pitch of ecstatic fury. Mephistopheles was wasteful when he tempted Faustus with the secrets of the universe: the one *Orchis* missing from his hothouse collection, the torn page in the Laurentian codex of Aeschylus, or the as yet undiscovered proof of Fermat's Last Theorem would have served. The scholar absolute, the mandarin, is a creature cancerous with the blank "holiness of the minute particular" (William Blake's tag). He is, when in the grip of his pursuit, monomaniacally disinterested in the possible usefulness of his findings, in the good fortune or honor that they may bring him, in whether or not any but one or two other men or women on the earth care for, can even begin to understand or evaluate, what he is after. This disinterestedness is the dignity of his mania. But it can extend to more troubling zones. The archivist, the monographer, the antiquarian, the specialist consumed by fires of esoteric fascination may be indifferent also to the distracting claims of social justice, of familial affection, of political awareness, and of run-of-the-mill humanity. The world out there is the formless, boorish impediment that keeps him from the philosopher's stone, or it may even be the enemy, mocking, frustrating the wild primacy of his addiction. To the utmost scholar, sleep is a puzzle of wasted time, and flesh a piece of torn luggage that the spirit must drag after it. The legendary teacher Alain instructed his French students, "Remember, gentlemen, that each true idea is a rejection of the human body." Hence not only the legends that cluster about Faust, the tale of the man who sacrifices wife, child, home to the breeding of the perfectly black tulip (an old story retold by Dumas), and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all the terror fables about deranged cabalists and scientists but also the sober facts concerning the obsessed, sacrificial, self-devouring lives of the abstracted ones since Thales of Miletus fell down the dark well while seeking to calculate the ecliptic conjunction of sun and moon. It is indeed a haunting and haunted business.

The more so, I think, when the spell is antiquarian. Even at the sharpest edge of autistic engagement, the scientist is oriented toward the future, with what it contains of morning light and positive chance. The numismatician laboring to identify archaic coinage, the musicologist deciphering medieval notations, the philologist at his corrupt codex, or the art historian who is endeavoring to catalogue minor baroque or rococo eighteenth-century drawings not only has entered into the labyrinth and underworld of the esoteric but has, necessarily, inverted time. For him, the pulse of most vivid presence beats from out of the past. This, again, is a social and psychological estrangement to which we pay too little heed. Today's high-school student solves equations inaccessible to Newton or to Gauss; an undergraduate biologist could instruct Darwin. Almost the exact contrary holds true for the humanities. The proposition that there is to come in the West no writer to match, let alone excel, William Shakespeare or that music will not produce again the phenomena of prodigal quality manifest in Mozart and Schubert is logically undemonstrable. But it carries a formidable weight of intuitive credibility. The humanist is a rememberer. He walks, as does one troupe of the accursed in Dante's "Inferno," with his head twisted backward. He lurches indifferent into tomorrow. The sixth-century Greek lyric fragment, the Dufay canon, the drawings by Stefano della Bella are the magnet to his steps—or, as the immemorial myth of fatal retrospection has it, they are his Eurydice. This disorientation (many of us have experienced a subtle pang of nausea and bewilderment on leaving a movie theatre in broad daylight) can generate two reflexes. The first is a hunger for involvement—an attempt, desperate at times, to hook into the warming density of "the real." The mandarin reaches out of his retrospective isolation to grab at sexual or social or political life. Except in rare cases—"As for living, we leave that to our servants," remarked a French aesthete—obsessive scholarship breeds a

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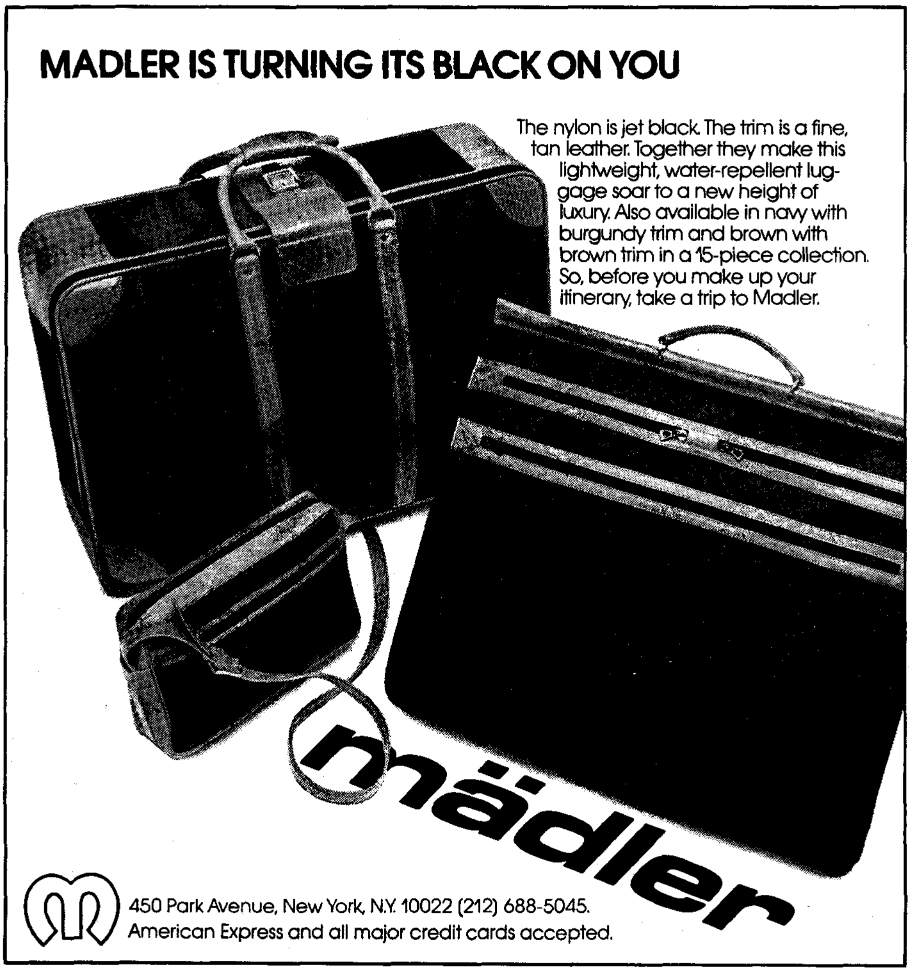
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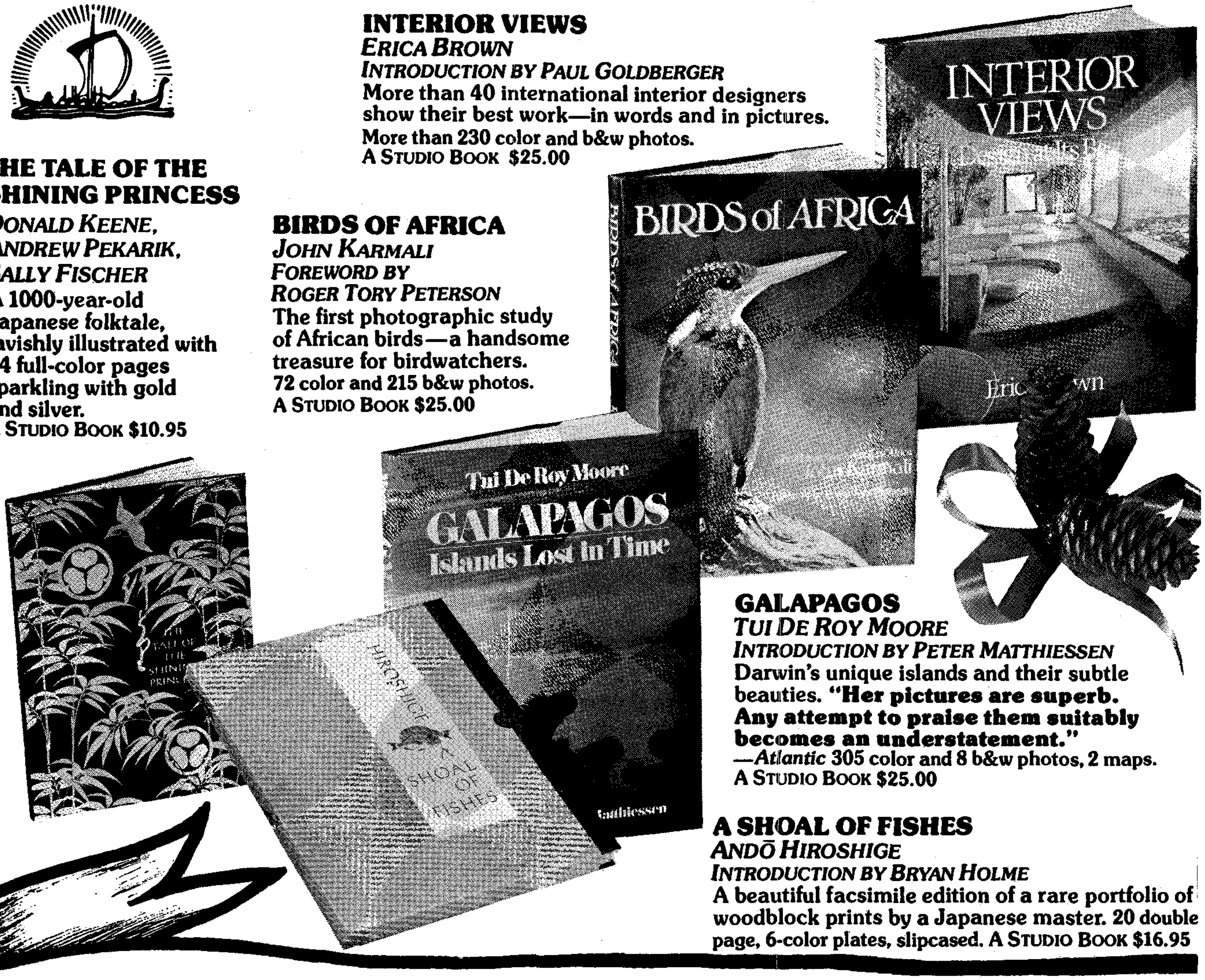
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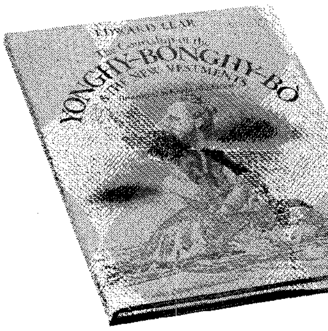
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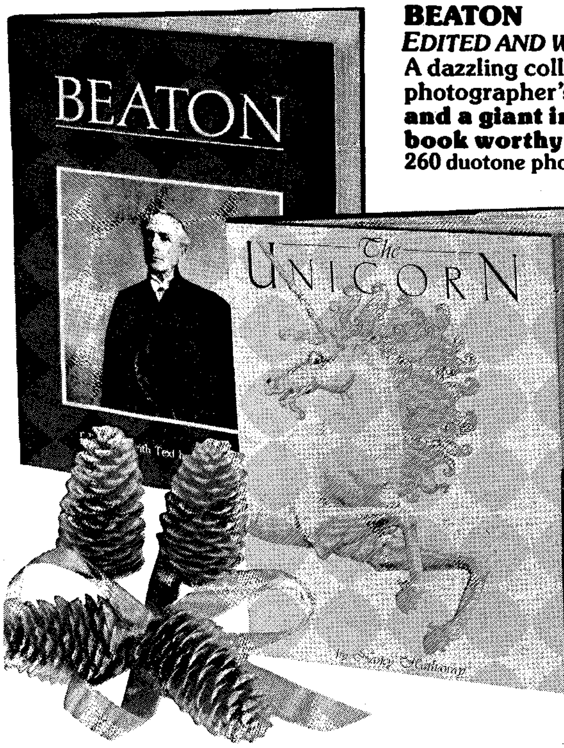
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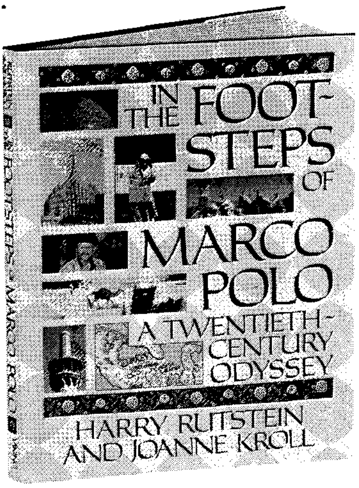
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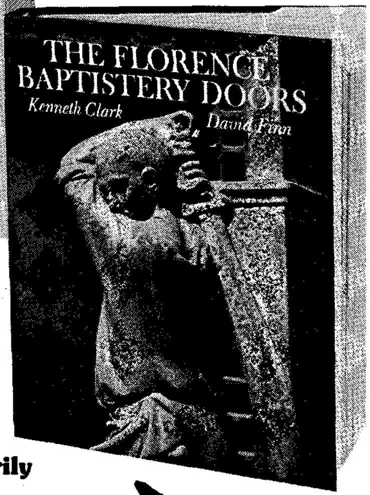
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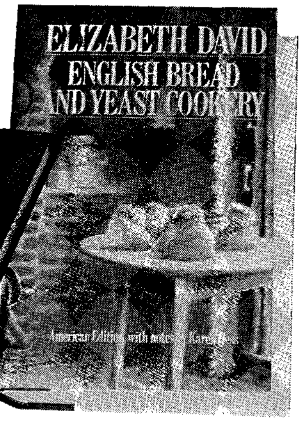
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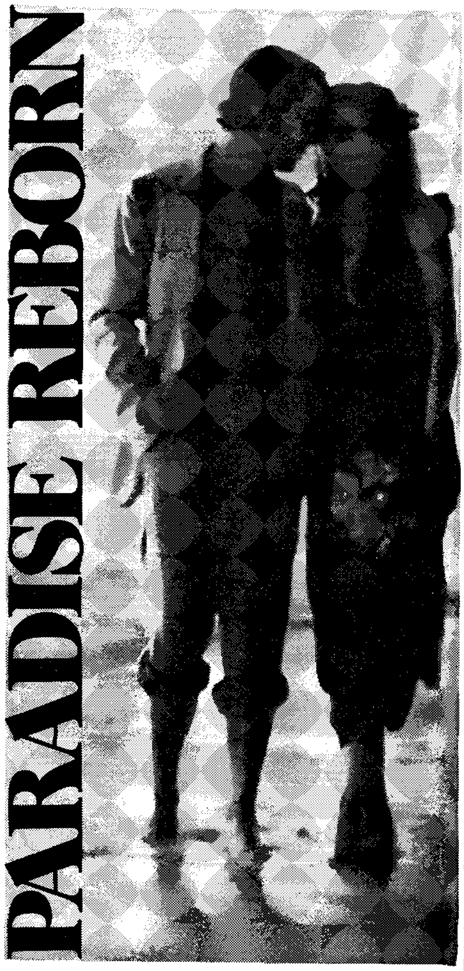

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nostalgia for action. It is "the deed" that tempts Dr. Faustus out of the prison of "the word." It was the unhoped-for chance of applying their eerily arcane skills—the analysis of chess problems, epigraphy, number theory, the theory of grammar—that enlisted a peerage of British dons in the brilliant coding and decoding operations during the Second World War. All who look back on the days of "Ultra" and "Enigma" at Bletchley Park do so with a sense of holiday. For once, hermetic addiction and the raw needs of the time coincided.

The second reflex lies, I suspect, much nearer to the subconscious. It is one of bizarre violence. The practice of devoting one's waking hours to the collation of a manuscript, to the recension of watermarks on old drawings, the discipline of investing one's dreams in the always vulnerable elucidation of abstruse problems accessible only to a handful of prying and rival colleagues can secrete a rare venom into the spirit. *Odium philologicum* is a notorious infirmity. Scholars will lash out at one another with unbridled malignancy over what appear to the laity to be minuscule, often risible points of debate. The great Lorenzo Valla was not the only Renaissance humanist who ran for his life in the wake of bilious textual controversy. Philology, musicology, and art history, because they hinge on minute niceties of perception and judgment, are especially prone to these gusts of mutual incrimination and loathing. Because their constant focus is antiquarian and archival, they can infect their adepts with a queer, lifeless brand of detestation. In a classic essay on A. E. Housman (1938), Edmund Wilson made the acute suggestion that the macabre violence in "A Shropshire Lad" ought to be seen in conjunction with the jeering savagery of Professor Housman's learned reviews and papers on Greek and Latin philology. Both stem from the cloistered, compressed asceticism of the Cambridge scholar. Like that of T. E. Lawrence, an Oxford variant, such asceticism cuts a writer off from "the great springs of life" and can nurture a pathological need for cruelty. Today, Edmund Wilson might have felt free to press home his insight by pointing to the shared, clandestine motif of academic homosexuality. Poets such as Pope and Browning have caught the whiff of sadism in academe. So have some playwrights and novelists. Anatole France's "The Crime of Sylvestre

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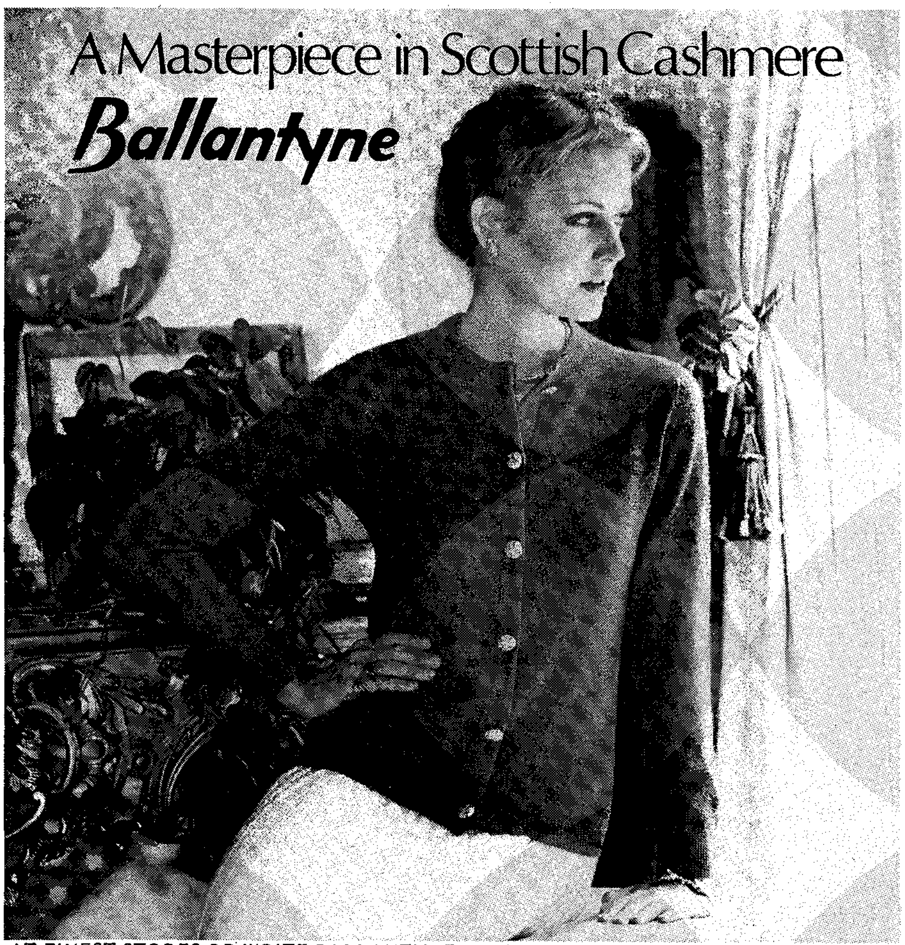
Bonnard" handles the theme lightly; it takes on naked terror in Ionesco's playlet "The Lesson." Fantasizing about action out there in the "real" world, spinning high dreams about the secret centrality, about the occult importance of the labors in which he has interred his existence—labors that the vast majority of his fellow-men would deem wholly marginal and socially wasteful if they knew of them at all—the pure scholar, the master of catalogues, can sup on hatred. At the ordinary level, he will exorcise his spleen in the ad-hominem nastiness of a book review, in the arsenic of a footnote. He will vent his resentments in the soft betrayals of an ambiguous recommendation or examination report and in the scorpion's round of a committee on tenure. The violence stays formal. Not, one supposes, in Professor Blunt.

Here the hair-fine exactitudes of scholarship found compensation or parodistic counterstatement—for there are sensibilities both strong and obscurely lamed which demand some kind of mocking self-subversion, which find it compelling to deride something central to their own being, as one's tongue exasperates an aching tooth—in the lies and corruptions of the mole. Here the ascetic scruple of the pedagogue who instructed generations of disciples in the merciless code of documentary truth was counterpoised by the long mastery of falsehood and of forgery. Above all, Professor Blunt was able to translate into clandestine performance, into covert mendacity and, possibly, murderousness (the men and women tagged for Soviet vengeance in Eastern Europe), those fantasies of virile action, those solicitations of violence, which bubble like marsh gas from the deeps of abstruse thought and erudition. Blunt's remark on Borromini's suicide in 1667 sounds as near to self-disclosure as anything we have heard so far:

> To have been under a strain so violent that it drove him to this act of violence—if not of madness—and yet immediately afterwards to be able to dictate such a lucid account of the event, reveals a combination of intense emotional power and rational detachment which are among the qualities which go to make him such a great architect.

"Intense emotional power," though narcissistic, and "rational detachment," such as the scholar must cultivate in pursuit of his obsession—these seem to characterize the custodian of the Queen's art treasures no less than the K.G.B. intelligencer. The controlled duality is that of a double agent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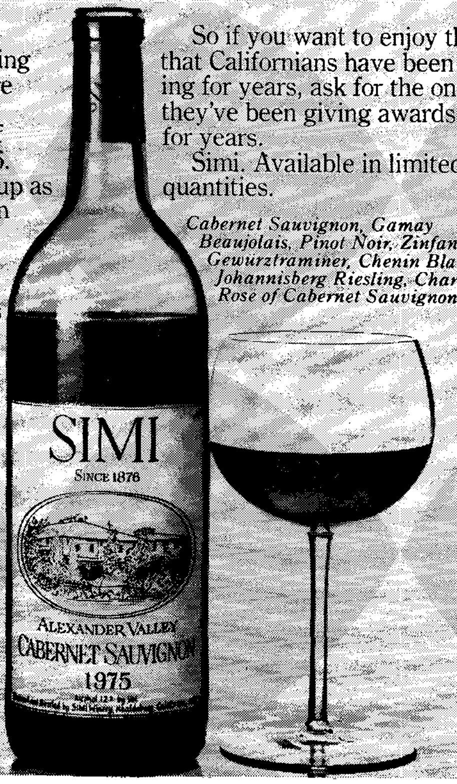

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toward himself, of a betrayer of others who feeds, at some last level of irony, at once juvenile and sophisticated, on self-treason. One psychological dividend for Blunt seems to be this: he is simultaneously his own witness and his own judge; the only tribunal he recognizes as competent is that of his own duplicity.

IT is Blunt's condescension, the intact carapace of his self-esteem which have struck those who have sought him out since his public exposure. Hardened souls in journalism have recoiled from the man's cold sophistries, from the edge of self-satisfaction with which he savored the smoked-trout sandwiches thoughtfully put before him by a team of interviewers in the editorial sanctum of the London *Times*. He has depicted his long years of service to the Soviet intelligence organs as marginal, almost amateurish in their insignificance. He has denied handing over information of any real importance. His implication in the Philby-Burgess-Maclean murk was only that of personal amity, of the decent thing done among kindred souls. His television performance in the third week of last November was a classic. It identified not only the tawdriness of Blunt but, even more disturbingly, that of the medium itself. Here was, as one newspaper later put it, "a man with an infinite capacity for duplicity" doing a silvery, suave little pas de deux before millions. The fine hands wove arabesques suggesting cordial complicities with inquisitors and with a great public that Blunt, fairly enough, must have read as eager and prurient. The mouth moved primly, dropping seemingly hesitant yet elegantly veneered sentences in a minor key characteristic of the Cambridge common rooms of an earlier vintage. But Professor Blunt's eyes remained throughout as flat and chill as glass. It was his younger companion, harried by the press and the vileness of it all, who jumped or fell from the window of Blunt's apartment. Blunt himself, seen in Rome in mid-September, was rumored to be working on his memoirs and apologia in sunny refuge.

This charade is of no importance. What historians will look at is the gamut of reactions the public unmasking of Blunt provoked in the English social and cultural establishment. For weeks, the letters-to-the-editor page of the *Times* hummed with an agitated chorus. Outright disgust or anathema was sparse. Mandarins and

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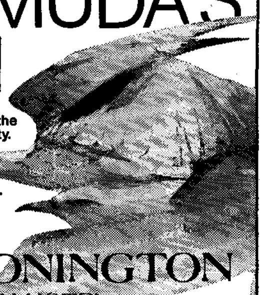

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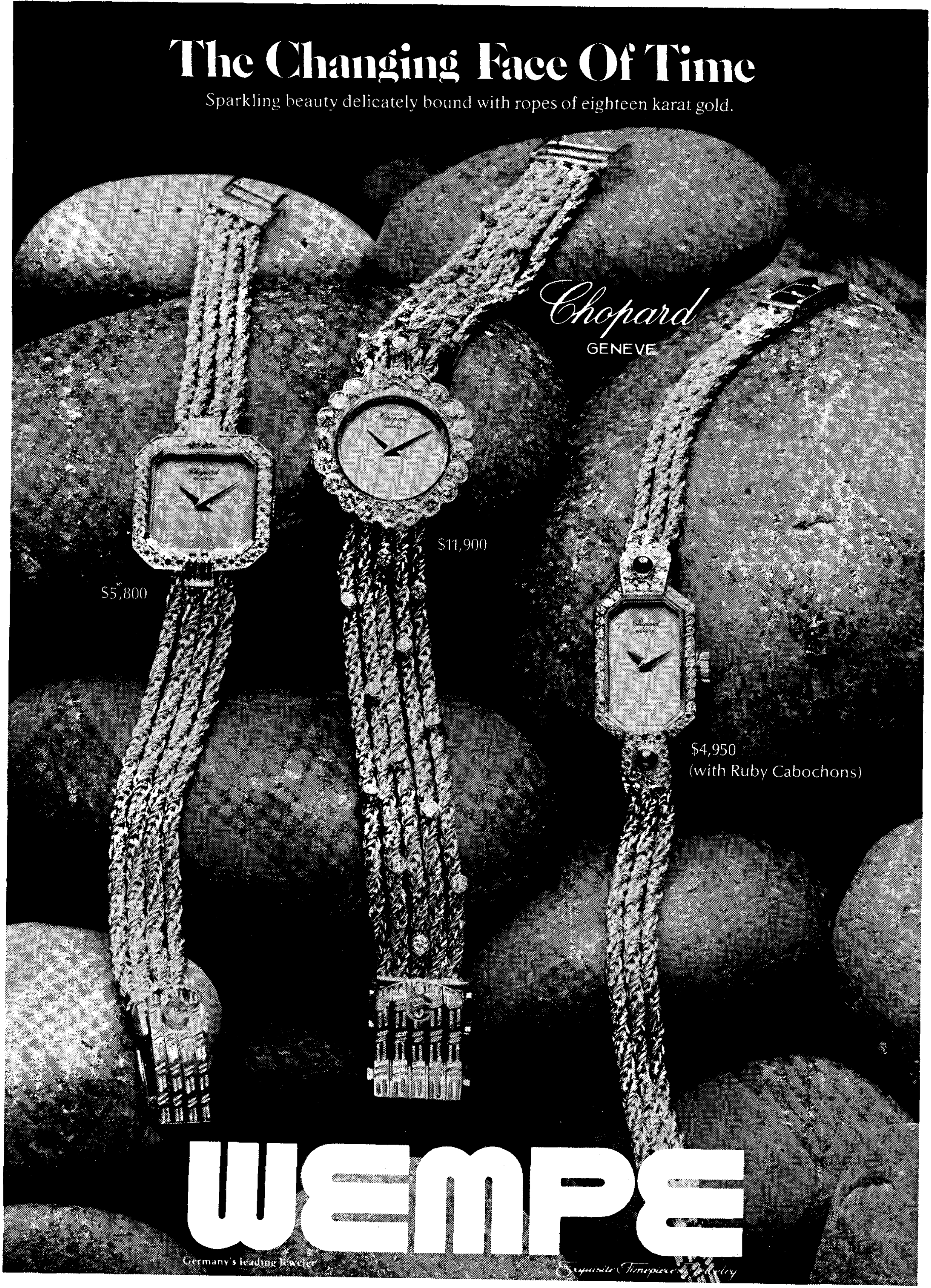
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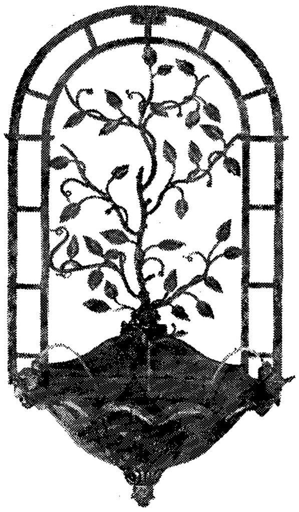
"top people" (the *Times'* own half-deprecating phrase) rallied to Blunt's support. Their apologetics took one or a combination of three principal lines. One was that the wretched creature had been sufficiently chastised by Parliamentary exposure and the baying pack of vulgar journalists. Had he not confessed and received assurance of immunity many years before? Should so *distingué* a personage suffer double jeopardy? A second mode of argument was more substantial. Blunt's conversion to Communism, pleaded some of the more representative voices in current English letters, in the arts, and in political thought, had been part of a widespread movement. To turn toward Moscow in the thirties, to flinch from the waste of decaying capitalism and the menace of Mussolini, Franco, and Hitler, was, at the time, to do the decent, the perceptive thing. If Anthony Blunt was to be flayed, who, as Shakespeare phrased it, "should 'scape whipping"? Why should an Auden depart in the odor of sanctity and a Blunt be hounded? That most of the pro-Soviet intelligentsia had had second thoughts at the time of the Hitler-Stalin alliance and that almost none translated their sympathies into espionage and treason were points conceded but dealt with lightly. The third line of advocacy, expressed by, for example, the historian A. J. P. Taylor, was this: Blunt's exposure was based on tainted evidence, most notoriously the disclosures of an American who was a former C.I.A. agent. Little credibility could be attached to the stuff, and no man should be pilloried on such insubstantial grounds. Taylor is right when he points to the flimsiness and fabricated tenor of the affair as it was officially revealed. Nonetheless, there is no doubt as to Blunt's essential treason. The pressure of sentiment on his behalf, moreover, was not primarily judicial, or even reasoned. It stemmed from the ethos of unyielding friendship as it is proclaimed in E. M. Forster's talismanic aphorism. Roasted half to death, Tom Brown, in the infernal Arcadia of his school days, will not snitch even on the class bully. Henty's midshipmen, Kipling's subalterns, the golden youths of 1914 go to their several deaths in the aura of male fidelity. A gentleman does not tell on his friend; he does not turn on his friend when the latter has, for whatever reason, fallen on hard days. Asked what he would do if Blunt now appeared at his door, one Cambridge



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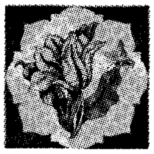

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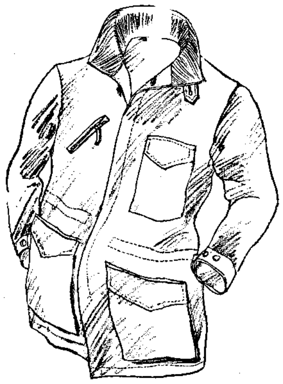
In selecting socks, ties, or any gift, we'd like to refer you to Rule 5 of our own elements of style: avoid tame, colorless, hesitating, noncommittal clothes. Also Rule 6: avoid the pretentious, the exaggerated, the coy and the cute. Guided by those precepts, we offer some suggestions.



In the sphere of the outdoorsman there's always room, indeed a need, for a well designed, water repellent jacket. Our candidate is one we call the Field Jacket. The outside is light olive cotton, so finely woven you have to look closely to detect the twill, and the inside is brushed polyester flannel. It has a concealed hood, buttoned fly front and is cut long enough to protect the rear. Handwarmer slits, a leather thong inside to draw up the waistline, another one for the hood. Tailored with a precision worthy of our finest suits, $185.

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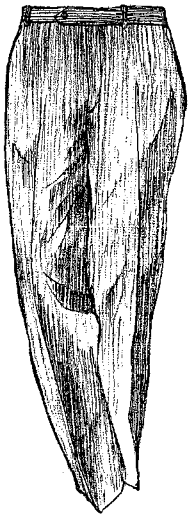
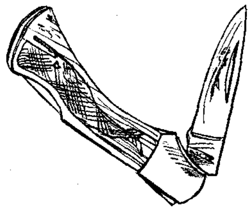
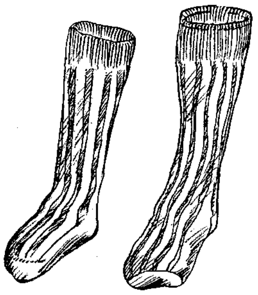


We must admit, albeit ruefully, that Paul Stuart is not the same tranquil haven at Christmas it is at other times of year. But it is still Paul Stuart. If you come in on the last few Saturdays before Christmas you'll find a string trio playing, and there are extraordinary gifts to be found here even at the height of holiday madness.

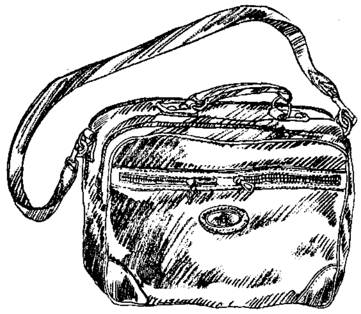
One of these is a pocket knife from the West Indies. The blade is surgical stainless steel but it's the handle which catches the eye: it's elkhorn, engraved by hand with marine or wildlife motifs using the scrimshaw technique. 1¾" blade, $50; 2¼" blade, $85.



Were you thinking of something more modest but not totally unassuming? That brings us back to socks, perhaps our boot socks from Scotland. They're rib-knitted of Shetland wool, many in heathered shades, some tipped with contrasting color at toe, heel and top. Pair, $11.50.

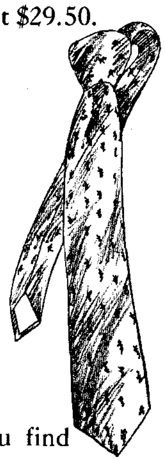


For the peripatetic businessman the short trip has become a fact of modern life. We've developed luggage expressly to meet his special requirements. It's made for us in France and is light, compact enough to carry on board, sturdy enough to stand up to constant goings and comings, and has a full quota of quiet good looks. The dark blue exterior is tough heavy duty nylon, handles and bindings are tan cowhide, shoulder straps are strong, flexible webbing, linings are water repellent.



Here, the overnighter, approximately 10" x 15" x 5", with room for expansion. One main zipped compartment for clothes, four more for addenda. This and a two-suiter are each $185. Other pieces include a toilet kit at $29.50.

You've decided. You really want to give him a tie. Our selection is vast but one of our favorites is the silk griffin tie in its newest manifestation, the small pattern woven in vertical lines. Navy or burgundy with white griffins, navy with red or red with navy. $25.



Whether it's socks or ties, or anything else you find here, it certainly won't be tame, colorless, hesitating or noncommittal. We should remind you, however, that it must be appropriate to the man and to the things he will wear with it if it is to be worn with style.

Paul Stuart

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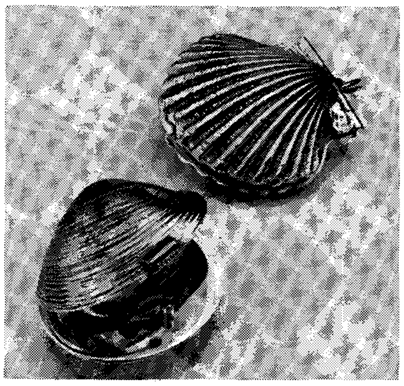

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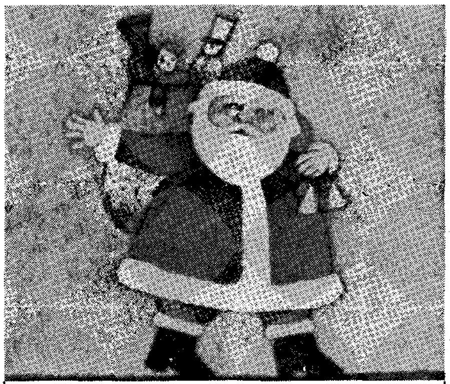

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don answered for many: "I would offer him a drink and say, 'Bad business. Hard luck, Anthony.' I think that in Cambridge personal loyalties and friendships count for a great deal, and very rightly. And that still counts. Certainly nothing has happened that would make him less of a friend." The schoolboy idiom of the passage—"bad business," "hard luck"—and the mawkish fatuousness of the last sentence come near to exemplifying the prevailing tone.

Having been told beforehand of Mrs. Thatcher's impending statement, Professor Blunt resigned from the less prestigious of the two clubs he belongs to in London. He continues a presumably welcome member of the other. His knighthood was withdrawn by royal decree—a very rare move, which was last made, unless I am mistaken, in respect of Sir Roger Casement when he sought to stir up trouble in Ireland during the First World War. (Casement, of course, was hanged.) Under extreme pressure, Blunt resigned his Honorary Fellowship of Trinity College before the college council had to face what would have been an anguished vote. He has neither offered nor been asked to renounce his honorary degrees, most signally at Oxford. When the British Academy met last July 3rd, amid considerable public interest, the matter of Blunt's continued membership was discussed. But the august body then moved on to other business. The letters "F.B.A." remained after Blunt's name. As it happened, I saw several Academicians the day after the meeting and asked them what their attitudes would have been had Blunt been an agent for the Nazi secret services. No clear answer emerged. Some conceded that they were, in fact, abiding by an ill-defined double standard, that pro-Nazi treason had a simple nastiness that pro-Soviet treason, particularly when embarked upon in the nineteen-thirties, did not. Even the world of the Gulag and of present danger could not wholly efface the almost aesthetic difference. Others found that they would have refused to exclude Blunt from the Academy even if he had spied for Himmler. Queried in turn, I was unable to give a plain answer. Fellowship in the British Academy honors eminent scholarship. Blunt's performance as an art historian stands luminous. Are "monuments of unaging intellect"—Yeats's proud phrase—susceptible to moral or political denial? I just don't know. I, too, have taken the vows of the cleric.

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And, opening the *Times Literary Supplement* a day or so later—the *T.L.S.* is the mailbox of the British intelligentsia—I read a compellingly authoritative review by Anthony Blunt of a recent work on French neoclassical architecture. Should the editor not have commissioned it? Should Blunt have had the shame, the need for shadow, not to write it? Again, I don't know. Pressures there must have been. Blunt offered his resignation to the Academy on August 18th.

Huddled in his penal cage at Pisa, Ezra Pound, whose treasons strike one as amateurish and essentially histrionic compared with Blunt's, wrote one of the great laments on man in all literature. Yet, out of lucid abjection, Canto LXXXI leaps toward morning, toward the conviction that there is in art, in high thought, a redemption for the hellish ways of our condition:

> But to have done instead of not doing
>   this is not vanity
> To have, with decency, knocked
> That a Blunt should open
>   To have gathered from the air a live tradition
> or from a fine old eye the unconquered flame
> This is not vanity.

Pound is referring, almost certainly, to Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, the aesthete, traveller, and lyric poet, who died in 1922, and after whom Anthony Blunt's oldest brother, himself an art connoisseur and an addict of Paris, was named. But no matter. Pound meant the name to stand for everything that is radiant and truthful in our love and study of art. For all who have treasured these lines as a touchstone of our hopes, and for all who will read them in generations to come, the damage has been done. As it stands, "Blunt" burns a derisive hole in the bright fabric of the poem. At the last, this may be Professor Anthony Blunt's strongest claim to remembrance. Damn the man.

—GEORGE STEINER

•

LIFE IN CALIFORNIA

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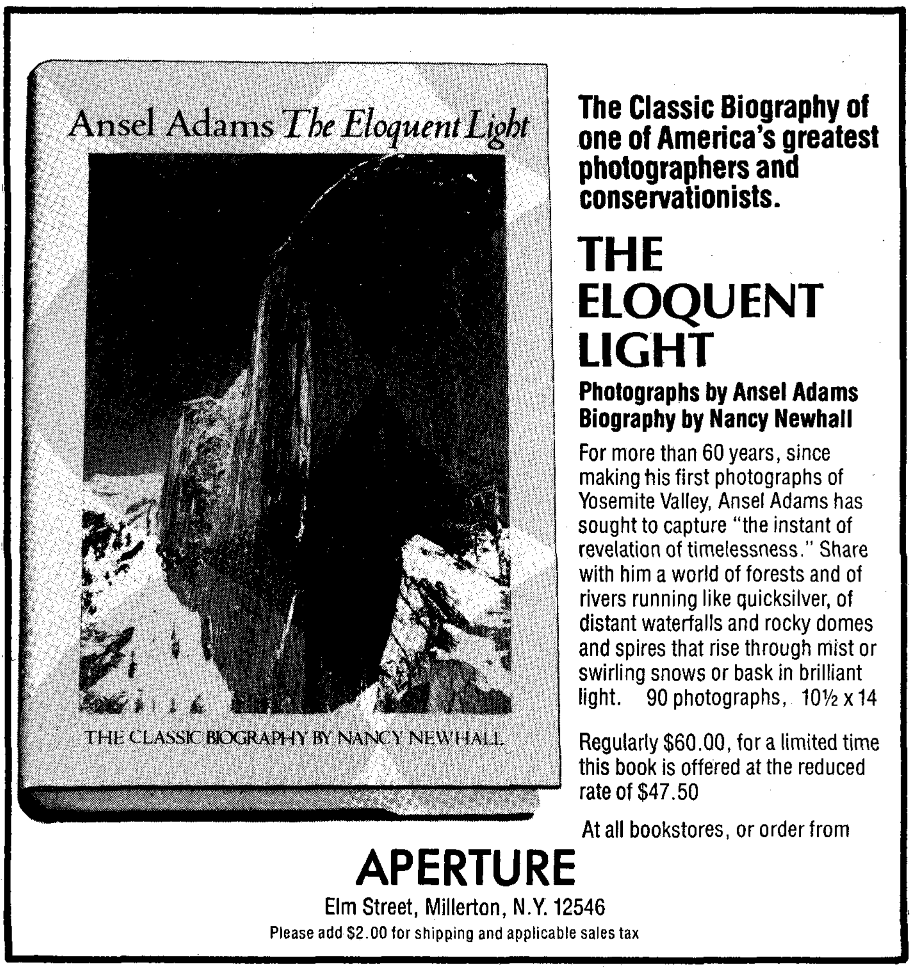

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[2] Social Security was never *intended* to be more than a basic system supplemented by private pensions and individual savings. The price for forgetting this has been high and promises to get higher: combined employer/employee FICA taxes on our grandchildren's salaries could reach 25%. Of course, there are alternatives. Social Security could increase the official retirement age, pay benefits based on government-determined need, or simply *...reduce benefits in general!*

[3] Two-thirds of small businesses surveyed in 1978 offered no pension plans at all. One reason: Typically, big employers can write off 46¢ in taxes for every pension dollar they contribute, while most small ones can only write off about 20¢. In some cases, they can't write off anything.

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THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(*All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes first appeared in this magazine.*)

Show People, by Kenneth Tynan (*Simon & Schuster, $11.95*).

Profiles of Ralph Richardson (actor), Tom Stoppard (playwright), Mel Brooks (humorist, comedian, director), Louise Brooks (star of silent movies), and Johnny Carson (johnny carson), by the late Kenneth Tynan, who, as critic, jester, essayist, and literary adviser to England's National Theatre, was quite a performer, too.

Thirty Seconds, by Michael J. Arlen (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $9.95*).

The anatomy of a television commercial—specifically, one for A.T. & T. To accomplish his dissection, Mr. Arlen spent six months with the advertising executives, the client's representatives, an ad agency's "creative group," the film technicians, and, finally, with the performers who had been chosen to exhort the public to "reach out—reach out and touch someone."

The Shore, by David St. John (*Houghton Mifflin, $10 hardcover, $4.95 paper*).

"I have always loved the word *guitar*," writes Mr. St. John. This selection of lyrics can be considered an inventory of other loves—loves present and loves remembered.

A Choice of Days, by H. L. Mencken (*Knopf, $12.95*).

A selection of twenty essays from Mencken's three autobiographical volumes—"Happy Days," "Newspaper Days," and "Heathen Days"—whose contents appeared in *The New Yorker* some forty years ago. Among the treasures on hand in this golden, if abbreviated, treasury are a report on his discovery, as a boy, of "Huckleberry Finn" and one on his formulation, as a police reporter moving among the felons, cops, and reformers in Baltimore at the turn of the century, of Mencken's Law: "Whenever A annoys or injures B on the pretense of saving or improving X, A is a scoundrel."

The Medical Detectives, by Berton Roueché (*Times Books, $15*).

The detectives, of course, are the physicians, the epidemiologists, the public-health officials, and the technicians at poison-control centers who sift through symptoms and supply diagnoses, often in the nick of time. Mr. Roueché's Annals of Medicine have been appearing in *The New Yorker* for close to thirty-five years, and here are twenty-two of them, ranging chronologically from the case of eleven derelicts who turned blue after sprinkling sodium nitrite on their oatmeal in 1944 to the case of an outbreak of tularemia on Martha's Vineyard in 1978.

Unsettling Europe, by Jane Kramer (*Random House, $9.95*).

The opening chapter of Miss Kramer's book is a report on an Italian Communist family, at its cell and at home, in an Umbrian village she calls San Vincenzo. Other groups surveyed are members of the New Dispossessed—the "polyglot diaspora" of ten million migrant workers in Western Europe, some of whom have moved from poor countries in the south to prosperous countries in the north, others from former colonies in Asia or Africa or the Caribbean to unwelcoming Motherlands. The volume as a whole is a seismograph registering the movements and impulses that may determine the future of industrial Europe.

"Well, There's Your Problem," by Edward Koren (*Pantheon, $8.95*).

A hundred and eight drawings of the bristly creatures of Mr. Koren's devising, whose resemblance to the human race grows more marked with every passing year, or vice versa.

The Glass House, by Laura Furman (*Viking, $10.95*).

Short stories about women, in or out of love, married or unmarried; taken together, they shed light on the way we live now. A novella, here published for the first time, gives the collection its title.

Diana & Nikon, by Janet Malcolm (*Godine, $13.95*).

The aesthetic photographic study and the offhand snapshot. In these critical essays—notes toward a definition of the art of photography—the author discusses the work of Alfred Stieglitz, Walker Evans, Richard Avedon, and Irving Penn, among others.

Moments with Chaplin, by Lillian Ross (*Dodd, Mead, $8.95*).

Miss Ross met Charlie Chaplin in 1948 and continued to see him sporadically until his death, in 1977. This slim volume is a sort of impressionistic documentary of that acquaintance. Among its scenes are Chaplin basting a leg of lamb in his kitchen in Beverly Hills; Chaplin walking down Fifth Avenue on a sunny morning and stopping in front of Scribner's; Chaplin wandering around Times Square full of thoughts of vaudeville and of meeting Mack Sennett and of throwing his first pie; and Chaplin eating strawberries at his villa in Switzerland with his wife, Oona, and their eight children. Illustrated with stills and snapshots.

Aspects of the Presidency, by John Hersey (*Ticknor & Fields, $11.95*).

A Profile of President Harry S Truman, which first appeared in *The New Yorker* in 1951, plus a similar report on President Gerald Ford.

When the Lights Go Down, by Pauline Kael (*Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $18.95 hardcover, $9.95 paper*).

Reviews of four seasons, spanning the period from September, 1975, to March, 1979. Among the many movies under consideration (to put it mildly) are "The Deer Hunter," "Saturday Night Fever," and "Close Encounters of the Third Kind." The book opens with a Profile of Cary Grant that amounts to a definition of movie stardom, and includes a review of "The Killer Elite" that amounts to a Profile of Sam Peckinpah.

Pussycats Need Love, Too, by George Booth (*Dodd, Mead, $8.95*).

And so, as is made evident in this album of cartoons, do garage mechanics and their victims, wives at their ironing boards, and amateur chamber musicians. As for the bull terriers on display, their self-esteem is so secure that they need nothing.

The Search for Life on Mars, by Henry S. F. Cooper, Jr. (*Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $10.95*).

The prime searcher, and advocate, is Carl Sagan, professor of astronomy and intellectual adventurer. In this Profile of Mr. Sagan, combined with reports on Viking 1 and Viking 2, Mr. Cooper continues to keep us up to date on interplanetary matters.

Far-flung and Footloose, by E. J. Kahn, Jr. (*Putnam, $12.95*).

Mr. Kahn, who made his first appearance in these pages in 1937 (with an account of meeting an African potentate at a hotel in Edinburgh), here presents his own selection of his writings in the years since, drawn from the Profiles, Talk of the Town stories, Reporter at Large articles, and almost every other rubric featured by this magazine. The hundred and twenty-nine articles that make up this sampler tell us quite a lot about what has happened over the past forty years—not only to Mr. Kahn but to us, too.

The Collected Stories of Peter Taylor (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $17.50 hardcover, $8.95 paper*).

Twenty-one short stories, mostly set in Southern weathers and states of mind, selected by the author from his previous collections.

The Lean Years, by Richard J. Barnet (*Simon & Schuster, $12.95*).

A series of reports on the dwindling physical resources of this planet and on their control. Mr. Barnet considers, in turn, five of what he calls "critical resource systems—energy, nonfuel minerals, food, water, and human skill." The facts are grave indeed, but, rejecting total pessimism, he sets forth new principles in politics and economics that might enable the human race to survive.

The State of Ireland, by Benedict Kiely (*Godine, $14.95*).

Seventeen short stories, most of them set in the villages, pubs, glens, meadows, and towns of Northern Ireland over the past decades, and many of them reflecting, directly or indirectly, the tragic circumstances of the times—circumstances which, however, have done little to quench the high spirits of Mr. Kiely's characters. The volume also includes a novella, "Proxopera."

The Games Players, by John Brooks (*Times Books, $15*).

The game is finance; its object, more often than not, a takeover. Mr. Brooks continues his chronicles of men and money, discovering his contenders in such disparate spots as Pittsburgh, Amsterdam, and Threadneedle Street, London.

A Trip Into the Blue, by Richard Berczeller (*A & W, $10*).

Memoirs in the form of short stories, most of them more cheerful than not, about a Jewish doctor who studied and practiced medicine in Vienna and then, after being imprisoned by Hitler, left for the Ivory Coast, France, and, eventually, this city.

Quartet, by Helen Drees Ruttencutter (*Lippincott & Crowell, $10.95*).

Brief lives—separate and collective—of David Soyer (cello), Michael Tree (viola), Arnold Steinhardt (first violin), and John Dalley (second violin), who make up the Guarneri Quartet. Mrs. Ruttencutter not only describes performances, recording sessions, and endless rehearsals wedged into any free minutes but provides a collateral guide to the art of chamber music and an

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Selected Poems, by Mark Strand (*Atheneum, $10.95 hardcover, $5.95 paper*).

The selection is by Mr. Strand, and the poems are among those that have appeared in his previous volumes.

The Capital of Hope, by Alex Shoumatoff (*Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, $11.95*).

A Profile—geographical, political, sociological, cultural, racial, and meteorological—of Brasília, a city that was described by André Malraux, on a state visit in 1959, as "the hope of a nation." In his history of hope fulfilled or sidetracked or extinguished, Mr. Shoumatoff has included sketches of a number of people important to the development of the city—not only ex-President Juscelino Kubitschek, who envisioned it, but the members of the family of José Leonias, of northeastern Brazil, who helped build it, and whose beautiful granddaughter became the author's wife.

So Long, See You Tomorrow, by William Maxwell (*Knopf, $7.95*).

A murder in a small Midwestern town in the nineteen-twenties sets in motion the plot of this novel, which then engages much larger themes: memory and love and loss and friendship and betrayal (or perhaps the illusion of betrayal).

Three-Quarter Face, by Penelope Gilliatt (*Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, $12.95*).

Woody Allen, Satyajit Ray, John Ford, Jean-Luc Godard, Diane Keaton, and Alfred Hitchcock are stars of the first magnitude in Penelope Gilliatt's private galaxy, as is made manifest in this set of Profiles and interviews and movie reviews.

The Dream Come True: Great Houses of Los Angeles, by Brendan Gill (*Lippincott & Crowell, $40*).

"Nobody has a good word to say for Los Angeles" has become a cliché. Well, Brendan Gill has many good words to say in his enthusiastic architectural appraisal of the city and of the kind of life that it expresses. His essay appears as an introduction to an album of architectural photographs by Derry Moore.

Man in the Holocene, by Max Frisch, translated from the German by Geoffrey Skelton (*Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $7.95*).

An old man is alone in his house on an Alpine slope; outside, the rain continues, bringing mud slides and perhaps an avalanche. Between these meteorological brackets lies a philosophical novel of infinitely larger meanings and conclusions.

Hans Bethe, Prophet of Energy, by Jeremy Bernstein (*Basic Books, $12.95*).

A Profile of Hans Albrecht Bethe, physicist, Nobel Prize laureate, professor emeritus at Cornell, and alumnus of Los Alamos. Jeremy Bernstein, himself a theoretical physicist, writes in his introduction, "The real point of this book is the examination of what may well be the most significant question today concerning both science and public policy; namely, that of energy." Since the Arab oil embargo of 1974, Professor Bethe has devoted his entire time to studying exactly that question.

The Wildlife Stories of Faith McNulty (*Doubleday, $17.95*).

Twelve reports on a dozen-odd varieties of fauna by a champion of any threatened species, a defender (and even feeder) of the blue jay, and a friend to all creatures.

The Photographs of Chachaji, by Ved Mehta (*Oxford, $15.95*).

Chachaji (Bahali Ram) is a "poor relation" of the author's in New Delhi—a victim of tough luck all his long life—who was chosen as the subject of a television documentary on India and on the Mehta family. Mr. Mehta accompanied the film crew to India as writer, diplomat, interpreter, and soother of ruffled feelings; this is his diary covering that implausible event from its inception, in September, 1977, to its première on American television, in June, 1978.

Laughing in the Hills, by Bill Barich (*Viking, $10.95*).

Mr. Barich spent a recent spring at the races at Golden Gate Fields, in Albany, California, undergoing his initiation as a horseplayer. He here records his impressions of the trainers, the owners, the jockeys, the agents, the bartenders—and, of course, the horses—who assisted at his rite of passage.

Fifty Stories, by Kay Boyle (*Doubleday, $15.95*).

Miss Boyle has selected these stories from among all she has published since the nineteen-twenties. Seventeen of them first appeared in this magazine.

Bullies, by George W. S. Trow (*Little, Brown, $8.95*).

The début between hard covers of a humorist of icy, moonstruck vision. There are sixteen short stories in this collection.

Acts of Union, by Anthony Bailey (*Random House, $8.95*).

A series of reports on Ireland in the sad and turbulent years between 1973 and 1979. They include, among other encounters, a visit with a school principal in Belfast, part of whose school building is now an Army company headquarters; a conversation with Erskine Hamilton Childers, President of Ireland, at home in Phoenix Park, Dublin; and a long walk with the poet Seamus Heaney along the river Boyne.

Preparations for the Ascent, by Gilbert Rogin (*Random House, $8.95*).

"He has rated his life incorrectly; he is forty-five, the finish line is within sight, and there is too much ground to make up." The "he" is Albert, and in this novel about five years in his life he covers the ground, pitted with quicksand, between his ex-wife, his stepchildren, his mistress, and his assertive parents. The point of departure in almost every instance is his apartment in the Village. Most of the chapters in the book first appeared as short stories in this magazine.

Journey Around My Room, by Ruth Limmer (*Viking, $13.95*).

An "autobiography" of Louise Bogan (1897-70) assembled from excerpts from her memoirs and essays and journals and other prose, and strengthened by a selection of her poems.

I'll Skip the Appetizer—I Ate the Flowers, by Arnie Levin (*New American Library, $4.95 paper*).

Levin-eye views of any number of proboscidean characters in any number of situations.

The Best of Bishop, by Morris Bishop (*Cornell, $12.95*).

A selection of light verse—about a hundred and fifty poems—from among all that Mr. Bishop published in his lifetime. Charlotte Putnam Reppert was the selector.

Side Effects, by Woody Allen (*Random House, $8.95*).

Many contretemps, including the understandable anxiety felt by Professor Sidney Kugelmass, of City College, over his wife's imminent discovery that he has Emma Bovary stashed away in the Plaza Hotel for the weekend.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

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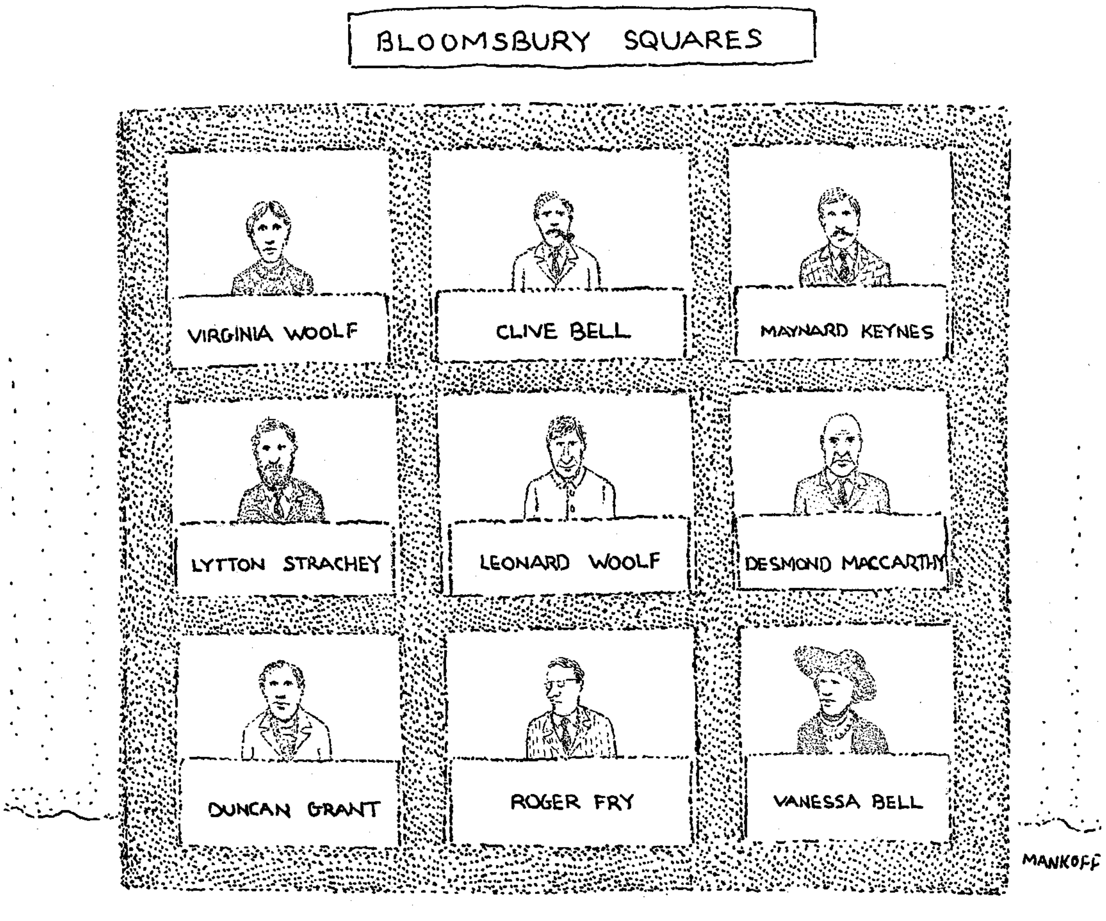
A MUSICAL event of high importance has been the publication, by Macmillan, of the New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians, edited by Stanley Sadie. Grove (or Grove's, as Americans tend to call it) first appeared, in fascicules and then in four volumes, between 1877 and 1890. The preface by Sir George Grove—that remarkable man whose first job, appropriately, had been building lighthouses—is reprinted in the New Grove and remains apt. "It is designed for the use of Professional musicians and Amateurs alike," and directs its attention to "all the points, in short, immediate and remote, on which those interested in the Art, and alive to its many and far-reaching associations, can desire to be informed." Once again, "the articles are based as far as possible on independent sources, and on the actual research of the writers." "Fresh subjects have been treated, new and interesting information given, and some ancient mistakes corrected."

The New Grove—the sixth edition—appears in twenty handsome, clearly printed volumes, each of them close on nine hundred pages. It is a "new" Grove, not just a revision, in many ways. Folk music, popular music, and non-Western "serious" music are considered more fully than ever before. It remains a British publication, but the British contributors—according to the editor's estimate in his preface—now make up only about a fifth of the total number. And about a third of the contributors are American. Detailed catalogues and substantial bibliographies are among the features that reflect the Germano-American academic approach to music, and valuable they are. But, the editor says, "we have tried to ensure that something of the fine humane traditions of the earlier editions of *Grove* are to be seen in our pages," for "intelligent critical and evaluative writing still have a place in musical lexicography." Indeed they have. First impressions of the New Grove are altogether favorable. It is at once useful and readable. Any volume I take up I find hard to put down again.

TO mark the Expressionist show at the Guggenheim, two performances of Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire" were given in the museum's subterranean auditorium. Schoenberg was himself an Expressionist painter, and his "Pierrot" is conventionally rated a masterpiece of Expressionist music. In the New Grove's Schoenberg entry, by O. W. Neighbour, it is discussed along with "Das Buch der Hängenden Gärten," "Erwartung," and "Die Glückliche Hand" under the rubric "Expressionist works." But to my ears and eyes a gap between "Pierrot," with its refined, detailed texture and exquisite facture, and the characteristic colors, forms, and imagery of Expressionist painting grows ever wider. (The concertgoers were not invited to seek analogues; unaccountably, the exhibition was closed to them.) Mr. Neighbour remarks:

> As a painter Schoenberg's amateur status severely limited the scope and quality of his achievement, but allowed him to feel that his hand was guided without his conscious intervention, whereas in music he had to pay for the benefits of mastery by reckoning with its censorship.

The Guggenheim "Pierrot" was the coolest, most laid-back, least Expressionist account of the piece I've ever heard. Schoenberg's instruction to the reciter of the poems—hair-sharp rhythms, indicated notes just touched and then let go, declamation neither singsong nor naturalistic—has led to a variety of interpretations, from glissando stylized moaning, freakish and extraordinary, to something close to song along the melodic lines he indicated so precisely. The composer's own 1940 recording has Erika Stiedry-Wagner pattering out the poems almost as accompaniment to the music of the instrumental quintet. Nine years later, he deplored that balance as an overreaction to performances where all attention had gone to the reciter, "while the themes (and everything else of musical importance) happen in the instruments;" perhaps, he said, he "forgot that one must, after all, be able to hear the speaker." Back in 1922, he had protested that if people "were musical, not a



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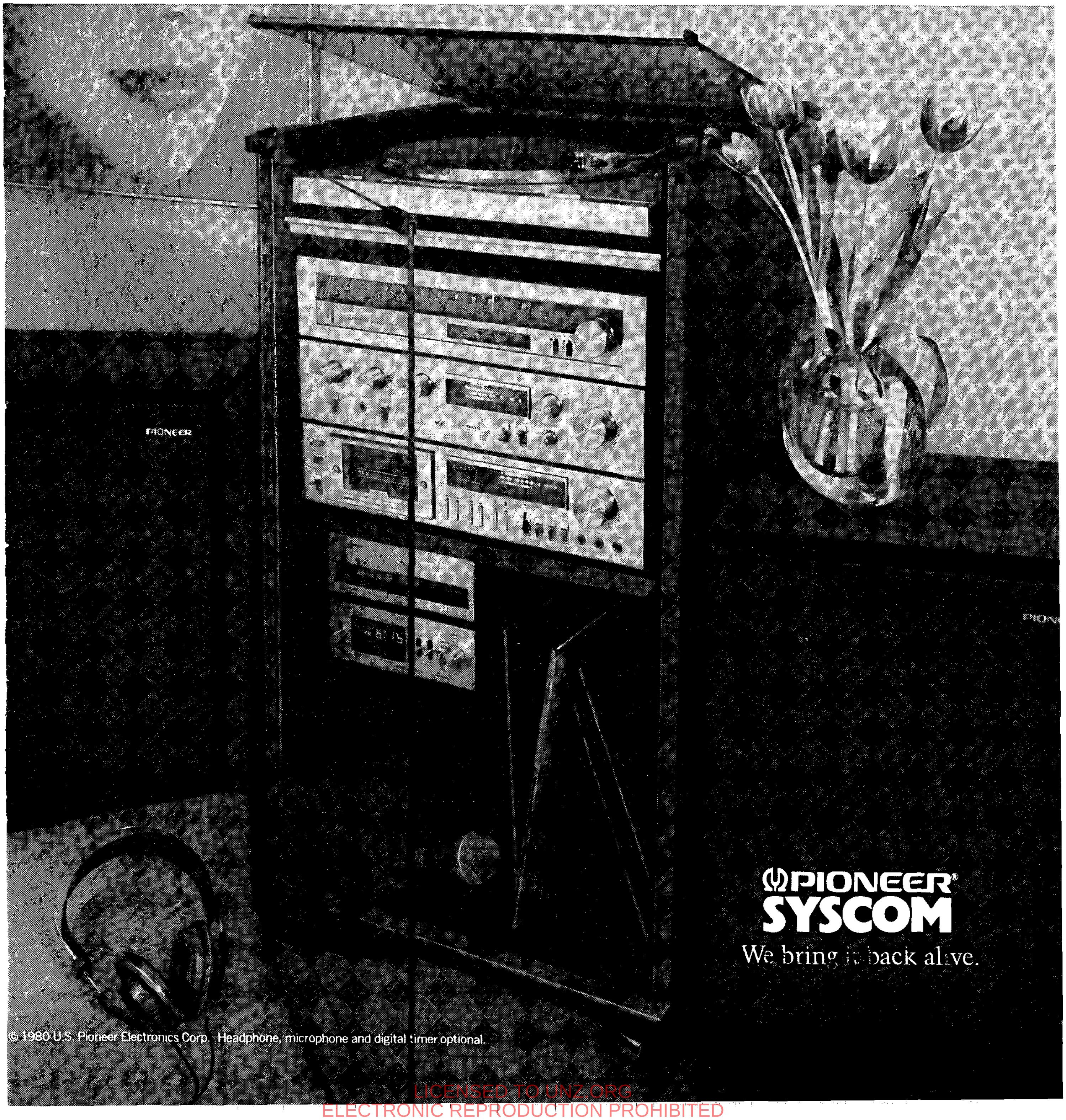

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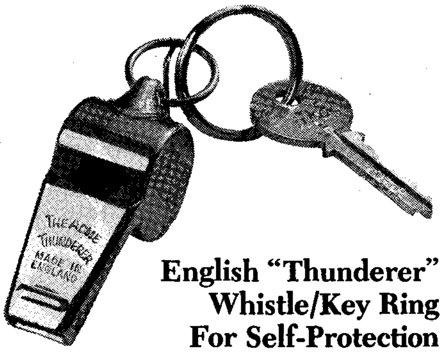

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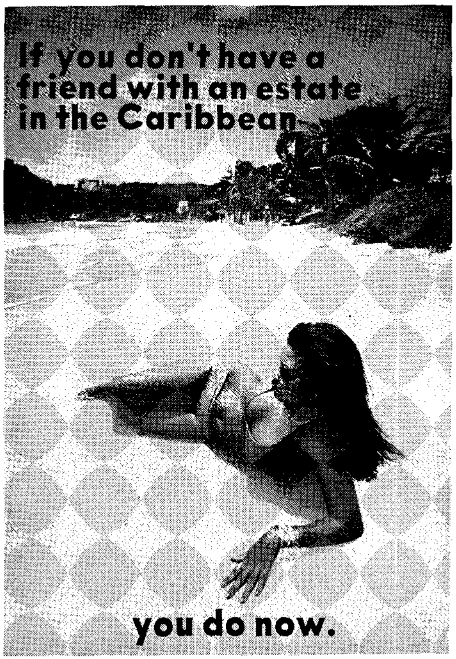
single one of them would give a damn for the words." In later life, Schoenberg declared that for English-speaking audiences "Pierrot" should be done in English. The Guggenheim performance was done in German, and so another element entered the *Wort-oder-Ton* amalgam.

At the very first performance of "Pierrot Lunaire," in 1912, the players were behind screens, and Albertine Zehme, dressed as Pierrot, was in front of them. At the Guggenheim, the players were to one side of the stage, and Maureen McNalley—an elegant Schiele-like figure with red hair, a red boa, and a black dress, topped later by a cloak and a Pierrot hat—declaimed each "song" (the word seems inescapable) from a different place, under different lighting. The presentation, directed by Robert Engstrom, may sound fidgety but was in fact effective, and the balance was admirable: as Schoenberg remarked, separating reciter and players "contributes a great deal to the distinctness of the speaking part, and also gives the instruments their due, so that the music can really come into its own." Miss McNalley declaimed lightly and clearly, without rhetoric, and was perfectly audible, never drowned. Brilliantly she caught "that light, ironical, satirical tone in which the piece was originally conceived" (Schoenberg in 1940). She sustained her pitches. She suggested a singer "marking" rather than an actress reciting; if Yvette Guilbert had tackled "Pierrot," it might have sounded like this. The playing of the instrumentalists, conducted by Joel Thome, was admirable, apart from an unsteady, too heavily throbbing flute in "Der Kranke Mond."

Stravinsky once called "Pierrot" the "solar plexus as well as the mind of early twentieth-century music." Its spectrum of pain, strangeness, romance, poignancy, and wit has proved greater than any single performance can compass—from the silent screams of the protagonist in Glen Tetley's "Pierrot" ballet (which *is* an Expressionist interpretation) to Miss McNalley's understated virtuoso version. All sensitive performers reveal some new facet of the work.

SOON after his death, in 1521, Josquin des Prez was praised by Castiglione, Rabelais, and Martin Luther. In 1567, the humanist scholar Cosimo Bartoli wrote that if Ockeghem had been music's Donatello, Josquin was her great Michelangelo. In the eigh-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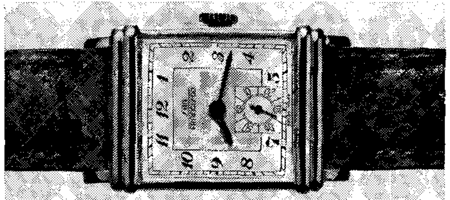

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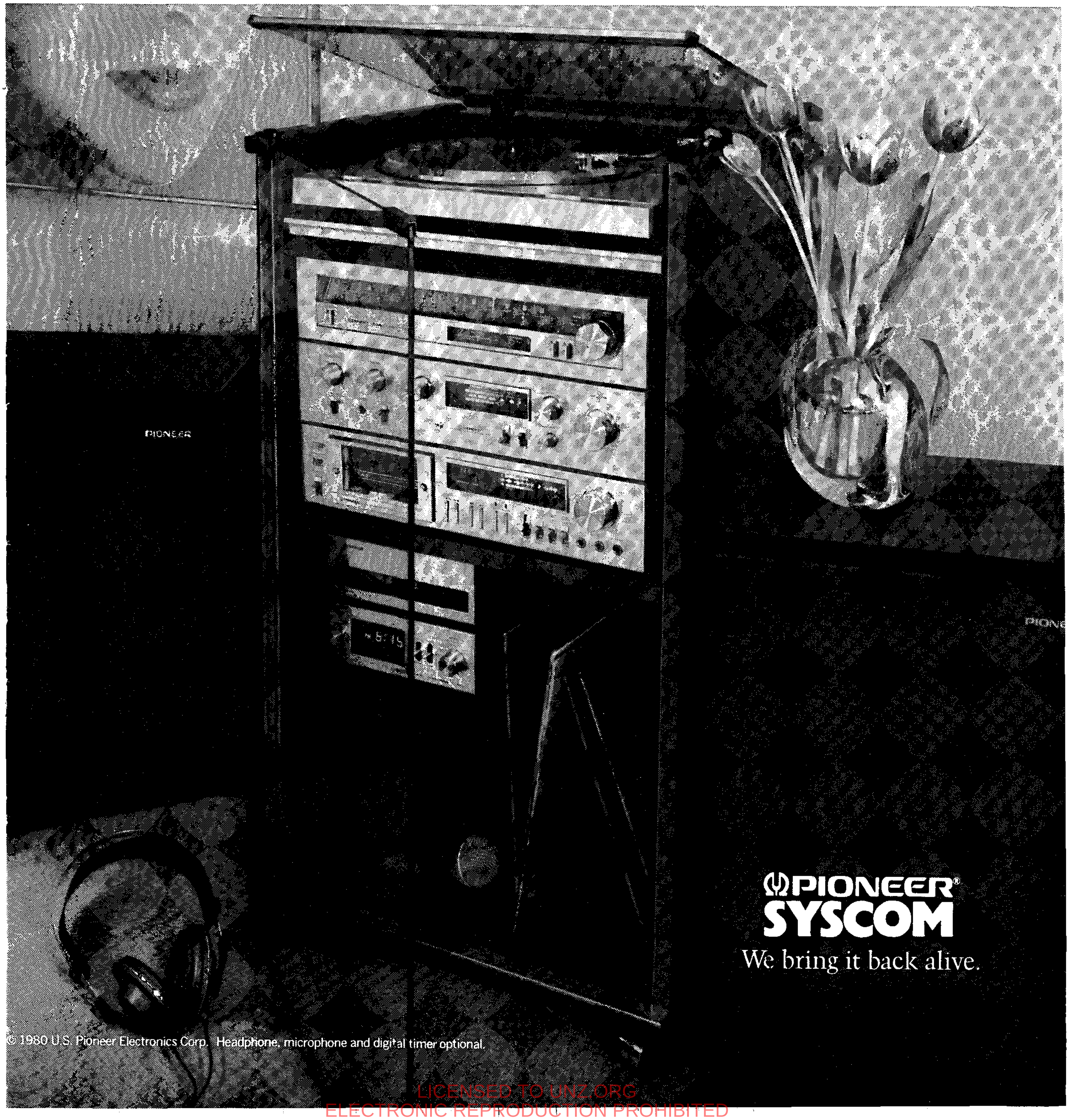

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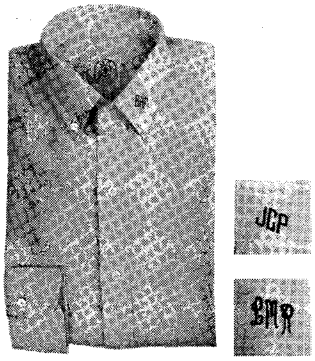

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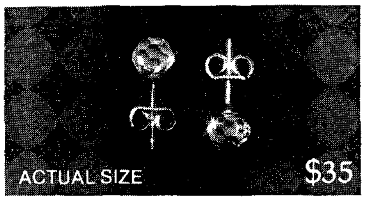

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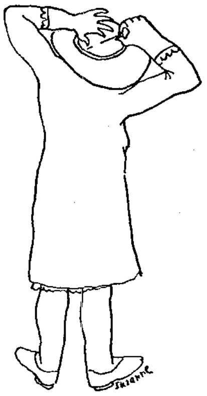
teenth century, Burney pronounced Josquin “the Giant of his time” and laid specimens of his music before the common reader. And today, as Jeremy Noble remarks in the New Grove's Josquin entry (a masterly essay, marshalling the facts and gently yet firmly assessing the speculations of recent scholarship), “that Josquin was the greatest composer of the high Renaissance, the most varied in invention and the most profound in expression, has become almost a commonplace of musical history.” Last Sunday's concert in the Music Before 1800 series in Corpus Christi Church was devoted to Josquin. The Pomerium Musices, ten strong, directed by Alexander Blachly, sang his “Malheur me bat” Mass, interspersed with a frottola, motets, and chansons. Some of the juxtapositions were surprising: before the Easter motet “Victimae paschali,” three young men voiced a girl's amorous regret for the loss of her boyfriend, and after it another trio (soprano, tenor, and bass) announced in concert that each had set her mind to acquiring a new one. The modern convention that women may sing masculine songs but not vice versa—sopranos appropriate “Der Musensohn,” but tenors don't tackle “Die Junge Nonne”—evidently didn't hold in the Renaissance. A varied, vivid picture was given of Luther's “joyous, spontaneous, and abundant” composer.



The “Malheur me bat” Mass, Noble remarks, shows “the Janus-faced quality of Josquin's genius (and the difficulties this poses for historians).” The details of Josquin's life and the chronology of his works are a puzzle with some important pieces missing and others not yet in place. The big Josquin volume that resulted from the big Josquin festival-conference held in New York in 1971 is (among other things) a gripping detective story of clues discovered, ciphers cracked, and alibis examined. (“Where was Josquin from 1479 to 1486?” is a subheading in Edward Lowinsky's chapter; “ ‘Ut Phoebi radiis': the riddle of the text resolved” is the title of Virginia Woods Callahan's contribution.) On the ground of style, Noble would place the “Malheur me bat” Mass rather later than Lowinsky and (in his program note) Blachly do—on the ground that in 1480 *malheur* had indeed struck the prelate who may have been Josquin's patron at the time. In any event, the “calculated fantasy” (Noble), the “flowing melody and felicitous expressivity” (Lowinsky), the “exalted climaxes” of the Gloria and the Credo and the “diabolical intricacies” of the Agnus (Blachly) were bravely and movingly turned into living music by Mr. Blachly and his choir, a virtuoso group of gifted individuals who together make a wonderful sound. Sometimes the timbre of the lower voices struck me as perhaps a shade too relaxed, soft-grained, “refined;” the tension that should be drawn through long melodic spans was slackened. The altos (countertenors) were keen and bright, the sopranos shining and excellently steady.

“Pierrot Lunaire” is made of carefully fashioned lines that must be placed one against another with rhythmic exactitude although the precise pitch distance between them is not always crucial. In Schoenberg's recording, Stiedry-Wagner indicates the melodic shapes, more or less, but does not adhere to the written pitch levels. Charles Rosen, in his acute little Schoenberg monograph, carries the idea into the instrumental parts with his arresting suggestion that the clarinet line in “Der Dandy,” for example, could be played a semitone too high or too low “and (although some effect would be lost) the music would still make sense,” since “the harmonic consistency is concentrated within the individual lines.” Josquin's no less expressive counterpoint, on the other hand, requires pure tuning of line against line as well as accurate rhythmic placing. At the Corpus Christi concert, the intonation, except for an errant moment in “Victimae paschali,” was admirably true. But occasionally in the rhythmic aspect one had the impression of singers with eyes on the beat rather than ears on one another—as if Mr. Blachly were ruling audible barlines across the flow of the music. (His singers find and rap out dance-rhythm episodes—in the Agnus, for example—with a piquant effect, almost, of little drums beating.) It scarcely needs saying that in the best Josquin performances a listener responds both to lines and to the resultant “harmony;” but a perfect, natural-seeming balance between expressive linear flow and accurate, not overemphasized vertical coincidence—and al-

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so between colorful incident and the large "architectural" spans—is hard to achieve. In this respect, Mr. Noble's recording of the "L'Homme armé" (sexti toni) Mass, with the Josquin Choir (Vanguard), is a model. The Pomerium Musices accounts of the elaborate "Virgo salutiferi" and the exuberantly inventive "Victimae paschali" were models, too. All in all, this was a concert of rare merit: great music performed with care, devotion, and uncommon accomplishment, in an agreeable and acoustically apt building, to an attentive audience. Among the Pomerium Musices virtues is its utterance of texts sacred or secular as if they meant something. Text sheets with translation were provided; but the clue to deciphering the nonsense Latin in "Ut Phoebi radiis"—read the solmization syllables backward—was teasingly withheld.

—ANDREW PORTER

FURTHER EVENTS

Experiment

MICHEL PIGUET, the Swiss oboist and recorder player, recently gave three concerts in New York. In the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium of the Metropolitan Museum and, later, at the Frick Collection, he played with his own Baroque ensemble, which includes the gambist Mary Springfels and the harpsichordist Colin Tilney; at St. Joseph's Church, in Greenwich Village, he made a guest appearance with the Aulos Ensemble, in an all-Telemann program. Mr. Piguet, in the manner of many players of the eighteenth century, changes freely from oboe to recorder, but he is best known for his work on the Baroque oboe; he and three members of the Esterhazy Quartet have given a sensitive, cool account, on original instruments, of Mozart's Oboe Quartet, recorded by Telefunken. It was fun to encounter him in person. In a black smock, with wispy hair and piercing eyes, his head inclined forward as he played, he looked like a musical angel come to life from a medieval painting. As he relaxed at the end of a phrase, his eyes twinkled and he grinned impishly, and the image changed to that of a Chaucerian monk with more than a touch of worldliness. The playing, though, is odd. Occasionally, Mr. Piguet will make the most of his instrument, producing a phrase whose reedy sweetness and buoyant rhythms are distinct from the rich, overtone-laden timbre of the modern oboe. But

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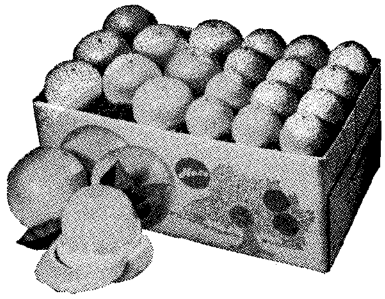

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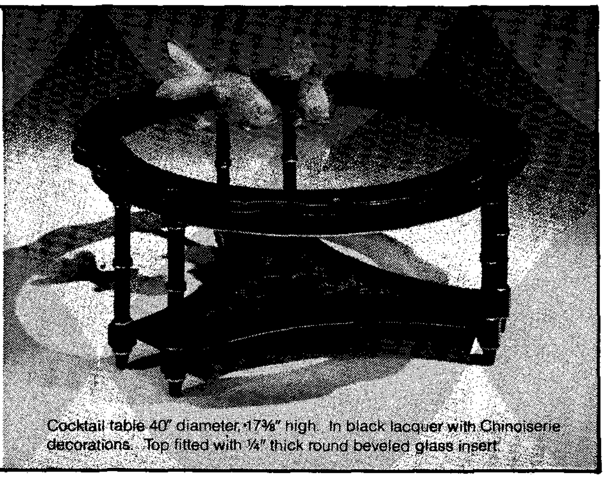

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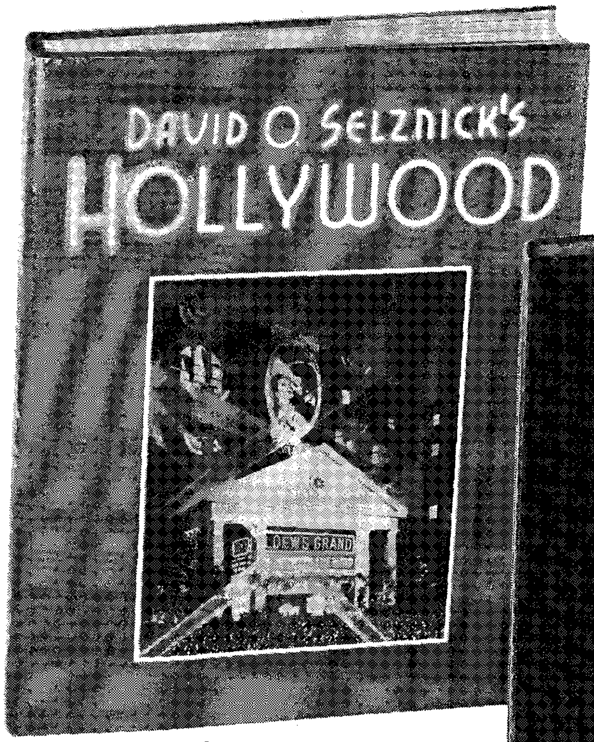
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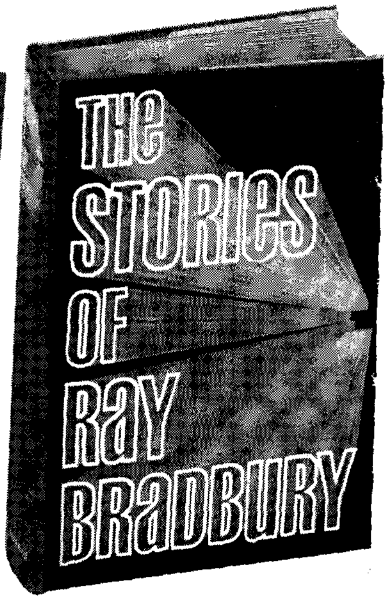
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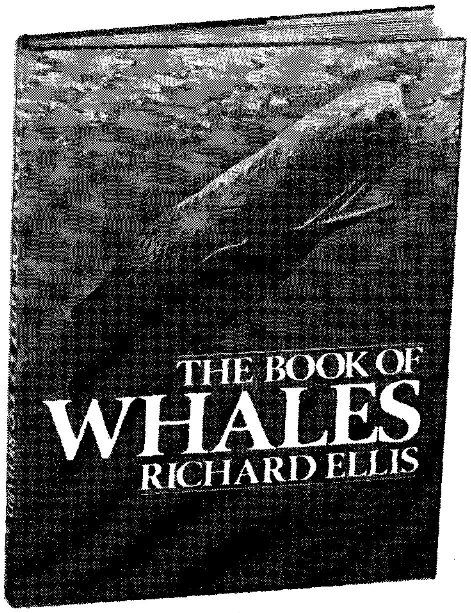
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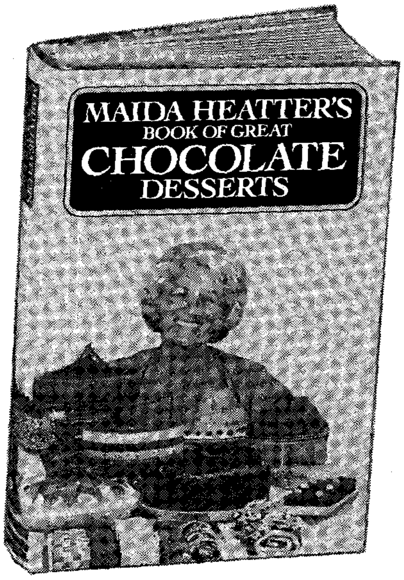
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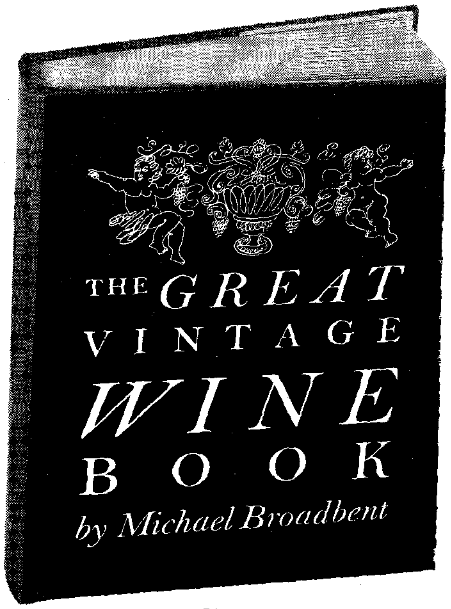
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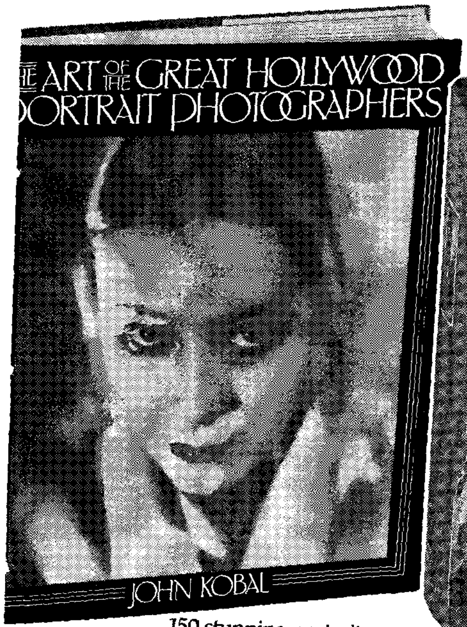
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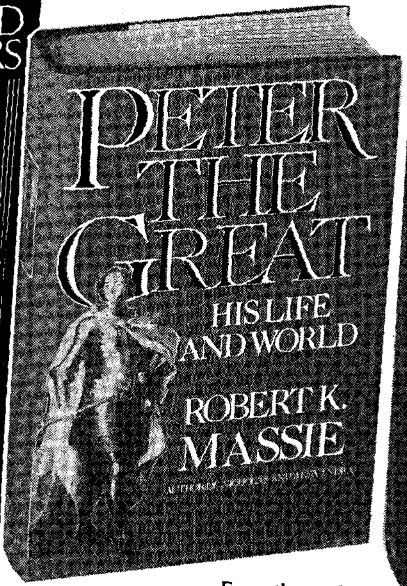
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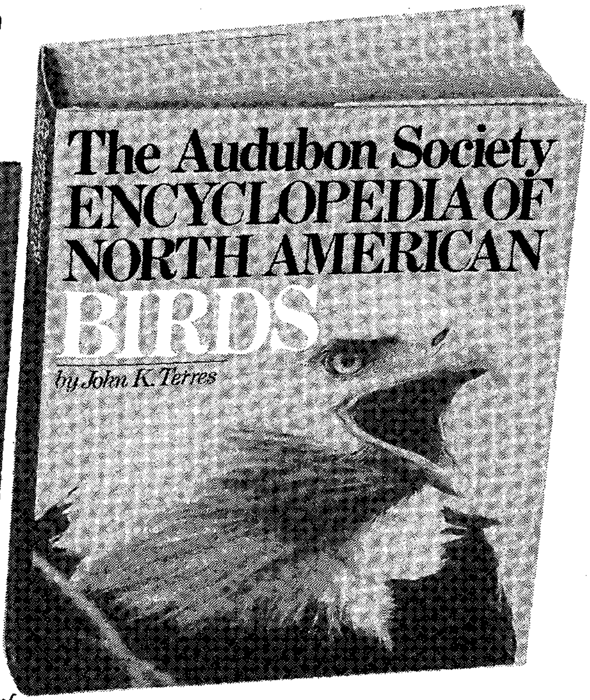
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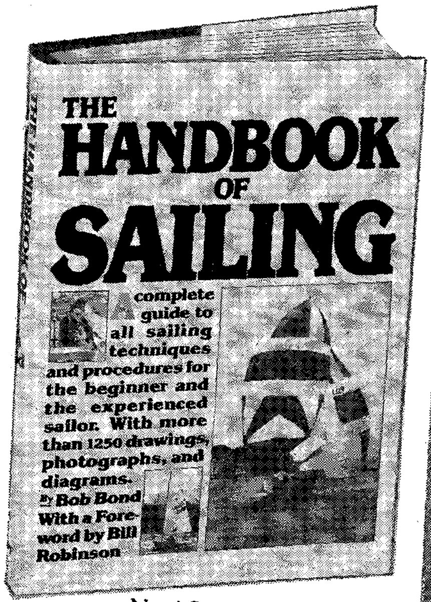
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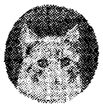

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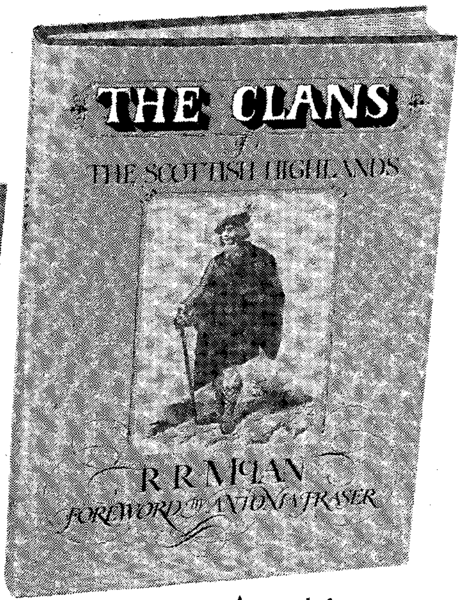
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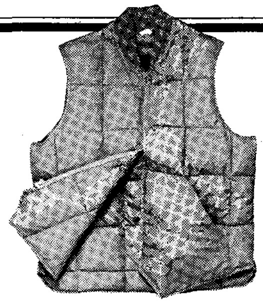

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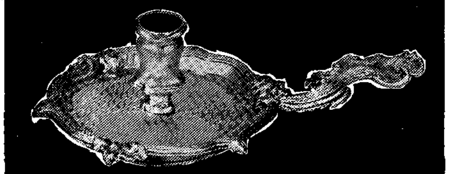
for every inspired phrase there were several that sounded lumpy or dull or had little faults of intonation. Mr. Piguet is, I suspect, an experimenter; he sounds as if he were always trying out new ideas, having new thoughts about the music, and not worrying about whether to present his audience with a polished finished product.

In the Metropolitan and the Frick concerts, Mr. Piguet played the G-Minor Sonata of J. S. Bach, which modern scholarship has suggested is the original form of the great B-Minor Sonata for Flute. There are few more difficult Baroque works: the winding chromaticism and endless phrases of the first movement and the intricate syncopations of the last can defeat the best musician. To hear Heinz Holliger play it can be an overwhelming experience. Mr. Piguet provides a much more restrained account, gently responsive and deftly colored but less communicative of the music's strength. While Holliger is on top of the music, molding and projecting it, Piguet sounds as if he were buried deep inside it, straining to understand it—to sort it out. Mr. Tilney and Miss Springfels provided an excellent accompaniment in the works for wind solo and continuo; their precision was admirable, and Mr. Tilney's realizations were never fussy. At the Frick, Mr. Tilney contributed some Scarlatti sonatas, slightly undercharacterized, and, at the Metropolitan, an E-Flat Suite attributed to Bach, which, with its awkward lines and harmonies, sounded to me very remote from his style.

In the Aulos Ensemble concert, Mr. Piguet seemed more relaxed, and produced some expressively inflected lines in the marvellous opening movements of two Telemann trio sonatas, in E minor and in C minor. He also added a solo Fantasie, played perkily on the recorder, though it was written for the flute. But the most distinguished aspect of the evening was the exemplary matching of inflection, phrasing, ornamentation, and feeling by the members of the Aulos Ensemble. When it performed a Telemann G-Minor Quartet with its own Baroque oboist, Marc Schachman, the results were scintillating, because the playing was so precise—especially in the extrovert final Allegro. In an E-Minor Quartet, as in the opening D-Major Concerto, the mellow sounds of the flute of Anne Briggs and the violin of Linda Quan mingled in the airy (but not over-resonant) church acoustics; in the con-



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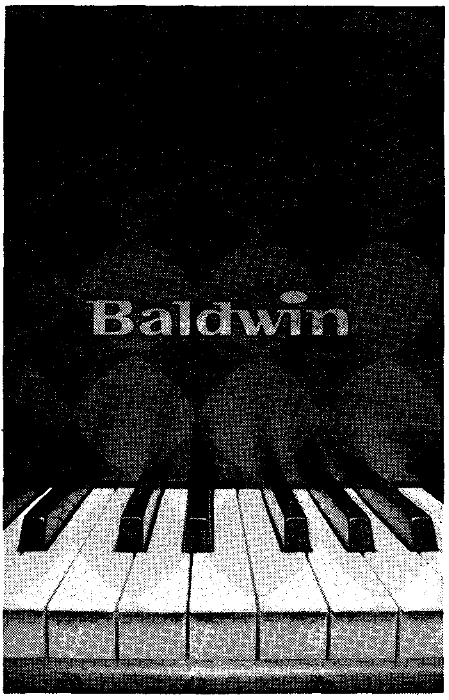
certo, the virtuosic gamba playing of Richard Taruskin could always be heard over the continuo. The concert was a notable success. No listener could doubt the resourcefulness and variety of Telemann's art.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, Mr. Copland! Need one say more? I think not, but most musical organizations in the city clearly disagree. Among much else, the Philharmonic has played Copland's Third Symphony "In Observance of the Composer's Eightieth Birthday;" the American Symphony Orchestra has presented the composer as narrator of his "Lincoln Portrait;" and Symphony Space, on Broadway at Ninety-fifth Street, has staged a thirteen-hour celebration called Wall-to-Wall Copland/Americana. The last idea was the best, for it acknowledged Copland's continual support and encouragement of the best young American composers by juxtaposing their work with his. The day's event was broadcast on WNYC, interspersed with taped Copland interviews; I caught some lively performances over the air but did not capture the spirit of the occasion until I dropped by the hall for a couple of hours during the afternoon. The unpretentious, dingy space was packed with a bustling, eager, yet attentive audience. Onstage, composers talked about Copland and introduced their own pieces. While I was there, Jacob Druckman presented his "Valentine," a hilarious vignette, for the bassist Jon Deak, and Barbara Kolb talked about her little improvisatory "Homage to Keith Jarrett and Gary Burton," which Katharine Cartwright and Gordon Gottlieb played attractively on flute and vibraphone; both pieces were easy to listen to and were popular with the audience. More remarkable was the audience's rapt attention to Elliott Carter's demanding Duo for Violin and Piano, in a bold performance by the pianist Ursula Oppens and the violinist Rolf Schulte. Not a perfect account, but one bursting with energy and commitment. The "set" was rounded off by Paul Jacobs playing four Piano Blues by Copland and the amiable, nostalgic "Ghost Rags" of William Bolcom. (Mr. Jacobs includes all these pieces in a new Nonesuch record, "Blues, Ballads & Rags.") This was an occasion to make us celebrate—as Copland's career has celebrated—the continuing ability of contemporary music to surprise and delight an open-minded audience.

—NICHOLAS KENYON



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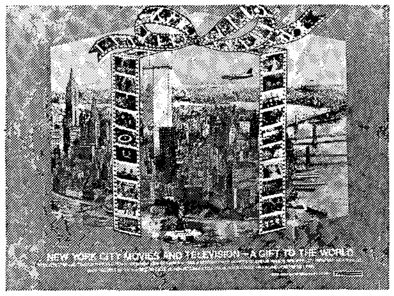

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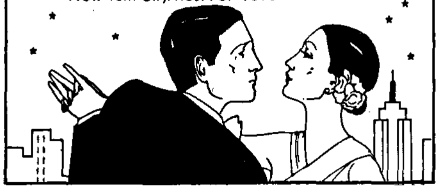

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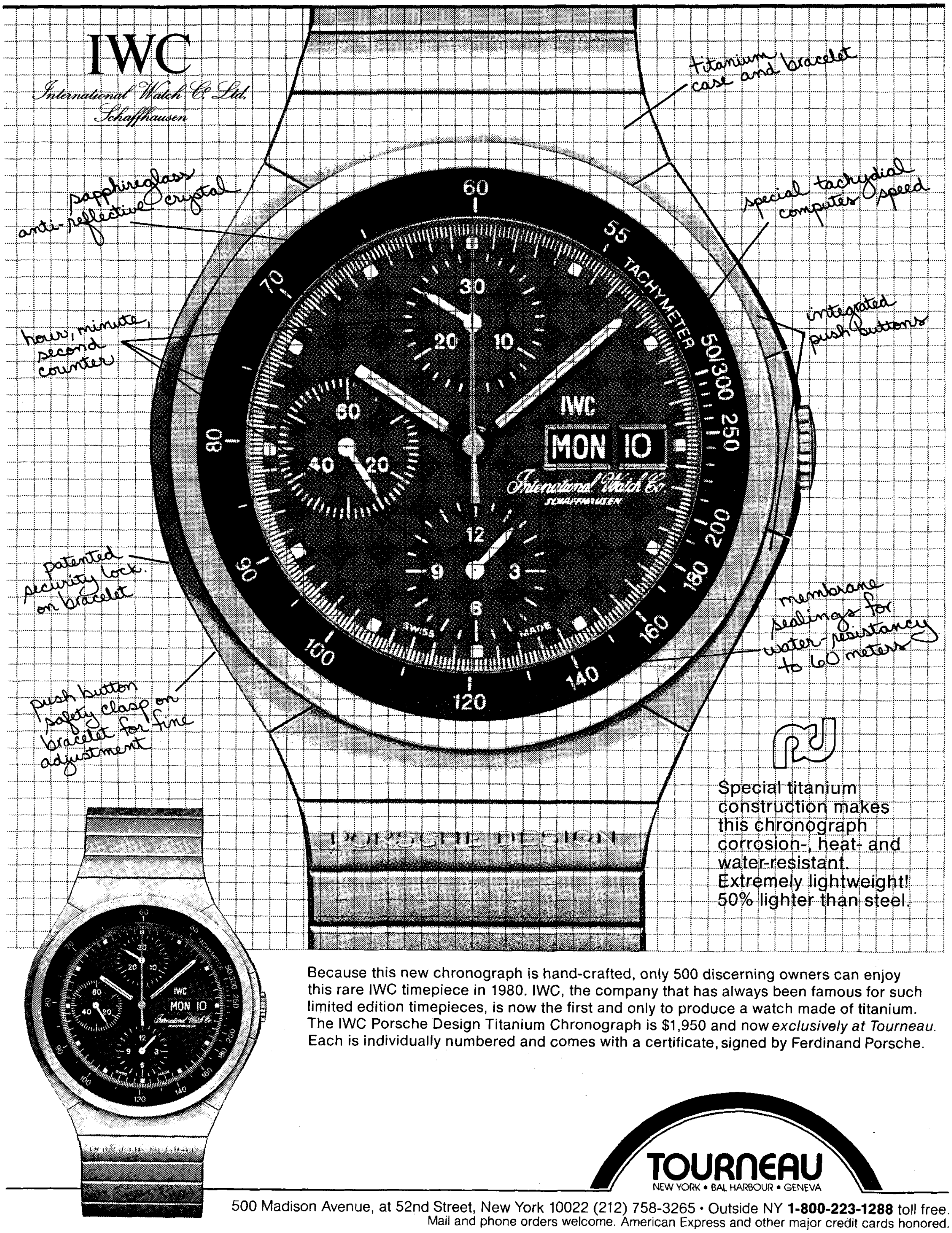
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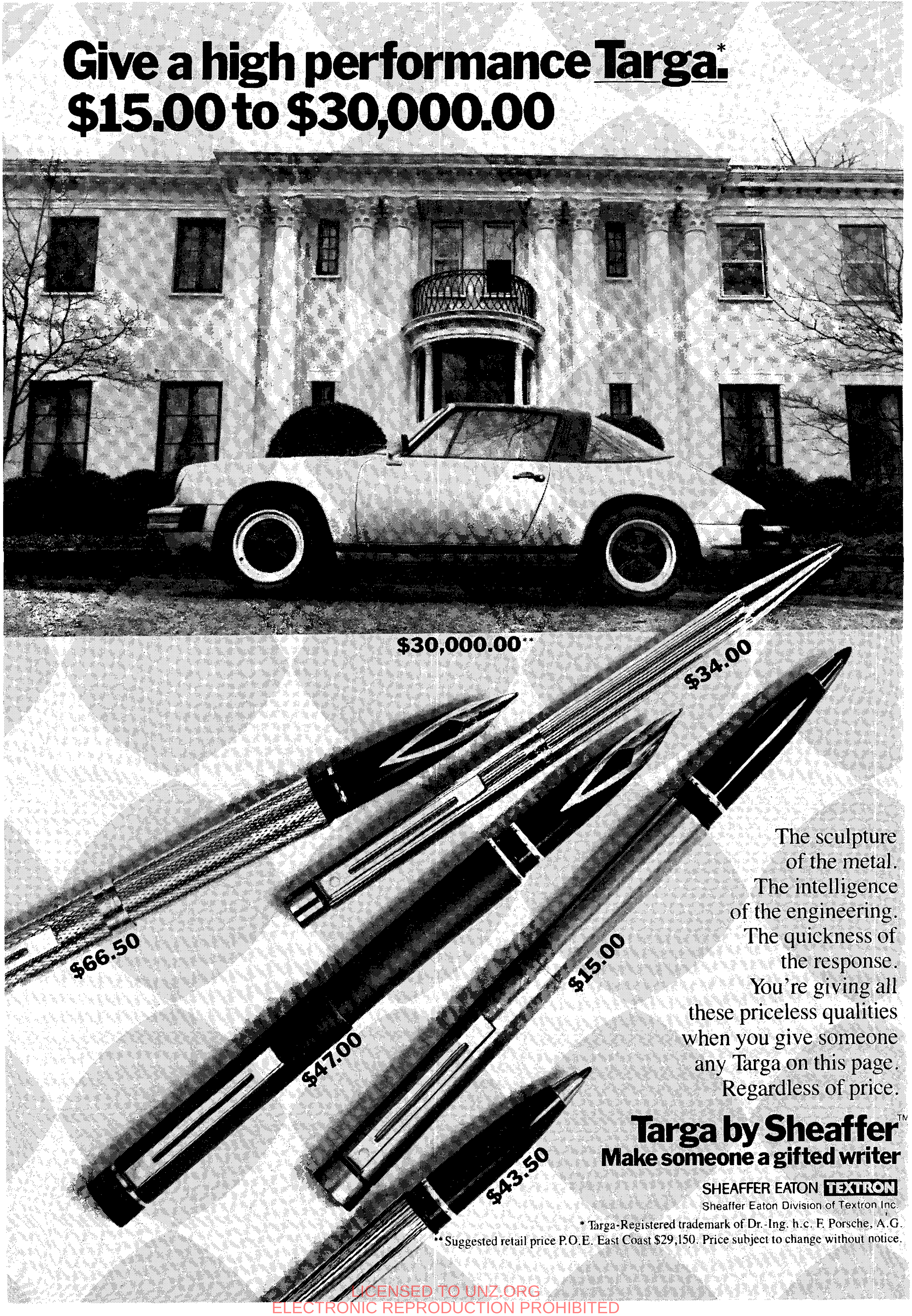

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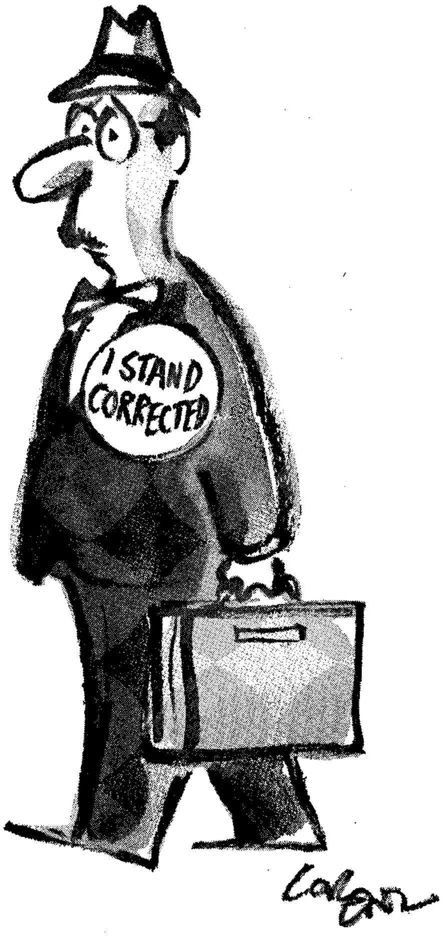
Religious Pulp, or The Incredible Hulk

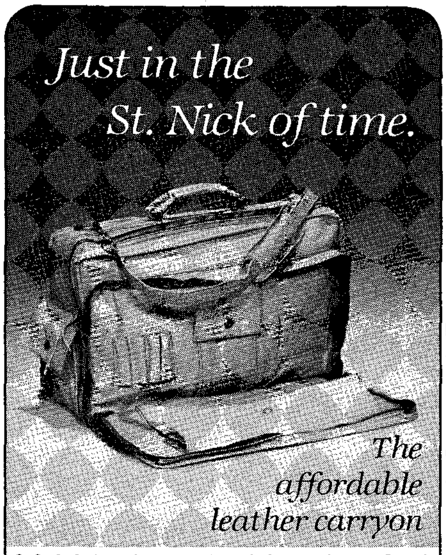
AS Jake La Motta, the former middleweight boxing champ, in "Raging Bull," Robert De Niro wears scar tissue and a big, bent ose that deform his face. It's a mirale that he didn't grow them—he rew everything else. He developed a hick-muscled neck and a fighter's ody, and for the scenes of the broken, runken La Motta he put on so much reight that he seems to have sunk in he fat with hardly a trace of himself eft. What De Niro does in this picure isn't acting, exactly. I'm not sure hat it is. Though it may at some evel be awesome, it definitely isn't leasurable. De Niro seems to have mptied himself out to become the part e's playing and then not got enough aterial to refill himself with: his La Motta is a swollen puppet with only its and pieces of a character inside, nd some semi-religious, semi-abstract onceptions of guilt. He has so little xpressive spark that what I found yself thinking about wasn't La Motta or the movie but the metamorhosis of De Niro. His appearance—ith his head flattened out and widned by fat—is far more shocking than he were artificially padded. De Niro ent from his usual hundred and for-five pounds to a hundred and six for the young fighter, and then up two hundred and fifteen for La Motta's later days. (No man has ever ade a more dramatic demonstration f the aesthetic reasons that people houldn't get bloated.) And the direcor, Martin Scorsese, doesn't show us he trim, fast fighter and then let us djust to his deterioration; he delibertely confronts us with the gross older a Motta right at the start, in a flashorward.

At first, we may think that we're oing to find out what makes Jake La Motta's life special and why a movie is eing made about him. But as the icture dives in and out of La Motta's ife, with a few minutes of each of his ig fights (he won the title in 1949), it ecomes clear that Scorsese isn't conerned with how La Motta got where e did, or what, specifically, happened o him. Scorsese gives us exact details f the Bronx Italian neighborhoods of he forties—everything is sharp, realstic, lived-in. But he doesn't give us pecific insights into La Motta. Scorsese nd De Niro, who together reworked he script (by Paul Schrader and Mardik Martin, based on the book "Raging Bull," by La Motta with Joseph Carter and Peter Savage), are trying to go deeper into the inarticulate types they have done before; this time they seem to go down to pre-human levels. Their brutish Jake is elemental: he has one thing he can do—fight.

"Raging Bull" isn't a biographical film about a fighter's rise and fall; it's a biography of the genre of prizefight films. Scorsese loves the visual effects and the powerful melodramatic moments of movies such as "Body and Soul," "The Set-Up," and "Golden Boy." He makes this movie out of remembered high points, leaping from one to another. When Jake is courting the fifteen-year-old platinum-blond Vickie (Cathy Moriarty), he takes her to a miniature-golf course, and their little golf ball rolls into a little wooden church and never comes out. The scene is like one of a series in an old-movie montage showing the path to marriage. But Scorsese just puts in this one step; probably for him it stands for the series. And his neutral attitude toward La Motta is very different from that of forties movies. An idle remark by Vickie—that Jake's opponent in his next match is good-looking—makes Jake so jealous that he goes in and viciously, systematically destroys the kid's face. The movie doesn't throw up its hands in horror; it just looks on. Jake, who enforces long periods of sexual abstinence before his fights, becomes obsessed with the idea that Vickie is cheating on him; you feel that he *wants* to catch her at something. His suspicions lead him to smack her around and to beat up his brother Joey (Joe Pesci), who is his manager, sparring partner, and closest friend. The questions that come to mind (such as why Vickie stays with Jake, or why she leaves when she does, or even whether in fact she *is* unfaithful) clearly aren't germane to Scorsese's interest. Vickie doesn't react much; she accepts Jake's mounting jealousy passively.



Scorsese appears to be trying to purify the characters of forties movies to universalize them. Vickie is an icon—a big, lacquered virgin-doll of the forties. Tall and strong-looking, Cathy Moriarty has a beautiful glassy presence, like Kim Novak in her "Man with the Golden Arm" days, and the same mute sexuality. She recalls other iconographic presences—Jean Harlow, Lana Turner, and the knowing young Gloria Grahame—but she's tougher and more composed. Sitting at the edge of a swimming pool, her Vickie is a *Life* cover girl of the war years. She has sultry eyes and speaks in flat, nasal Bronx tones. It's lucky that Moriarty is big, because when Jake comes at her angrily, like a slob Othello, she looks as if she could take care of herself; there's no pathos. Joe Pesci's Joey is stylized in a different way: he may bring to mind the brother in a movie about a show-biz family. His speech sounds like patter, as if he were doing a routine with Abbott and Costello or the Three Stooges; he has the vocal rhythms of a baggy-pants comic from burlesque, and though his lines aren't especially funny, his manner is, and the audience responds to him gratefully, because he's so much saner and less monotonous than the Neanderthal Jake. It's Pesci's picture, if it's anybody's, because we can understand why Joey does what he does. Even when he goes out of control and smashes a taxi door repeatedly against a mobster who is caught half in, half out, we know that he's doing what Jake charged him to do. (As the big, gentle mobster, played by Frank Vin-



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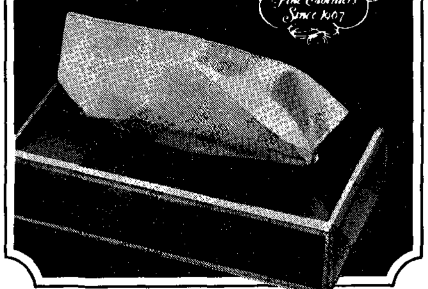

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cent, who's quietly effective, is having his bones broken, voluptuous, forlorn Mascagni music rises. Here, as in much of the movie, Scorsese's excuses verge on self-parody.)

Scorsese is also trying to purify forties style by using the conventions in new ways. If you look at forties movies now, the clichés (which bored people at the time) may seem like fun, and it's easy to see why Scorsese is drawn to them. But when he reproduces them, he reproduces the mechanical quality they once had, and the fun goes out of them. The cardinal rule of forties-studio style was that the scenes had to be shaped to pay off. Scorsese isn't interested in payoffs; it's something else—a modernist effect that's like a gray-out. Early on, when Jake's first wife is frying a steak for him and he complains that she's overcooking it, she hollers and picks up the steak as if she were going to throw it at him, but instead she puts it on his plate. The violence in the scene is right on the surface (she doesn't hold anything back), yet nothing comes of it, and shortly after that she disappears from the movie. We don't get the explosion we expect, but we feel the violence. Scorsese shows us Jake—snorting to himself, and with his belly hanging out—going to see Vickie to get his World Middleweight Championship belt so he can hock the jewels from it, and the scene withers away. Yet we remember his banging on the belt to pry the jewels loose. Scorsese's continuity with forties movies is in the texture—the studio artificiality that he makes sensuous, thick, viscous; there are layers of rage and animosity in almost every sequence.

"Raging Bull" isn't just a biography of a genre; it's also about movies and about violence, it's about gritty visual rhythm, it's about Brando, it's about the two "Godfather" pictures—it's about Scorsese and De Niro's trying to top what they've done and what everybody else has done. When De Niro and Liza Minnelli began to argue in Scorsese's "New York, New York," you knew they were going to go from yelling to hitting, because they had no other way to escalate the tension. Here we get more of these actors' battles; they're between Jake and Joey, and between Jake and Vickie. Listening to Jake and Joey go at each other, like the macho clowns in Cassavetes movies, I know I'm supposed to be responding to a powerful, ironic realism, but I just feel trapped. Jake says, "You dumb f--k," and Joey says,

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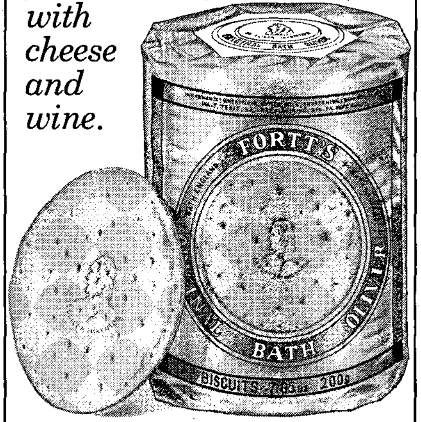

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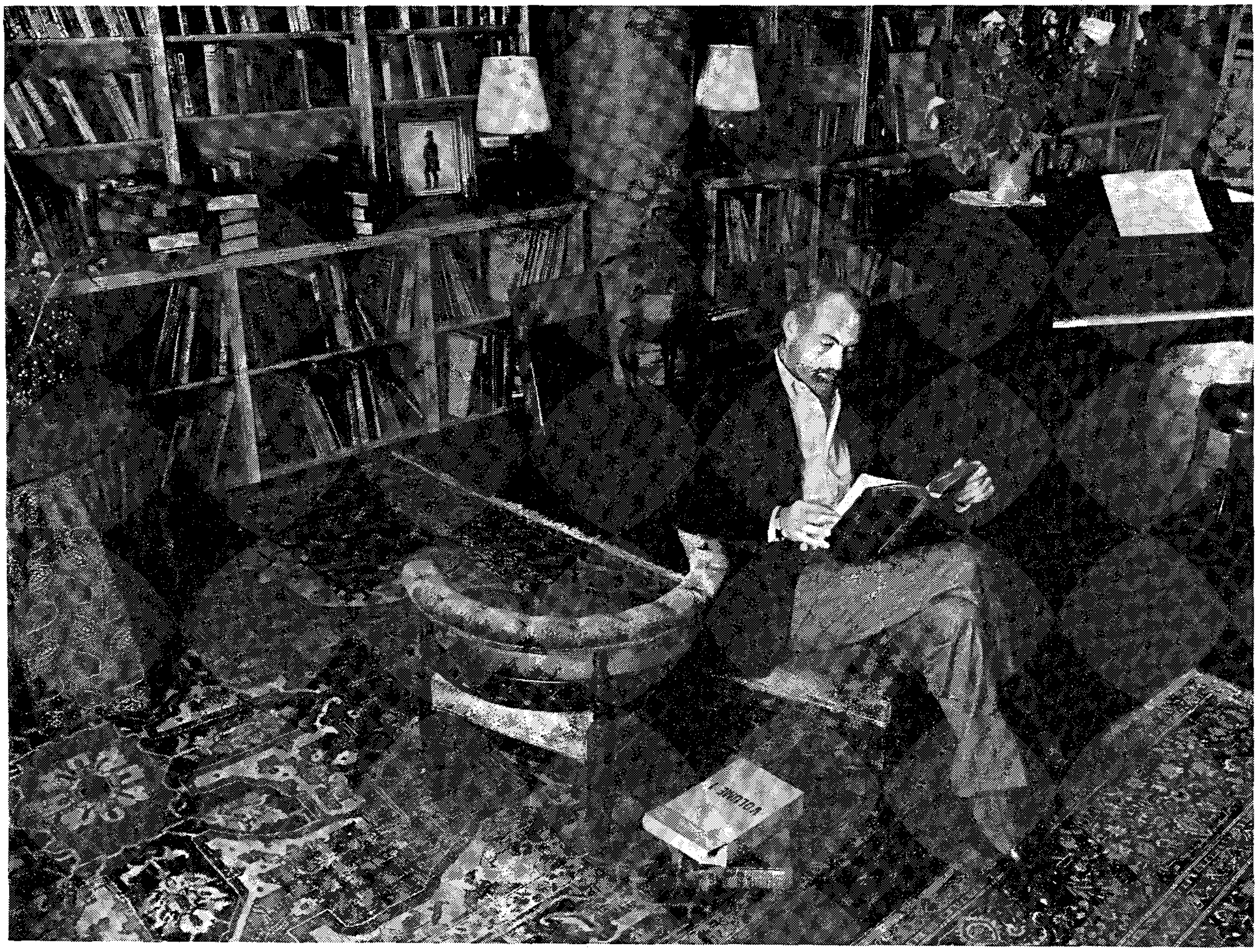

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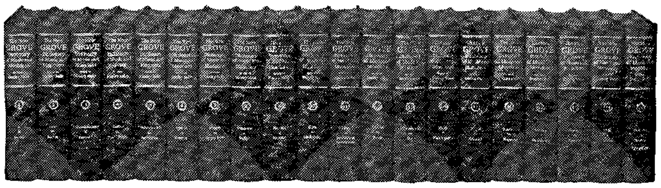

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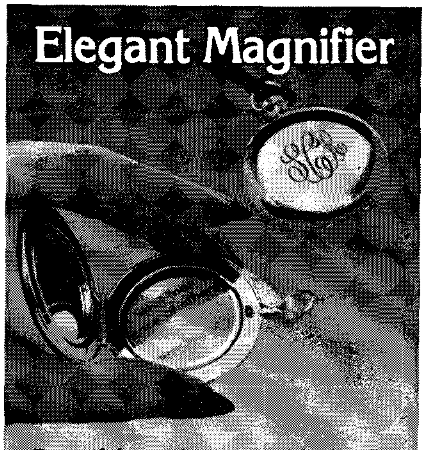

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"You dumb f--k," and they repeat it and repeat it. And I think, What am I doing here watching these two dumb f--ks? When Scorsese did "Mean Streets," "Alice Doesn't Live Here Any More," and "Taxi Driver," the scenes built through language and incident, and other characters turned up. But when he works with two actors and pushes for raw intensity, the actors repeat their vapid profanities, goading each other to dredge up some hostility and some variations and twists. And we keep looking at the same faces—Jake and Joey, or Jake and Vickie. (They're the only people around for most of this movie.) You can feel the director sweating for greatness, but there's nothing *under* the scenes—no subtext, only this actor's version of tension. Basically, the movie is these dialogue bouts and Jake's fights in the ring.

The fights are fast and gory and are shot very close in. We're not put in the position of spectators; we're put in the ring, with our heads right up against the heads of the two fighters who are hammering away at each other, with slow-motion eruptions of blood and sweat splashing us. We're meant to see the fists coming as they see them, and feel the blows as they do; the action is speeded up and slowed down to give us these sensations, and the sound of the punches is amplified, while other noises are blotted out. These aren't fights, really; they're cropped, staccato ordeals. The punches are a steady series of explosions—a drummer doing death rolls. The pounding immediacy is grandiloquent—almost abstract.

The picture seems to be saying that in order to become champ, Jake La Motta had to be mean, obsessive, crazy. But you can't be sure, and the way the story is told Jake's life pattern doesn't make much sense. When he loses the title and gives up fighting, he opens a night club, where he's the m.c. and the comic, clowning around with the customers. I had no idea where this cheesy jokester came from: there was certainly no earlier suggestion that Jake had a gift of gab. And there is nothing to prepare us for the poster announcing that he's giving readings from Paddy Chayefsky, Shakespeare, Rod Serling, Budd Schulberg, and Tennessee Williams; we're in a different movie. At the end, before going onstage for his public reading, Jake recites Brando's back-of-the-taxi speech from "On the Waterfront" while looking in his dressing-room mirror. Scorsese is trying to outdo

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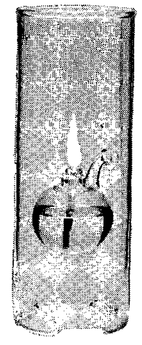

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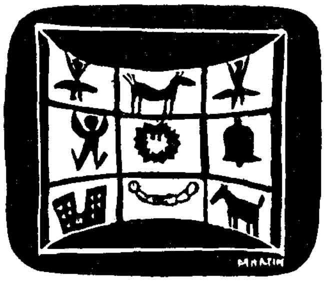
everything great, even the scene of De Niro talking to himself in the mirror in "Taxi Driver." What does it mean to have La Motta deliver this lament that he could have been a contender instead of a bum when it's perfectly clear that La Motta is both a champ *and* a bum? (Is it a deliberate mockery of the simplicity of Schulberg's conception?) The whole picture has been made looking in a mirror, self-consciously. It takes a while to grasp that La Motta is being used as *the* fighter, a representative tormented man in a killer's body. He's a repulsive, threatening figure who seems intended to be all that and yet to have an element of greatness. He's a doomed strong man—doomed by his love for his wife and by his ability to fight. It's all metaphors: the animal man attempting to escape his destiny. When Jake, in jail on a morals charge, bangs his head and his fists against the stone walls of his cell and, sobbing in frustration, cries out, "Why? Why? Why? It's so f--king stupid! I'm not an animal!," it's the ultimate metaphor for the whole film.

The tragedy in Scorsese's struggles with the material in both "New York, New York" and "Raging Bull" is that he *is* a great director when he doesn't press so hard at it, when he doesn't suffer so much. He's got moviemaking and the Church mixed up together; he's trying to be the saint of cinema. And he turns Jake's life into a ritual of suffering. In the middle of a fight, Jake is sponged by the men in his corner, and he has been injured so much that the water is dark: they're washing him in his own blood. Scorsese is out to demonstrate that he can have for his hero a brutish hardhead, a man with no redeeming social graces, and make you respect him. He must have been drawn to La Motta's story by its sheer plug-ugliness: here was a fighter who didn't even look graceful in the ring—he crouched and slugged. And Scorsese goes to cartoon lengths to establish that Jake is a bad guy: Jake actually threatens to kill and eat a neighbor's dog. Scorsese doesn't want us to *like* Jake, because he wants us to respond on a higher level—to Jake's energy and his pain. He wants us to respect Jake despite everything we see him do. We're supposed to believe in his *integrity*. The Mafia bosses force Jake to throw a fight before they'll let him have a chance at the title. I throws the fight by just standing st and taking the blows; afterward, weeps. It's a fall from grace: he h given up the only thing that coun We're supposed to think, Jake may a pig, but he *fights*. Scorsese appears see Jake as having some kind of loo glory. But if you respond, possibly i not to La Motta's integrity but to I Niro's; he buries the clichés that less actors might revel in, and is left wi nothing to anchor his performanc He does some amazing things, thoug In the ring taking punches, Jake see to be crying, "Crucify me! Cruci me!" With anyone but De Niro in t role, the picture would probably be joke. But De Niro gives you a sense terrible pain that is *relieved* wh he's in the ring. The film's brutali doesn't seem exploitative; it's mystic



The magazine *Film Comment* ha feature, "Guilty Pleasures," which runs intermittently: movie people l the works they wouldn't try to defe on aesthetic grounds but have enjoy inordinately. When Scorsese offer some of his favorites in 1978, a thre ran through many of his selections. I says, " 'Play Dirty' isn't a sadistic fil but it's mean. The characters have redeeming social value, which I love Of "Always Leave Them Laughing he says, "I admire the guts it took f Berle to make this autobiographic film about a completely dislikab guy." Of the hero of "I Walk Alone he says, "He has only one way to de with his problems: brute force." ("Dark of the Sun," he says, "T sense of the film overwhelmingly vi lent; there's no co sideration for anythi else. The answer everything is 'kill.' Scorsese likes movi that aren't covered sentimental frosti —that put the sur ness and killing a meanness right up front. But "Ragi Bull" has the air of saying somethi important, which is just what he lov those cheapo pictures for not havin By making a movie that is *all* guil pleasures, he has forged a new se timentality. "Raging Bull" is about character he loves too much; it's abo everything he loves too much. It's t kind of movie that many men mu fantasize about: their macho wors dream movie.

Scorsese is saying that he accep totally, that he makes no moral jud

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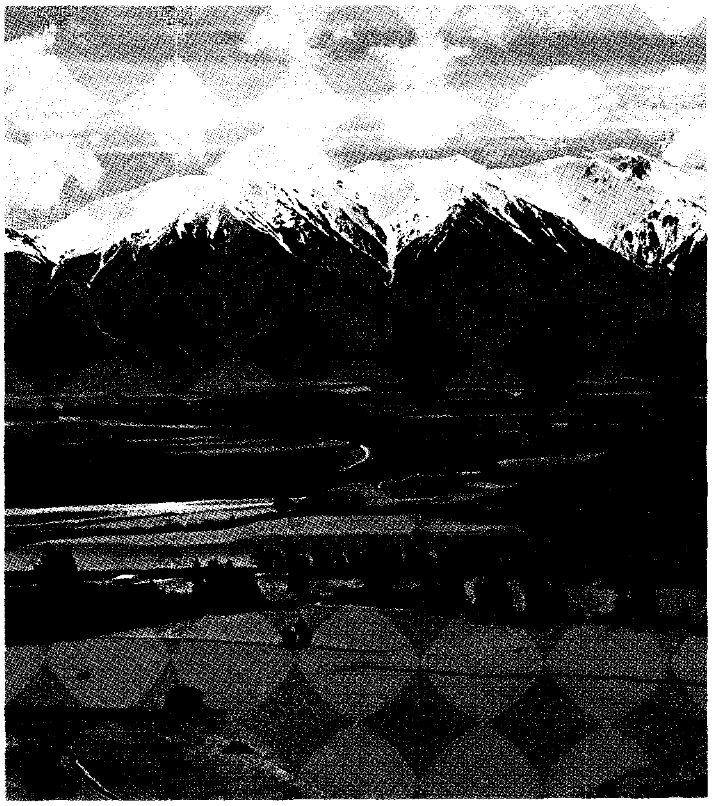

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Next stop, Rotorua. The earth's crust is so thin here that steam breaks through everywhere. Geysers shoot hundreds of feet into the air. And mud pools bubble in the ground. You'll meet the Maoris, New Zealand's native people, here. You'll see how they've harnessed the steam to pressure cook their meals, and you'll watch master woodcarvers teach a lost art to a new generation.

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Finish the day in a steamy mineral pool, dreaming about tomorrow.

On To England. Bright and early, fly across Cook Strait to the South Island.

At Christchurch step off the plane and into England. Paddle a tiny boat along the river Avon. Have a picnic on the bank under the willows and watch a rugby match in the distance. Spend an afternoon driving through flowers. They're everywhere.

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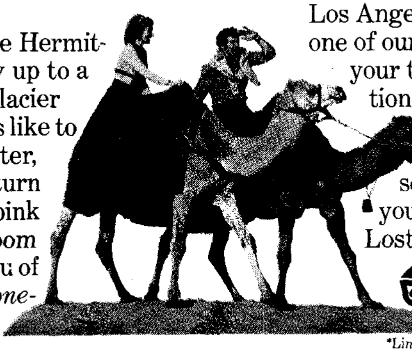
Stop at one of the pubs. Chances are, someone will buy you a beer and bend your ear.

Up Like An Eagle. You're about to see the world's most beautiful geography as few ever see it. In the morning, you'll fly out to Mount Cook, over New Zealand's most dramatic valleys and mountains.



Lunch at The Hermitage and then fly up to a starchy white glacier and see what it's like to land on skis. Later, watch the sun turn the mountains pink from a lovely room that reminds you of Switzerland at *one-half* the price.

In the morning, you're of to Queenstown, ready to try "the most beautiful flight in t world." Twenty minutes in th air brings you to the world's most stunning sight. Milford Sound. Take a cruise betwee towering mountain walls through a fjord that impress even the Norwegians.

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Australia is more sights than you'l have time to see. More fun than Dr. Seu

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We fly the Pacific.

*Limited quantity available on a first-come first-serve ba nent. I think that by the last fight we're not supposed to care whether Jake wins or loses—we're supposed to want to be in there, slugging. Even he black-and-white is macho: it has omething of the flashy, tabloid look of he original "Naked City" movie. But t's so hyper that you're aware of the art, which kills the tabloid effect. We don't get to see the different styles of La Motta's opponents: Scorsese doesn't are about the rhythm and balance of ighters' bodies. There's no dancing or these fighters, and very little boxng. What Scorsese concentrates on is punishment given and received. He urns the lowdown effects he likes into highbrow flash reeking of religious ymbolism. You're aware of the camera positions and of the images held for admiration; you're conscious of the pop and hiss of the newsmen's cameras and the amplified sound of the blows—he sound of pain. Scorsese wants his B-movie seaminess and spiritual meanng, too. He wants a disreputable, lowife protagonist; then he suggests that his man is close to God, because he is God's animal.

By removing the specifics or blurring them, Scorsese doesn't produce universals—he produces banality. What we get is full of capitals: A Man Fights, A Man Loses Everything, A Man Bangs His Head Against the Wall. Scorsese is putting his unmediated obsessions on the screen, tryng to turn raw, pulp power into art by removing it from the particulars of observation and narrative. He loses the ow-life entertainment values of prizefight films; he aestheticizes pulp and kills it. "Raging Bull" is tabloid grand opera. Jake is the Brute Life Force, and the picture ends as he experiences A Surge of Energy. It's a Feliniesque ending: Life Goes On. The picture is overripe, ready for canonization. An end title supplies a handy Biblical quote. —PAULINE KAEL

•

WHAT HEADLINE D'YA BELIEVE?

POLLUTION CURBED, REAGAN SAYS; ATTACKS AIR CLEANUP
—*Los Angeles Times, page 1.*

SCORES OF SMOG VICTIMS SEEK MEDICAL HELP
—*Los Angeles Times, page 1, same edition.*

•

Statewide, students performed extremely poor on the writing section of the exam.
—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

So what? Maybe they did good in sports.

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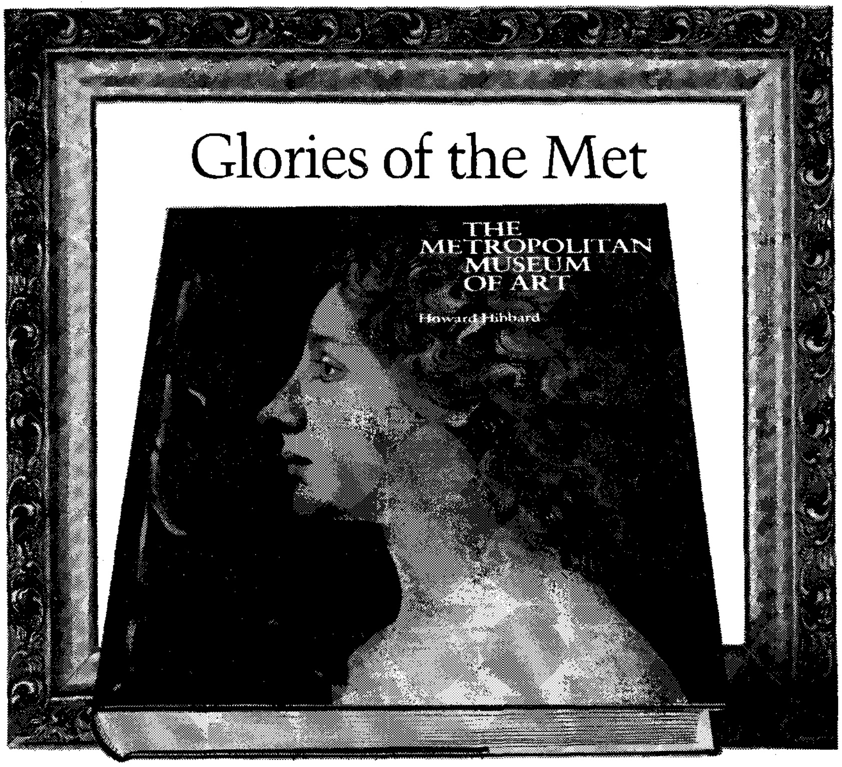

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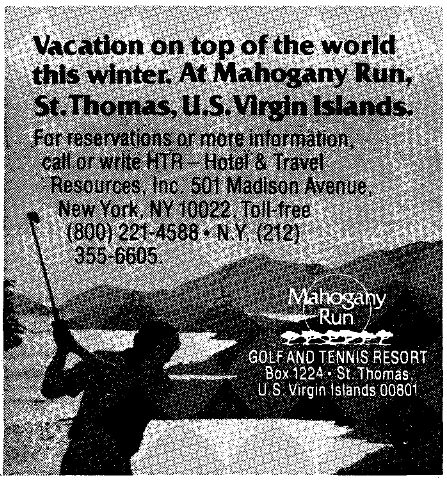

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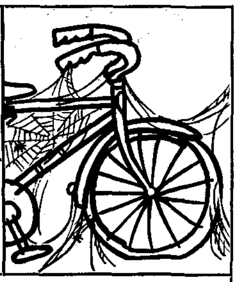
Medical Myth #9



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FOOTBALL

Grand (Reasonably) Finales

THE match between Army and Harvard early this fall will ever be remembered by those who deal in portents and forebodings as the event that brought about the withdrawal, in damaged condition, of both of the first-string quarterbacks. Both returned to action later in the season, but never to their pristine form, and their absence from the scene had a not inconsiderable effect upon the fortunes of the teams they led into combat. It had been hoped that Buckley, Harvard's prize quarter, might be at full flow in the encounter with Yale—an encounter that, on the last day of the annual Ivy League round robin, would decide the championship. And it had been hoped that a three-week layoff for Bennett, Army's prize quarter, would restore him to a condition in which, bruised ribs and all, he could deal competently with Navy in the contest that would settle the matter of the Service Teams' championship. On an afternoon in Boston when, so knavish were the wind eddies in the Harvard Stadium that Cozza, the Yale coach, said he didn't want his troops to essay a lateral pass, let alone a forward one, it was instantly apparent that Buckley, whose rolling and scrambling and passing had been the bedrock of the Harvard attack, since its running backs are neither plentiful nor rapid, was not going to be the agile moving target he had been at his best, and the Yalies poured in upon him so quickly that he was mostly throwing the ball when and/or where he didn't wish to. It was Yale 14, Harvard 0, easy as pie. Not that even with Buckley at his prime Harvard would have had more than a minor chance of upending a Yale that on that particular outing had nearly no faults at all, but the contest might at least have been a contest, and one in which all the old trickery devised by Restic, the Harvard coach, and some brand-new trickery would have been on tap. Late in the day, after the situation was beyond repair, Buckley did go into

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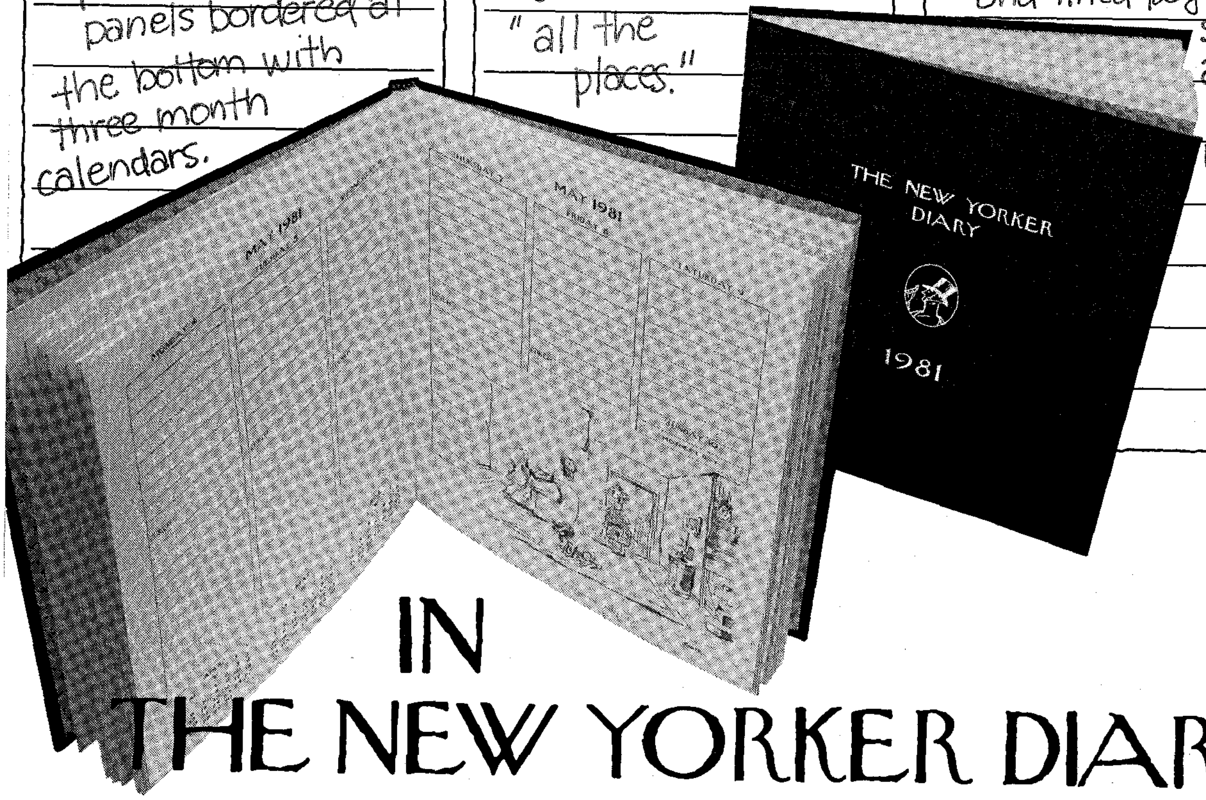

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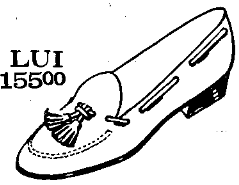

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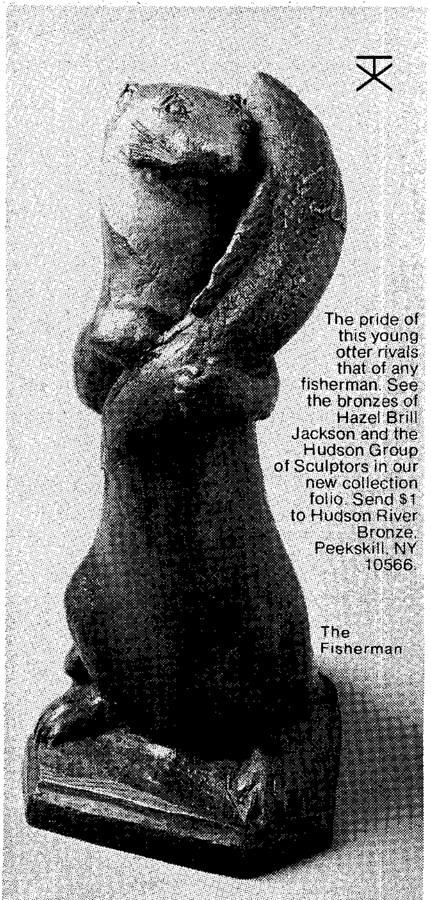
shotgun formation and shovel a hatful of passes into the hands of Cuccia, one of the smallest and yet most mobile split ends in the League, but Yale quickly put a stop to that activity, too. In effect, the end came in the first quarter: Yale, on fourth down at the Harvard twenty-five, elects (despite Cozza's doubts about tossing the ball) to heave a pass, cross-lots, to Grieve, in the end zone. Grieve is six feet four, but he seems to have an extension ladder built into him that enables him to outreach almost all pursuers. His pursuer in this instance was Delgadillo, who, at six feet one, managed during the autumn to prevent a dozen or more anti-Harvard touchdowns. He couldn't quite outplay Grieve.

Delgadillo will be part of League history, too. In the match with Army, he shut off five touchdowns. In the match with Cornell, which came in second in the championship race, he was just as important: early in the afternoon, Cornell is on the Harvard seven; it launches a touchdown-bound lateral which Delgadillo, appearing out of nowhere, snaffles and converts into a Harvard touchdown—an event that seemed so to disturb Cornell that it never got fully organized. Cornell, operating with pretty good quarterbacking (especially when Ryan was in charge) and with running backs the likes of Vago and Tenuta, might—had Delgadillo not made his scoop—have shared the championship with Yale. Remember Delgadillo; he'll be extremely visible next fall as well.

NAVY, with Reitzel at quarter and a thundering herd of running backs like Meyers and Sherlock and Tolbert, met Army in Veterans Stadium, a well-built, well-equipped, and inconveniently placed colosseum theoretically within the city limits of Philadelphia. The setting was a vast improvement over what we have all endured for years in the Kennedy Stadium, but the match was, like nearly every meeting between these two teams, a parade, not a battle. Navy did next to nothing wrong; Bennett, the springboard of the Army offense, went on underthrowing or overthrowing his receivers and, perhaps because he, like Buckley, did not wish to run very far, abandoned completely the option—a maneuver that had been Army's most useful offense this fall. The Army backfield, by the way, has even less footpower than Harvard. The result—Navy 33, Army 6—was not quite what would have been expected had Bennett been in



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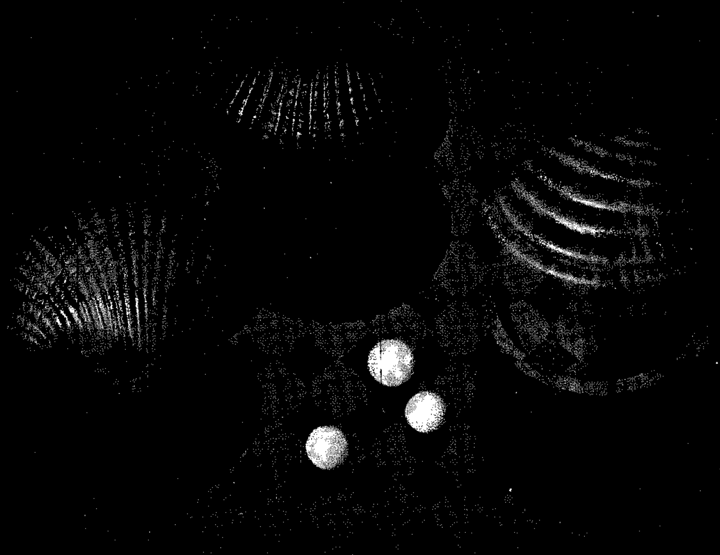

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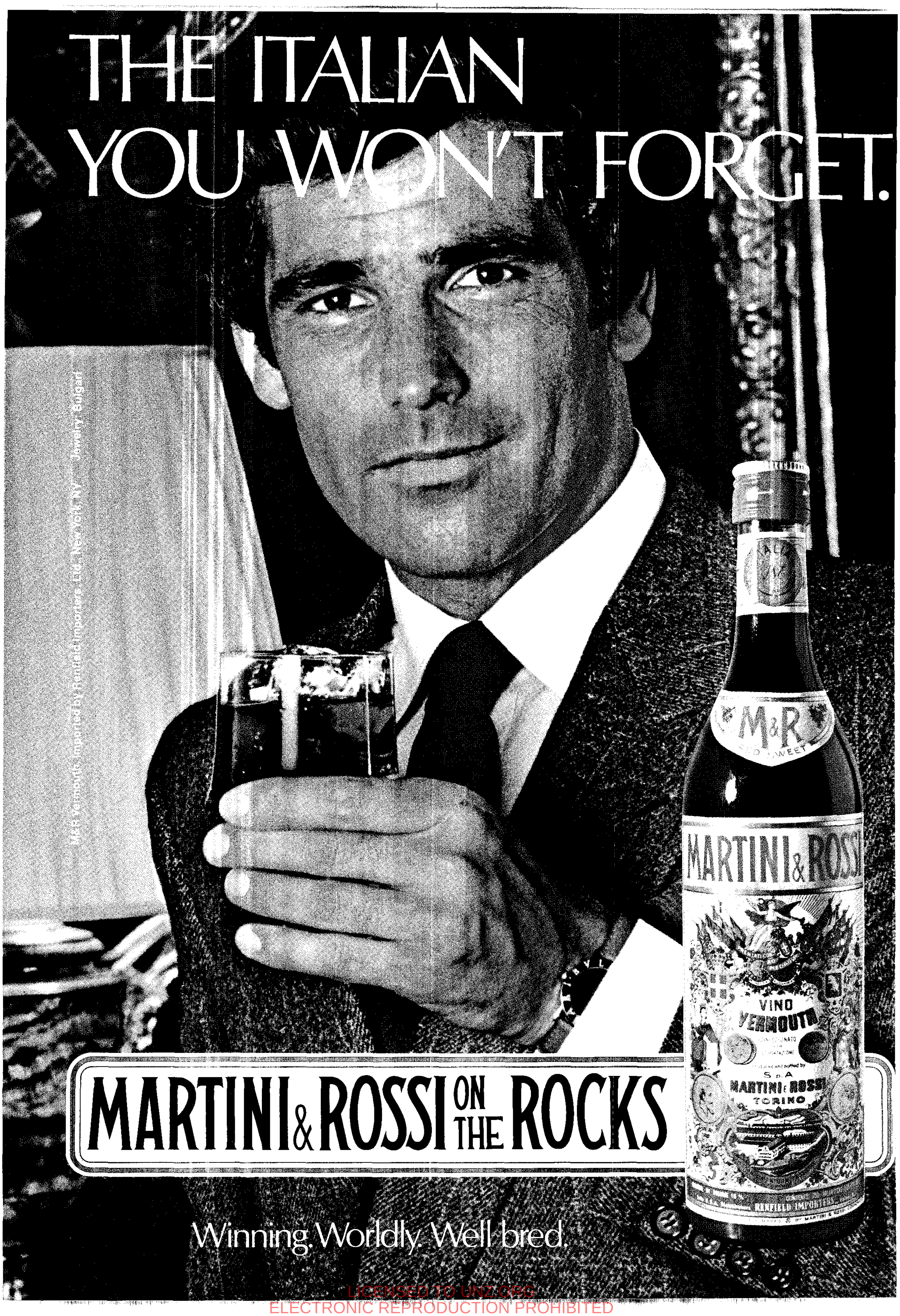
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per fettle. The television industry
w likes this match to commence at
r in the afternoon, and that adds
hing to the jolly game of trying to
d Philadelphia after it is all over—
und seven on a darkling and wind-
ept plain. The days when the match
s played in the University of Penn-
vania's commodious and convenient
dium, actually in Philadelphia, are
ng recalled with sorrow by all of us
o used to think that Eastern college
tball was being played for the en-
tainment, and not the harassment,
he customers who go to the trouble
urning out for such events.

NE more portent, or omen, or
whatever: There is a penalty for
erfering with Nature as well as for
erfering with a pass receiver. Syra-
e opened its indoor playing field,
rrier Dome, this fall, so that foot-
l can be played without any worry
ut rainy afternoons and wet grass.
s anyone noted that coincident with
t effort to outwit Nature there has
sted in these parts one of the longest
ughts on the record books?

—J. W. L.

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h, to be a child again!

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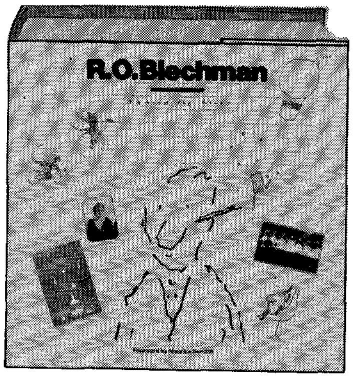

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BOOKS

Through History with E. L. Doctorow

E. L. DOCTOROW appears to shop around before he writes his novels. First, he may find a historical period. His newest book, "Loon Lake" (Random House; $11.95), takes place in the Depression. His first novel, "Welcome to Hard Times" (1960), was set in the Old West, and "The Book of Daniel" (1971) in the McCarthy era; "Ragtime" (1975) began in 1906 and ended just after the First World War. Next, he may choose the famous people or famous stereotypes from that period whom he will write about. He lightly disguises some of them (Ethel and Julius Rosenberg in "The Book of Daniel," Amelia Earhart in "Loon Lake"), and allows others to make cameo appearances (J. P. Morgan, Evelyn Nesbit, Booker T. Washington, Stanford White, Harry Houdini, Emma Goldman in "Ragtime"). His stereotypes hobnob with his famous people, and he updates them. (Joe, the eighteen-year-old hero of "Loon Lake," is a Polish Sammy Glick who ends up in the C.I.A.) Last, he seems to cast about for a style, regardless of whether it fits the period he has chosen. "The Book of Daniel" has some of the slanginess of J. D. Salinger but is largely a tract novel. "Ragtime" is a cross between Ernest Hemingway and the Thomas Beer of "The Mauve Decade." The short sentences snap and strut and are highlighted here and there by poetic beams. Here is Doctorow on William Howard Taft:

> There was a new President, William Howard Taft, and he took office weighing three hundred and thirty-two pounds. All over the country men began to look at themselves. They were used to drinking great quantities of beer. They customarily devoured loaves of bread and ate prodigiously of the sausage meats of poured offal that lay on the lunch counters of the saloons. The august Pierpont Morgan would routinely consume seven- and eight-course dinners. He ate breakfasts of steak and chops, eggs, pancakes, broiled fish, rolls and butter, fresh fruit and cream. The consumption of food was a sacrament of success. A man who carried a great stomach before him was thought to be in his prime.

And Thomas Beer on Ward McAllister:

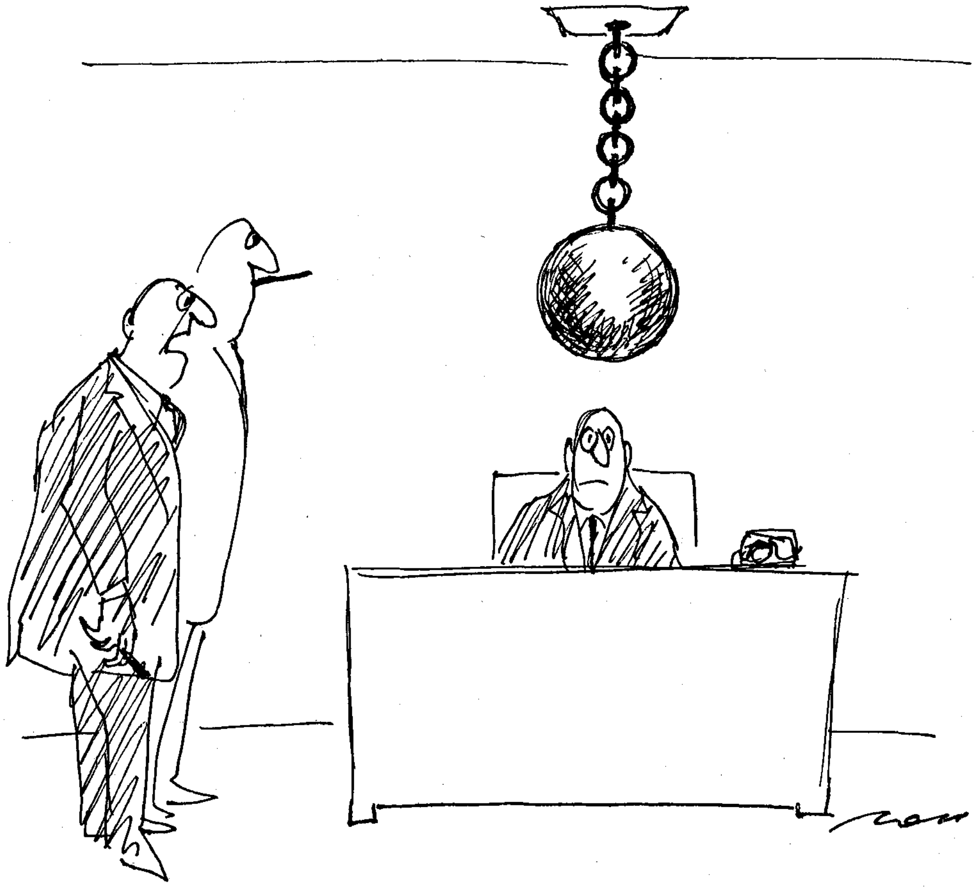
> In New York Ward McAllister's star reached its zenith. He censored the lists of
> a famous ball and his importance w
> trumpeted everywhere across the count
> The career that began with careful cou
> ships of wealthy hosts now concluded
> the domination of great hostesses. T
> dandy was solemnly reported in the *N*
> *York Herald*, the valet's guide to celebri
> as writing his memoirs. The Fo
> Hundred, the balls of some man nam
> Bradley Martin, Pink Teas and the
> tempt of youngsters to wear silken kr
> breeches at dances—all these matt
> were copied from paper to paper a
> delighted lumberjacks in Oregon.

"Ragtime" bowled everybody ov
Christopher Lehmann-Haupt a
Eliot Fremont-Smith, the Mr. U
town and Mr. Downtown of N
York book reviewing, loved it, and
did the public—so much that Bant
Books, in buying the paperback righ
bet almost two million dollars on
affection. For all that, "Ragtime"
barely a book. It is more like a tele
sion docudrama. The characters, r
or not, are caricatures, and const
motion is their chief work. We beco
cameras, relentlessly tracking the
We follow J. P. Morgan to Egy
where he checks out the site for t
pyramid he plans to build for himse
(Doctorow shows high humor
"Ragtime," but he keeps stepping
his lines.) We follow Comman
Peary to the North Pole and Em
Goldman to jail. We follow a black ra
time pianist named Coalhouse Wall
from his days as a member of Jan
Reese Europe's Clef Club Orches
until he is shot down as a martyr
the police at Madison Avenue a
Thirty-sixth Street. We follow Ho
dini and Sigmund Freud and Big B
Haywood and Henry Ford. We tra
to New Rochelle and the lower E
Side and Atlantic City. The imag
cluster minutely, crowding our sens
but at the final dissolve they go pop.

The cakewalking manner and t
sentimental soul of "Ragtime" nouri
each other, but in "Loon Lake" st
and substance are out of kilter. Do
torow, possibly realizing how lit
heft the bony, disagreeable story
"Loon Lake" has, weighs the bo
down with style. Faulkner has a tur

> . . . he smiled and raised his hand a
> she smiled and raised hers, and they sta
> at each other their bodies gently bendi
> and straightening in the rhythm of t
> mules' pace, the wheels creaking in t
> mud the traces rattling like ancient mu
> of fanfares and the two of them staring
> each other like royal lovers . . .

There are blank-verse interludes th
resemble those in Dos Passo



"Remember, Flemming, this is only a test."

U.S.A." These are endless distillaons of James Joyce and Gertrude tein, the champion avant-gardists of nglish prose fiction. (They met only nce, in Paris. Joyce: "How strange iat we share the same quartier and ave never met." Stein, irked because Ulysses" *was* good: "Yes.") Here is octorow's Joyce-Stein:

> He stands on pilings and looks at the ater sloshing into itself infinitely accomiodating to all blows objects hammers iinpocks taking it all, pour beaches in rop mountains in break off continental ielves the water gulps the water caresses is the nature of the water to leave nothig untouched unloved even me thinks arren Penfield.

And:

> They were his friends his introduction the world of flappers I had to come ven thousand miles from home to meet a apper he thought and all the things he ad read in the papers at home about the ew people their jazz their late nights ieir haircuts and merry step up from rovincialism he found there in Japan how dd they were relentless and because he as American he was an authority they ame to him for authenticity and all the rotests he made were regarded with aproval as ritual modesty . . .

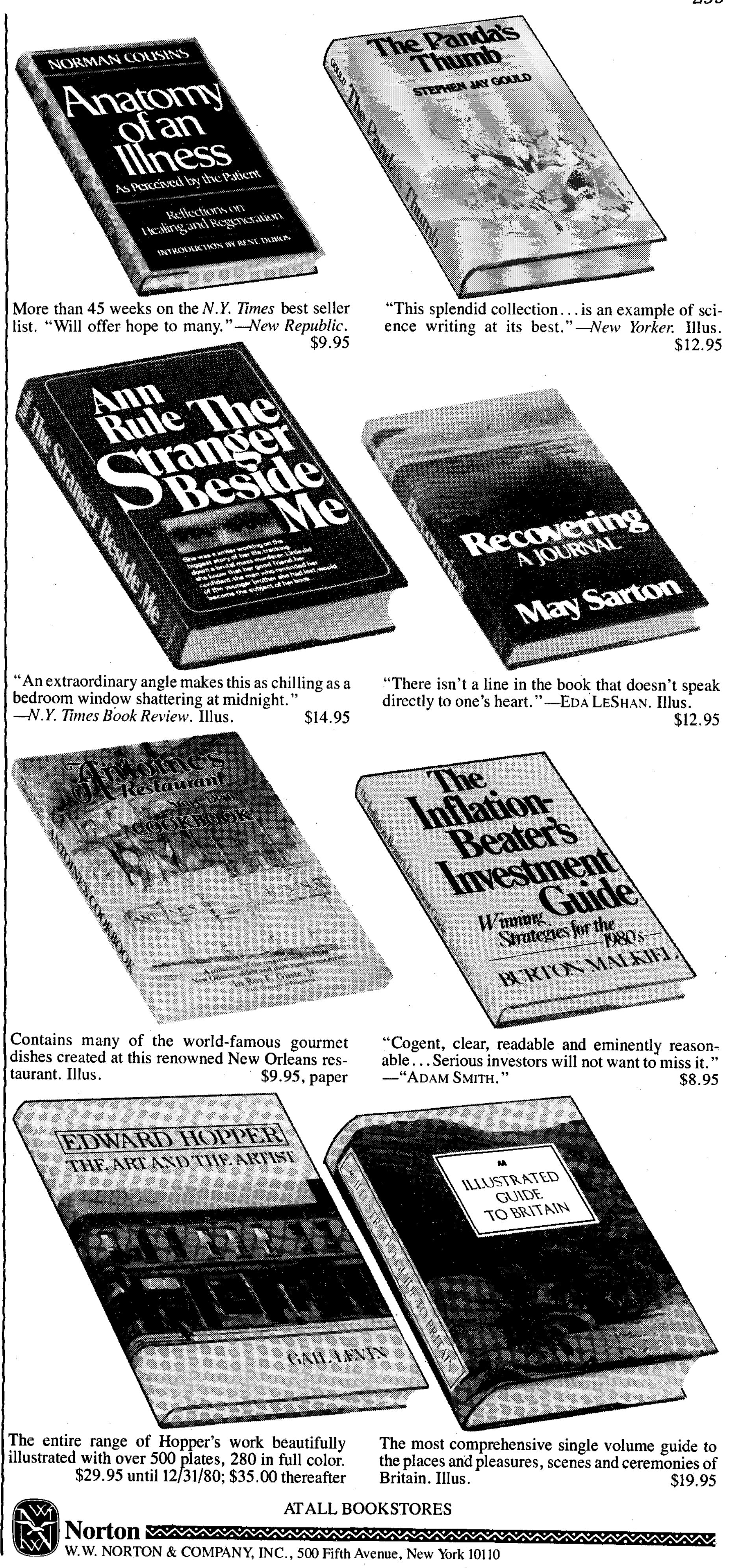
For refreshment, here are the two iasters. First, Joyce, in "Ulysses":

> . . . the last time I saw her she must have een just after a row with him because I iw on the moment she was edging to raw down a conversation about husbands nd talk about him to run him down what as it she told me O yes that sometimes he sed to go to bed with his muddy boots on hen the maggot takes him just imagine aving to get into bed with a thing like iat that might murder you any moment hat a man . . .

And Stein, in "The Making of mericans":

> This one was mostly smooth, resisting lf-sustaining, dependent independent beig, this was the being in this one to this ne and mostly to every one, only the hisry of the living of this one was not comletely what the history of such being is in hose having such being as the whole of hem.

Joe, the hero of "Loon Lake," is orn in Paterson, New Jersey, in 918, to poor, unheeding parents. He ins a small circus the summer after e graduates from high school, and uns off with the wife of the owner. e deserts her, and eventually waners into Loon Lake, the Adirondack etreat of an immensely rich tycoon, W. Bennett. Joe is mauled by wild ogs the night he arrives, and after e recuperates he becomes one of Benett's groundskeepers. Bennett idolzes the high-class Amelia Earhart flier e is married to (she disappears over



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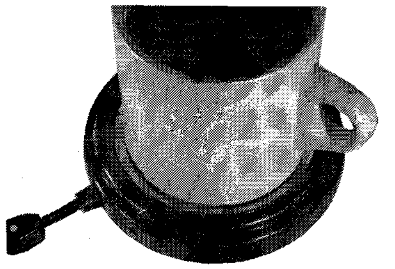

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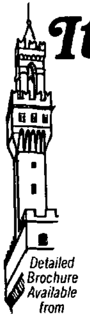

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the Pacific in 1937), but he is more at ease with gangsters and lowborn kids like Joe. Joe tells Bennett he is leaving, and Bennett, urging him to play life to the hilt, gives him a telephone number at which he can always be reached. Joe steals Bennett's mistress and one of his cars, and weeks later lands in a small Indiana industrial town, where he gets a job in a Bennett factory. He is betrayed in a union-management fracas and is almost beaten to death. (Violence and cruelty boil up again and again in Doctorow, and they discolor and distort his books.) Joe heads out to California but suddenly goes back to Loon Lake and becomes Bennett's protégé. The novel ends with a page of Dos Passos recitative in which we are told Joe's surname for the first time as well as what happens to him the rest of his life. That Joe's last name isn't Bennett is the only surprise in the book. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A PRESENCE WITH SECRETS, by W. M. Spackman (Knopf; $8.95). "'. . . and, well, *shy*, then!' she said in her haughtiest clear young voice and not looking even near him in the rosy fire-flowered darkness, speaking in fact less to this lover just acquired than to the bed's dusky canopies, or to the soaring Renaissance night of the ceiling where now the hearth's reflected images breathed their tumbled and disintegrating crimsons—a Miss Rosemary Decazalet by name, abed as it happened in Firenze, on a night of tumult and deep spring, a properly brought up girl for any reasonable purpose including this one, and in any case, and already, as good as twenty years old." Thus the opening paragraph of Mr. Spackman's new novel about a Philadelphia Main Line libertine, this time a fashionable painter as seen by himself, by one of his luscious young girls, and by a friend and fellow-libertine. Like its predecessor, "An Armful of Warm Girl," it offers the intoxication of total sensibility and of total unreality, and it either totally delights or totally repels.

GENERAL

JOHN VON NEUMANN AND NORBERT WIENER, by Steve J. Heims (M.I.T.; $19.95). Dr. Heims, a physicist and historian of science, has written a

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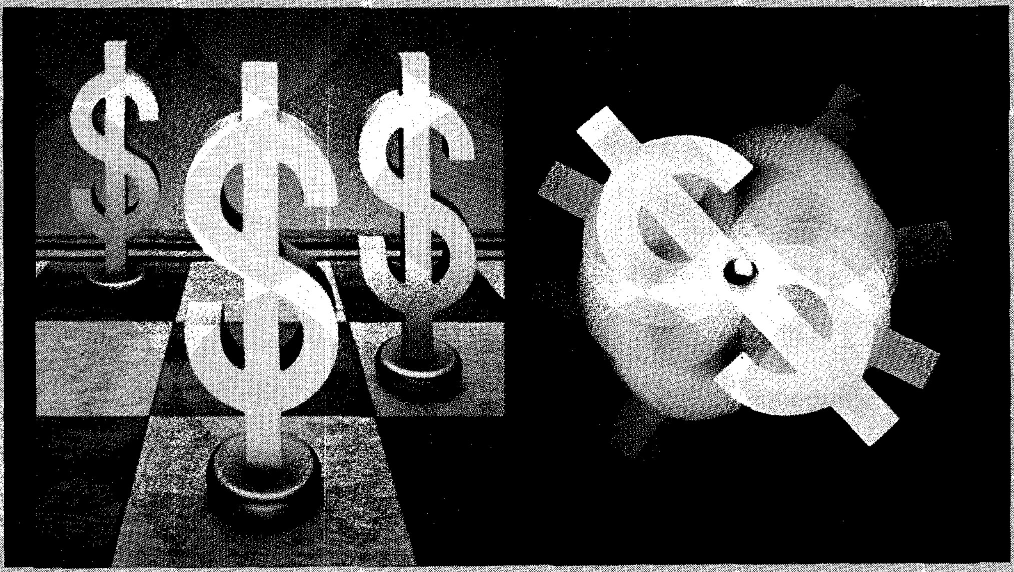

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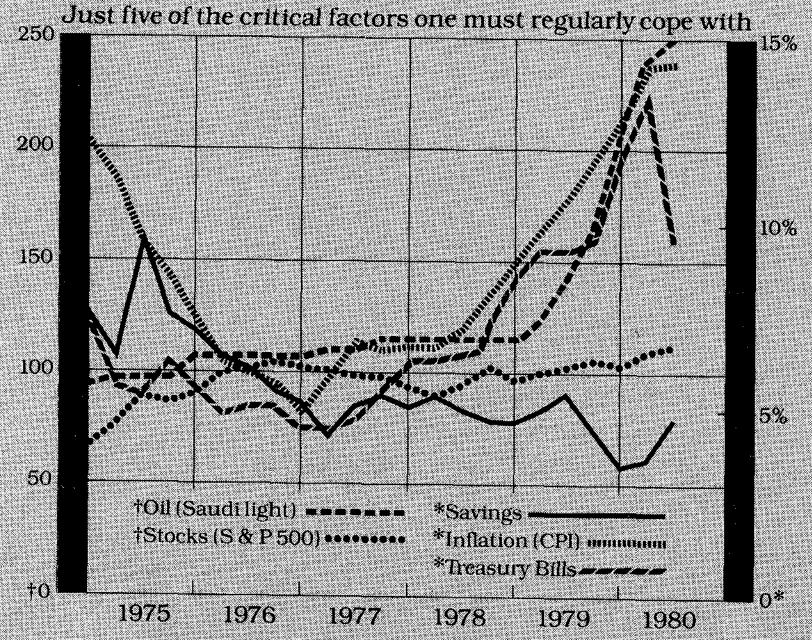
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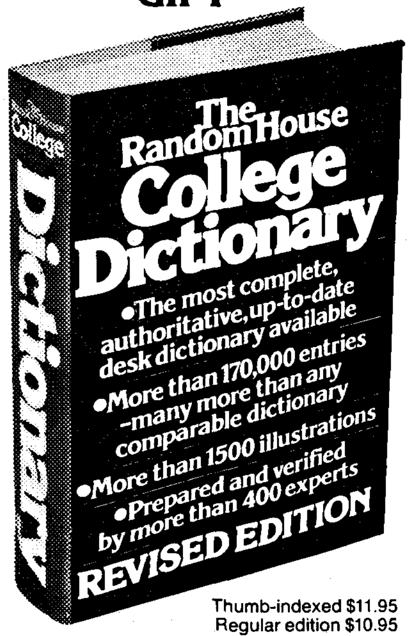
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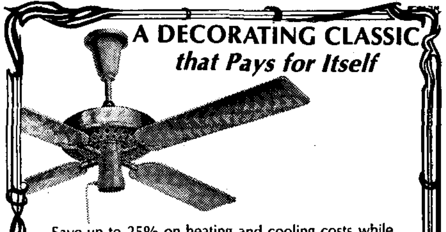

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remarkable dual biography of two of the most unusual figures in modern science. Von Neumann and Wiener knew each other only slightly; what ties them together is their common background as child prodigies and their almost totally opposed views of the role of science in society. One suspects that Dr. Heims found Wiener the more sympathetic figure: a classic eccentric who by the end of his life (he died in 1964, at sixty-nine) was in revolt against almost every aspect of the military-industrial complex. Von Neumann (he died in 1957, at fifty-three) became an almost Strangeloveian Cold Warrior, deeply committed to the development of modern weapons. Von Neumann was by far the greater scientist—a fantastic genius who transformed every branch of mathematics he touched. Both men were so far outside the human norm that it is a marvel either one was able to integrate himself into society at all. Dr. Heims' book is alive with anecdotes about their comings and goings among more ordinary and more comprehensible people.

THE LETTERS OF EDWARD FITZGERALD, edited by Alfred McKinley Terhune and Annabelle Burdick Terhune (Princeton; four-volume set, $150). This enormous work was well worth doing. FitzGerald (1809-83), known for his translation of the "Rubáiyát" of Omar Khayyám, was shy and diffident about his own abilities—understandably so, since his oldest friends included Tennyson, Thackeray, and Carlyle. Early on, he began to retire from close personal contacts—his effort at marriage lasted less than a year—but the warmth he could not express face to face came through in his letters. FitzGerald, who inherited enough money to live on, was an amateur of both music and fine art—he assembled an impressive little collection of English painters, including Constable, Cotman, Crome, and Stubbs. His own work was mostly translation, but he also wrote a dialogue on education and edited and abridged Crabbe, and he became known and valued as a literary adviser to scholars, such as W. A. Wright, who edited the Cambridge Shakespeare. FitzGerald's on-again-off-again remoteness is a puzzle. After declining all sorts of attractive invitations, he would go anywhere to help an old friend; in 1879, for instance, he hastened to London

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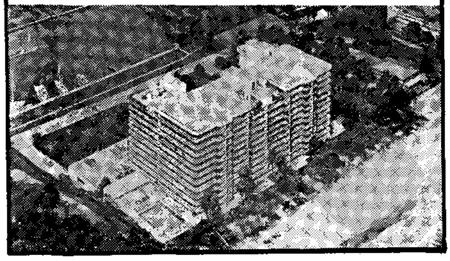

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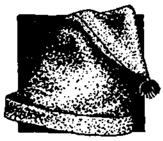

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from his longtime Suffolk hideaway to console Fanny Kemble after her sister's death. The self-portrait is fascinating; the prose is pure pleasure.

Photographs for the Tsar, edited by Robert H. Allshouse (Dial; $35). In 1909, a St. Petersburg photographer and chemist named Sergei Mikhailovich Prokudin-Gorskii, who had been experimenting with the infant art of taking pictures by color separation, gave an exhibition of his photographs at an audience with Czar Nicholas II, and so captivated the Czar that he was given a huge commission: to roam, with imperial carte blanche, over the whole of Russia, taking pictures of people and places of interest. For the next six years, until the outbreak of war, he traversed the Russian empire in a specially fitted-out Pullman coach, from Finland to Siberia to the far reaches of Turkestan. Prokudin-Gorskii fled Russia after the Revolution, but he managed to take with him almost two thousand glass-plate negatives. It is from these that the hundred and twenty photographs in this book were chosen. The pictures, most of them in their original color, are stunning: peasants in the field, churches and monasteries, cities, rivers, villages. (There are, in addition, a hundred and twenty sepia prints, reproduced from black-and-white photographs.) This, of course, is Russia as the Czar and his ministers wanted it shown; there are no scenes of poverty or distress. Perhaps the book's pièce de résistance is a magnificent study of Tolstoy, showing him seated under a tree at his estate, Yasnya Polyana, on his eightieth birthday. This is the only known color photograph of the man whom Czar Nicholas himself once called Russia's "evil genius."

Carrington: Paintings, Drawings, and Decorations, by Noel Carrington, with a foreword by Sir John Rothenstein (Thames & Hudson; $15.95). Reminiscing authoritatively, Sacheverell Sitwell noted that Dora Carrington (1893-1932) "was the first girl to wear her hair short." Carrington—she wanted people to call her by her surname—kept her hair bobbed all her life, and the same spirit of bravado and restless unpredictability propelled her often overlapping relations, in the greater-Bloomsbury sphere, as lover (of Mark Gertler and Gerald Brenan), wife (of Ralph Partridge), and,

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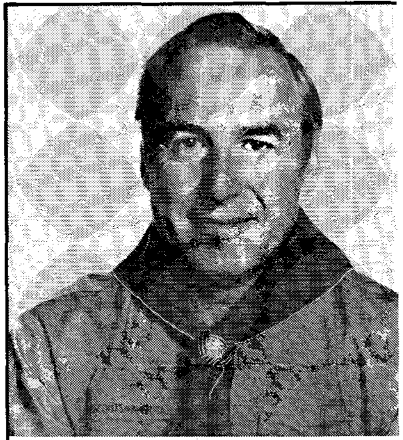

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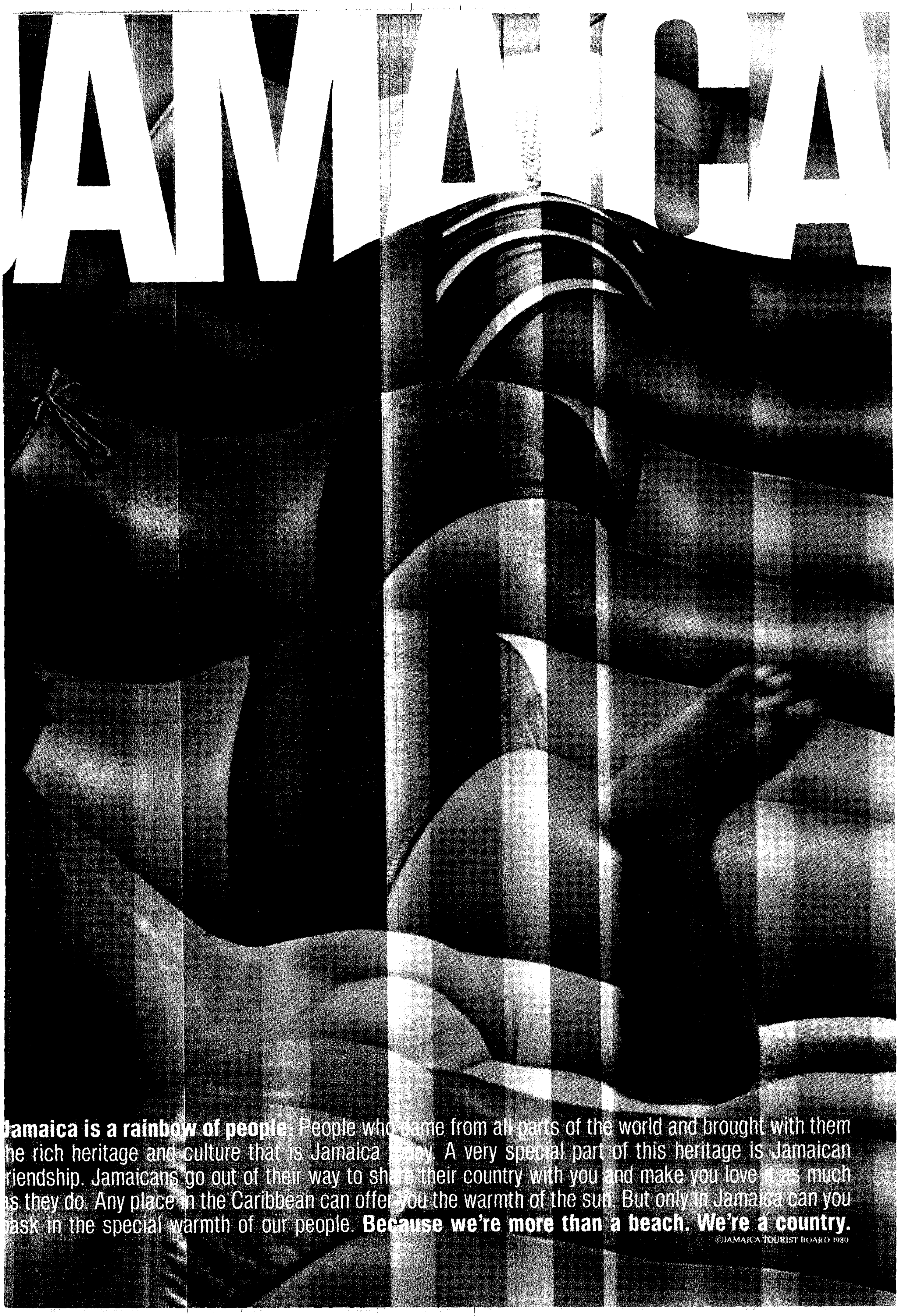

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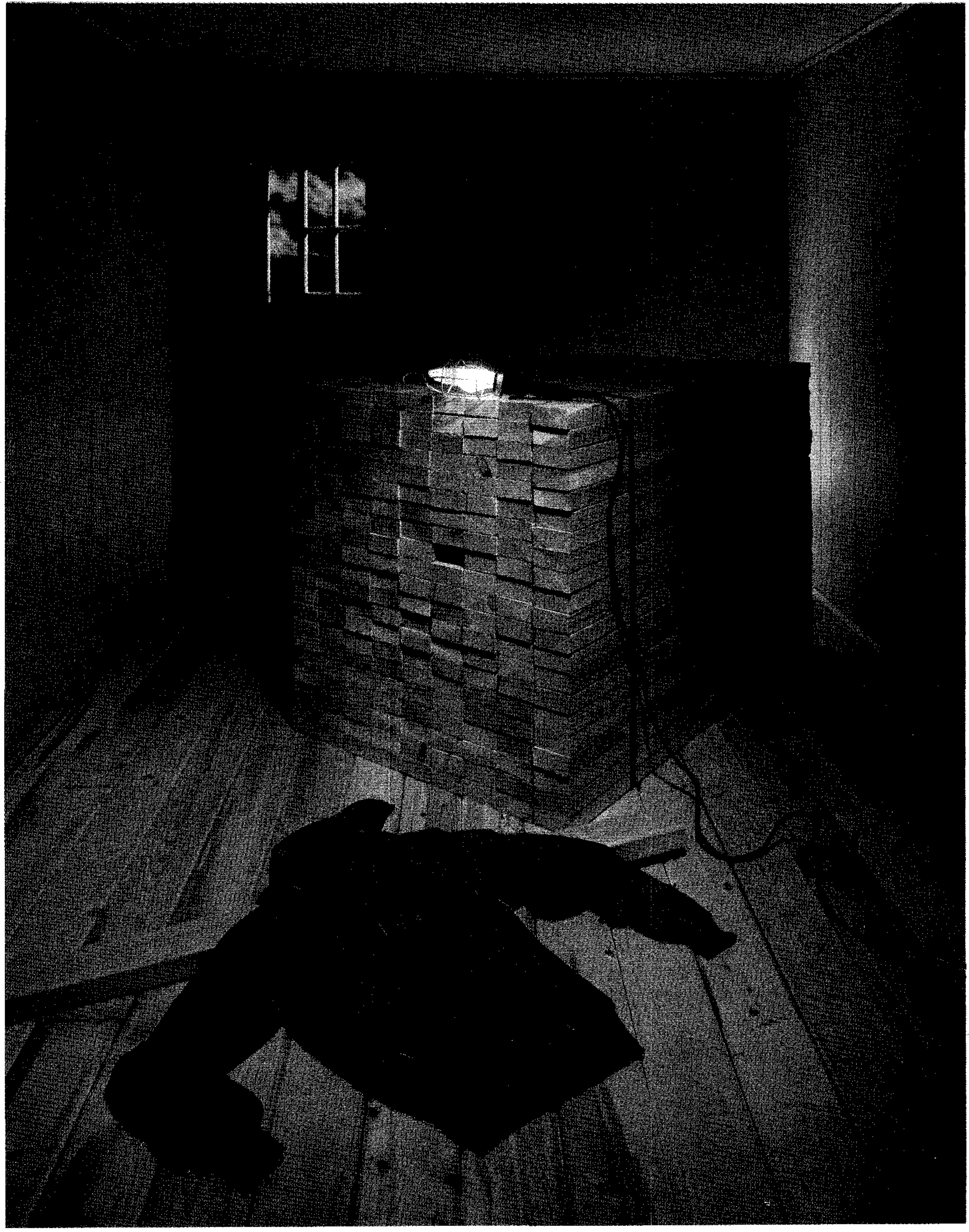

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most famously, companion (of Lytton Strachey). Shortly after Strachey's death, she took her life, believing that there was no use in anything without him. But despair and self-dissatisfaction had been with her for a long time. As her brother Noel writes, in a distant and too short biographical account, she badly wanted her painting to be successful, yet she was reluctant to let people see it, and gradually became afraid of even attempting it. She was an accomplished Slade School prize-winner who admired Cézanne and Matisse, looked continually at the Old Masters, and adored Piero della Francesca. Her liveliest paintings are landscapes where the feeling of Piero is filtered through an enchanted, storybook image of the English countryside. Even more charming and likable are the things she did out of a desire to postpone getting to her serious work, or out of affection for friends: stationery designs, tile and furniture decorations, signs for inns, bookplates, sketches adorning her letters. She was a funny, immediate writer, as her brother's quotes from diaries and letters show, and she saw her predicament with a bleak clarity: "It is perhaps that feeling which I have had ever since I came to London, years ago now, that I am not strong enough to live in this world of people *and* paint."

ALAXIES, by Timothy Ferris (Sierra Club; $75). The Sierra Club has published a long list of spectacularly illustrated books, and this book is at the top of that spectrum. It consists of absolutely dazzling photographs, many in color, of galaxies, reproduced in a giant format that gives one the impression almost of being in outer space. To accompany the photographs, Timothy Ferris, the author of an outstanding popular astronomy book, "The Red Limit," has written an explanatory text with a fine light touch. This is certainly one of the most visually beautiful books on astronomy ever to have been put together.

HE OXFORD BOOK OF SATIRICAL VERSE, edited by Geoffrey Grigson (Oxford University Press; $22.50). A collection of skilled invective directed against specific persons and general subjects. Lawyers, publishers, clergymen, Catholics, royalty, doctors, and Scotsmen only begin to suggest those on the list of the pilloried. Human folly was as prev-

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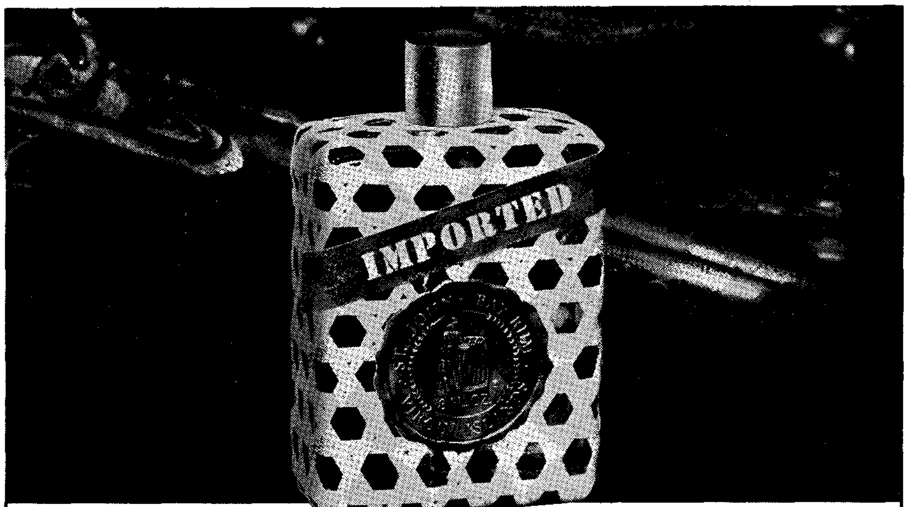

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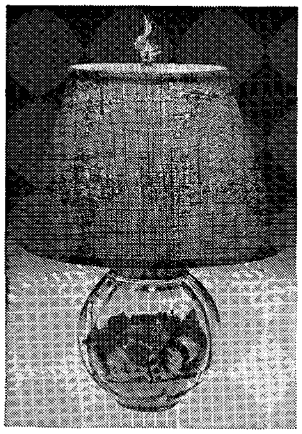

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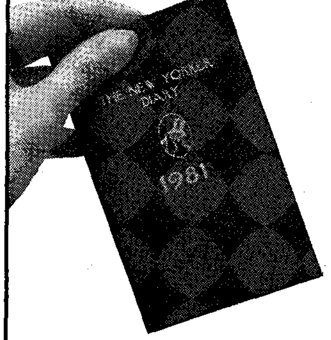

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alent in each of the civilized centuries (starting with the fifteenth) as it is today. But the book is heartening proof that poetry, with mockery and wit, was and is ever on the alert to demolish hypocrisy and stupidity. All the famous killers-by-word are here—Swift, Dryden, Pope, Byron, and such recent ironists as Graves, Auden, Stevie Smith, and Betjeman. Indispensable works, like Dryden's "Mac Flecknoe," Swift's "A Description of a City Shower," and selections from Pope's "The Dunciad," Byron's "Don Juan," Johnson's "The Vanity of Human Wishes," and Auden's "Letter to Lord Byron," are the plums in the pudding. The book starts off with the remarkably contemporary-sounding "London Lickpenny" (anonymous) and reprints poems as delightful as Samuel Butler's "A Psalm of Montreal" ("O God! O Montreal!") and Louis MacNeice's "Bagpipe Music." The selection is skimpy on Americans—it is possible that Mr. Grigson has never read Marianne Moore's "Marriage" or Reed Whittemore's "Ode to New York"—but Ransom, McGinley, and Cummings are represented. All in all, a corrosive and feisty gathering of poems.

•

WE DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT DEPARTMENT

[*From the Washington Post*]

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 14 (UPI)—A package of radioactive drugs that was to have been shipped from St. Louis to Boston Nov. 5 is missing, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission said today.

"The possibilities include that it never left St. Louis, that it was lost in Boston or is some place in the shipping routes," said Jan Strasma, an NRC spokesman in Chicago.

Strasma said the package did not present any danger unless tampered with. "It's not a rare thing," he said. "There are several million shipments of radioactive material a year in this country. Occasionally, some of them get lost or are misplaced."

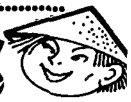
•

Board member Bethany Young noted that the group is also always seeking people with technical expertise. "A lot of people are afraid they can't do anything or they fear the group is clicky and they don't know anyone," she noted.

But both she and Mr. Archambault stressed that the group is constantly seeking new blood and new ideas to keep the Players rolling at an interesting rate.

—*Narragansett* (*R.I.*) *Times.*

Those clicky ones won't roll, even with new blood.



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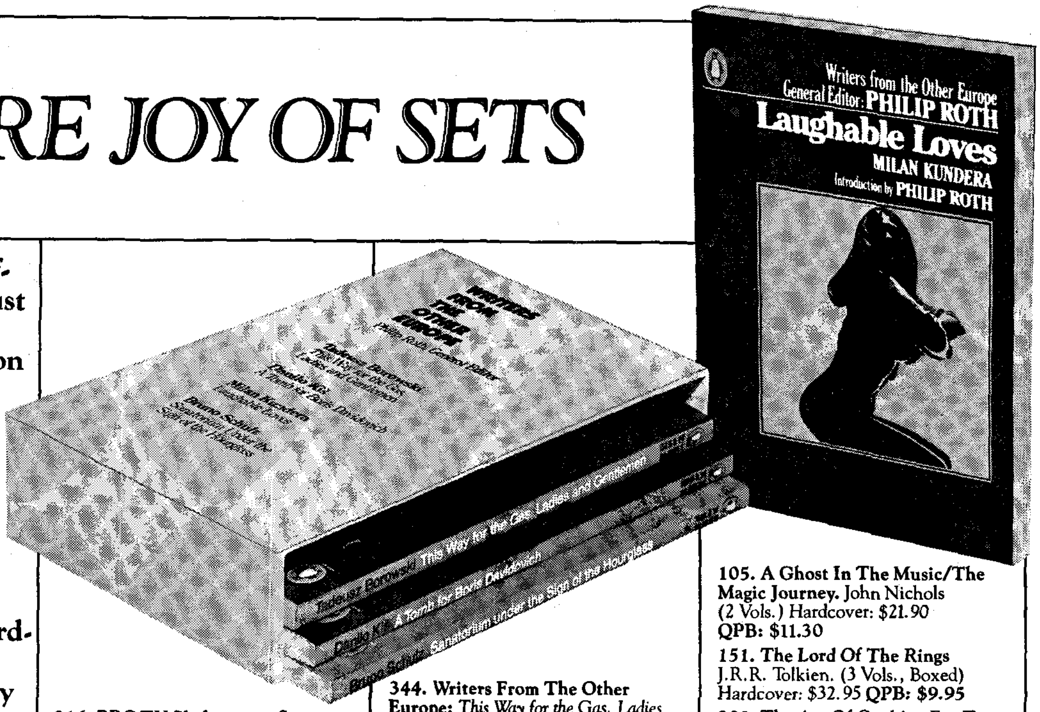

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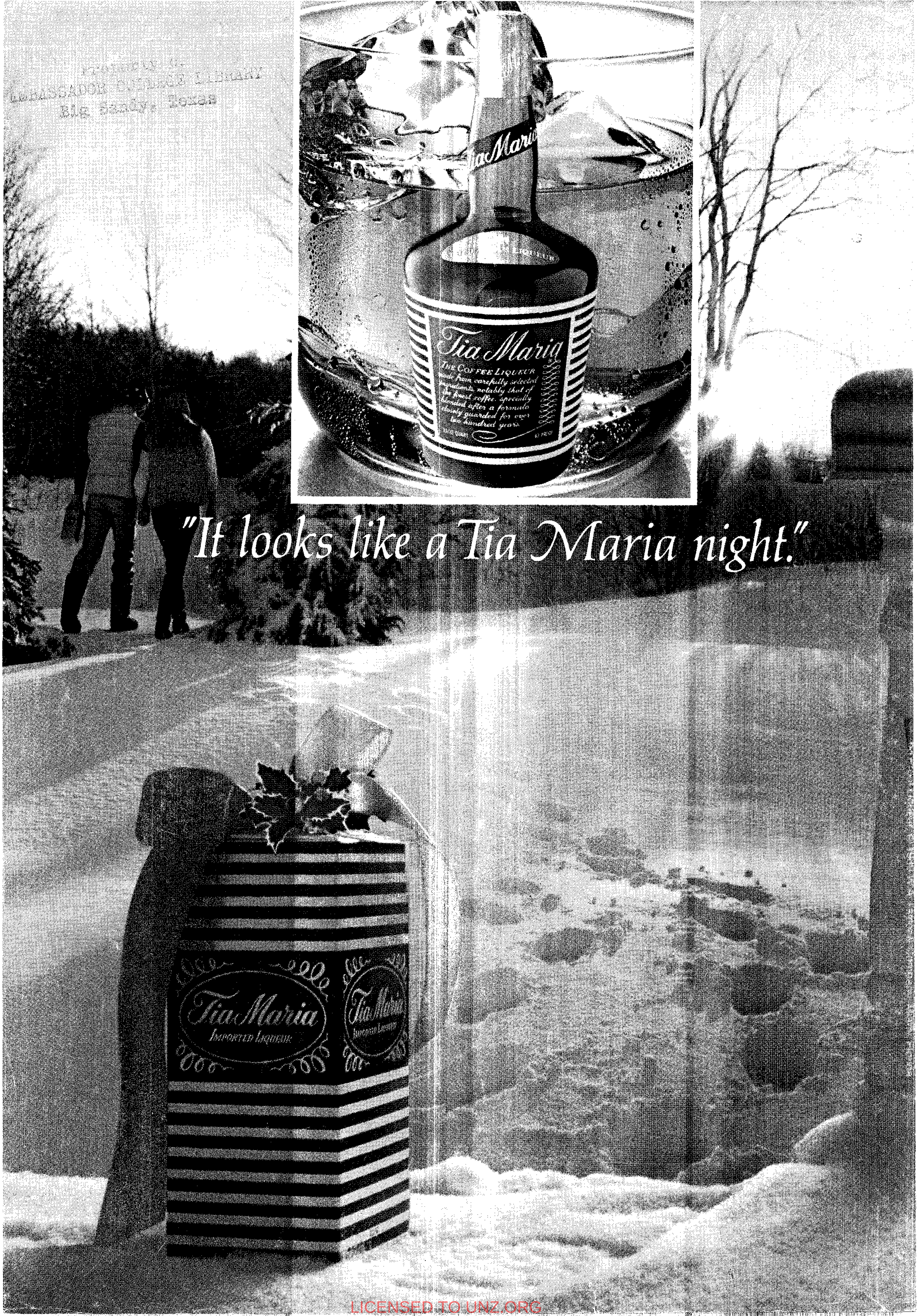
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